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BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

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Contents.

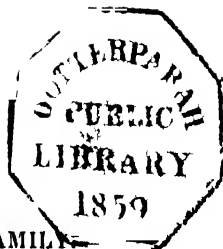
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

In our last Number we omitted to state that the article entitled 'Selwyn, Walpole, and Brummell,' was suggested by the perusal of Captain Jesse's pleasant, anecdotal "Life of Brummell."

The undernamed Contributions are declined with many thanks, and lie at the Publisher's —

"A" "A B" "Lachmere" "Old Bachelor" "Verses"
 "Early Morn" "Victoria Regina" "A B" "How Davy Kick-
 aldy visited Davy Jones" "The Last Parting" "The Dissecting-
 room Porter" "Horatii Secundi Carmina" "Song of Leap Year"
 "A D H Farewell" "A C On Death of a Bride" "Songs of
 Crusaders" "Voice of Slander" "A P H Philosophy of Shak-
 speare" "A A F Retort to a charge of being in Love" "Aerial
 Navigation" "Æolus, a Fragment"



THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY

BY ALBERT SMITH

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH

CHAPTER XXXII

In which more characters, Shaksperian and mechanical, make their appearance

BEYOND doubt many of our readers, who incline to the equestrian performances at Astley's, are perfectly well acquainted with an "act of horsemanship" entitled "*The Courier of St Petersburg*," exhibiting the manner in which despatches are popularly supposed to be conveyed under the Russian governments, and which, if faithfully portrayed, is exceedingly remarkable. An equal division of labour between several horses is apparently the chief end sought to be obtained by this singular method of travelling, for the "courier" jumps from one to another with wonderful agility, now getting one in front, now a second, anon a third, then making them go behind, running before, or catching up the remainder, until he collects them all into one line, and straddling the whole six triumphantly, makes a grand exit.

The writer of a novel of everyday life in periodical divisions resembles, in some measure, this courier, if the chapters of the tale be substituted for the horses. For although some are in advance of a certain point, and others behind, yet he must keep his eye upon all of them at once, now bringing one forward, and now the other, yet at the same time so managing them as to collect them all into one space at the conclusion of his undertaking.

And, like the aforesaid courier, in order that the audience may not get weary of the performance, and begin to hiss, he must, from time to time, produce certain effects in the course of his act, which effects are not looked for, or found necessary, in plain, straightforward road-riding. But this, by the way.

Our scene once more changes, and to the little town of Henley-in-Arden, in Warwickshire. It was a wet evening, and the wind and rain had entered into a combination to sweep the one principal street of all its people, driving along with unrelenting fury. Nobody was about, and apparently nobody was expected to be, for the doors of the shops were all closed, and the solitary candles in their windows had burnt down, unattended and uncared for, until their wicks were embellished with cocked hats that threatened to overbalance the entire structure. Even the inns had closed their doors, except now and then, when a head was protruded at the approach of one of the coaches which the railways had yet spared, and which rolled through the village, swaying from side to side with its load of drenched passengers, who, being thoroughly wet through hours before, had now become quite reckless of consequences, and patiently received down their necks, or in their pockets, the torrent which streamed incessantly from the umbrellas of their neighbours.

The rain did come down, and came down pretty liberally, too

there could be no two opinions about that. Everybody could see the house over the way plainly reflected in the overflowing ruts of the street and the puddles leapt again with its violence, whilst the splashing cataracts from the eaves and spouts of the dwellings were industriously doing all they could to wash away the entire footpath, pebbles and all. There was nobody to dispute its right, and it felt that it was master, having completely got the better of everything except the old church-clock, which, sheltered in the belfry, did not appear much put out by the weather, but tolled out its information when required, just as usual, and then dozed again for the next hour, as if nothing was the matter.

In the small parlour of one of the humblest inns of this little town there were two persons seated before a fire, which, as it struggled and climbed amongst the hissing and spiriting wood, had evidently been lighted for the nonce. One of them was a middle aged man, with chinchilli-coloured hair, apparently combed into various directions with his fingers, a species of toilet he was still pursuing as he dried a faded cloak, which, stretched on the backs of some chairs, was steaming before the fire. The other was a tall, spare man, with a face like a good-tempered hawk, and very restless eyes,—so ever on the move, that, without any unpleasant distortion, they constantly appeared to be looking all ways at once. He had a glass of hot brandy-and-water upon the hob of the fireplace, and a long clay pipe, the smoke of which he was trying to puff out in fanciful rings, as he sent it floating in the atmosphere of the room.

"Still going it," said the latter, as he listened to the ceaseless gush of a water-spout outside the door.

"Marry, 'tis a fearful night," returned his companion, turning the clock, and looking wistfully at its drenched texture, "a fearful night and a stormy. Ho! within there!"

A clumsy boy—the drawer of the hostelry—answered the summons. The last speaker inquired what time the latest conveyance would pass towards Birmingham, and being told that there was the chance of a carrier's waggon in about an hour's time, he ordered a pint of ale, and some powdered ginger, which he commenced to mull, rather literally, amidst the smoky fire, in an inverted tin fool's-cap.

"Been to Warwick, sir?" asked the tall man sententiously.

"Gramercy, no, sir!" replied the other, "but I shall mark to-day in my calendar with a white stone. I have been a pilgrimage to the alpha and omega of Shakspeare's life at Avon's Stratford—the chamber and the chancel!"

This speech seemed slightly above the comprehension of the tall man. He winked his eyes, and puffed his pipe two or three times, as if to clear his intellects before he observed,—

"Ah! Shaksperc—yes. I've heard his name somewhere, I'm sure."

The other opened his eyes very wide, and regarded his companion with astonishment. After a minute he asked,—

"Did you never visit that hallowed room, in which he was born?"

"Oh! now I remember," said the tall man. "I've read it on a board outside the house as I went through the street. No, I never did. There was not much to see, I expect. It looked just about the poorest place in the town."

"But, oh ! how rich is association !" returned his companion , " the shrine at which all the great and good of earth have bowed I slept last night in that consecrated room "

The tall man returned no answer, but looked at his companion for a second or two, elevating his eyebrows until it appeared that his entire forehead had the property of being pulled up like the calash of a bathing-machine The other continued, in the conventional manner of some one connected with the stage,

"The scene of Shakspeare's birth represents an interior, meanly furnished, there is a practicable window in Flat, supposed to look into the street, a fireplace, Right, a large oaken chest, Left, a bust of the poet on a box, Right Second Entrance Music "

"What music?" asked the tall man, who appeared to have some glimmering understanding of what the other was describing

"Some mountebanks, who were by chance in the street, and whose performance I had been watching My excursion formed a species of juvenile night in my season of relaxation The tumbling and tom foolery came first the chaste and intellectual succeeded "

"I don't call tumbling 'tomfoolery,' though," said the tall man

"It is excellent in its way," answered his companion, then, recurring to the Shakspeare-house, he added, "An ancient woman was my guide, and when I asked her if I might sleep but one night in that thrilling interior, she appeared surprised But I pleaded inspiration, so she borrowed a mattress, and put it on the ground, with high-backed chairs, hung with old clappery, round me I had bright dreams that night "

The tall man kept contemplating his companion, as he puffed his pipe, with increasing curiosity

"I dreamt," continued the other, "that all dramatic distinction was abolished in the pathos of the heart I saw the bust of Shakspeare animated, as he clasped the persecuted Susan Hopcley to his bosom with one hand, and extended the other to the British Seaman, whom the sight of a woman in distress had unmanned It was a sweet night, and I rose early in the morning, and wandered by the Avon I did not go back again "

"I think I shall try that on myself, when I go there," said the tall man, "it's a capital plan to save bed and breakfast at an inn Is the house open to everybody, and that old woman the only one who keeps it for the governor?"

It was evident that the tall man was not quite comfortable in his mind as to who Shakspeare was He kept wrinkling his forehead, and scratching his temple with the end of his pipe, as he repeated the name audibly to himself several times At length the light seemed to come

"Don't he act plays?" he asked

"He wrote one or two," replied the other with mild sarcasm, which however did not appear to be taken "And I have been there as an 'umble brother, to inscribe my name upon that consecrated whitewashed wall, albeit there was but little room for a pin to stand upon its head But it is there, upon the right hand of the fireplace, and near the ground, between Edmund Kean and John Smith "

"What's the advantage of so doing, may I ask?" inquired the tall man

"At present—none for futurity, much," returned his companion. "The world allows no need to living arthois. Were the Swan of Avon now amongst us, his warmest admirers would become his enemies, the critics would pitch into his plays, and he himself, if more than commonly successful, would be called a humbug."

"That's true," said the tall man, perfectly understanding the tenor of the speech, if he was not altogether acquainted with the subject of it. "It's a great thing to be a humbug, though, I've been called so often. It means hitting the public, in reality. Anybody who can do so is sure to be called a humbug by somebody who can't."

"Good!" exclaimed his companion, applauding with his hands.

"It has been my own fate often, but I trust to posterity. In future times, I hope the birth-place of William Shakspeare will have no occasion to blush, because its fireplace is inscribed with the name of Glenalvon Iogg."

An honest pride radiated over the anxious visage of the individual as he pronounced his name. For it was indeed our old acquaintance, the dramatic author.

"Are you Iogg, of the Brummagem?" asked the tall man.

"I have the honour to be myself," returned the author, with modest bearing.

"How odd that we should meet here," returned the other. "Don't you know me?"

"I cannot say I do," replied Mr. Fogg.

"Come, now, guess. Can't you tell?"

"No, by my troth, and or this goodly steel," answered his companion, mechanically laying hold of the poker, as he scanned the other from head to foot. "Come on, fair sir, thy name and calling."

"Well, then," said the other, with the importance of making an interesting revelation. "I'm Rosset."

"What, Rosset of the midland circuit?" inquired Mr. Fogg.

"Yes."

"No!"

A fellowship appeared to be immediately established between them. Mr. Rosset handed Mr. Iogg his glass, who pledged him therein, and stated his delight at seeing him, strengthening the avowal by his halidame, as was his wont on interesting occasions.

"Our lines come so close," said Mr. Rosset, "that I can throw a good deal into your way, if you'll write for me. I've got seventeen caravans about the country now. Three of them are dancing-shows, and they've all got platforms. Now I want some plays for the first, and some good gags for the other. I pay, you know, the best of prices, but, then, I must have the best of articles."

Mr. Iogg was not going to catch at the offer too willingly, although it suited him. He pleaded press of urgent business, and the rapacity of the theatres for good pieces and constant novelty. Heaven save the mark!

"Oh! you can do it," said Mr. Rosset. "But how about the other chap—Shakspeare, him you were talking about? Will he do anything—is he dear?"

"Yes—dear indeed—to every Englishman!" murmured Mr. Fogg, with apostrophizing accents.

"Well, that settles him, then, he won't fit my purpose," said Rosset. "How's business at Birmingham?"

"Shy," mournfully observed Mr Fogg, elevating his eyebrows, and shaking his head. "I find domestic dramas of the deepest interest and most harrowing distress produce no effect in manufacturing towns. The people there see them all for nothing at their own homes much better done."

"I heard your Jane Shore drew money," remarked Rosset.

"Permit me," said Mr Fogg modestly, with a mild smile. "the *Jane Shore* I think you mean. Yes, I may flatter myself that was a card, but Birmingham being an inland town, had a great deal to do with it, the "British Sailor," and the "Storm at Sea, with the "Schooner clawing off the leeshore," harrow the audience. At Bristol or Liverpool they know what seamen, schooners, and the ocean mean, you might as well play a translation of *The Forty Thieves* at Bagdad. Critics would cavil at the localities, and point out the anachronisms."

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Mr Rosset, once more in the clouds of his pipe and intellect mingled together, from Mr Fogg's long words. "That's why I never take my wild Malays to Monmouth, because it's their native place. But now to business, for I'm in a fix. I'm travelling at present with my mechanical figures, my son's at Coventry with the circus, and the missus is looking after the wild Malays and Circassian giantess at Wolverhampton. Now, you see, I want a new piece for the mechanical figures. There's seven in working order—four ladies and three gents, and it must bring in the showmouth with the telescope neck, the Turk who tumbles to pieces, and the cracker-tailed hobbyhorse, that always ends the play. Come, I'll stand a five-pun' flimsy for the piece—what do you say to it?"

"It is a difficult task," said Mr Fogg after a short deliberation. "Couldn't you leave out the cracker? That's rather descending to the illegitimate. Shakspeare never produced his interest by tying crackers to horses' tails."

"Blow Shakspeare!" replied Mr Rosset, "perhaps he'd got a different set to deal with. My actors have all got wooden heads."

"It is not a rare idiosyncrasy in the histrionic profession," remarked Mr Fogg.

"Here's a sketch of my new proscenium," said Mr Rosset, unfolding a paper of questionable cleanliness. "Isn't that legitimate? I look at the motto, 'All the world's a railway.' It was 'All the world's a stage,' but I had it altered, for it's more appropriate now-a-days, go-a-head's my maxim."

"I should like to have seen the company you wish me to write for," said Mr Fogg.

"That's soon settled," answered the other, "follow me."

They left the tap, and paddling across a wet yard, whilst Mr Rosset sheltered the candle in his hat, entered a large outbuilding, something between a carpenter's shop and a stable, and fitted up roughly as a small theatre, with primitive benches of rough deals laid upon tubs. A lantern hung from one of the rafters, and underneath this Mr Fogg observed a man lying asleep upon one of the seats, and snoring loudly.

"Ah! he was a capital clown to my circus," said Rosset, "only

he fell short of the spring-board in a somersets, and put his hip out of joint, so I gave him a birth here Halloo! Jeffries!"

The man, who was lying in the attitude of a slumbering stage-robber, started up upon being called, and at Rosset's directions foraged in a large chest, in which the "company" resided.

"That's good—ain't it?" said the proprietor, as he took up a small man on horseback, made of painted brass, and propelling it along the floor, made it imitate the natural movements of the animal by concealed rackwork working on its wheels.

"I'd bet anything, now, you don't know what that is?" said Mr Rosset, with a mixture of admiration and mystery. Then, without waiting for a reply, he continued, "That little horse rode many hundred times across the window in Leicester Square when things were up in that quarter. This is what I wanted to shew you, though."

He took a doll from the man, about four feet high, dressed as a countryman, with a jovial expression of countenance. Various strings were attached to its limbs, which all worked through a hole in the top of his head, and these were fastened to sticks which the master held in his hand. Then standing on a form, Mr Rosset gave certain motions to the figure, which, with the exception of a remarkable flexibility in the knee-joints enabling them to turn all ways at once, might have been accounted very true to life.

"This is Tommy," continued Mr Rosset "he's the cleverest doll I've got, and the favourite with the audience. When I'm travelling alone, and get dull, I usually sets him up opposite to me. He looks so uncommon merry, that I always think I've just said a good thing, and he's enjoying it. Look at that, now."

And here Mr Rosset, with increased admiration, put the figure through various fresh attitudes.

Having thus shown Mr Glenalvon Fogg the style of actors he was to write for, they were about to commence arrangements respecting the payment, when they were interrupted by the clumsy boy, who informed Mr Rosset that the waggon from Warwick had stopped at the door.

"It contains my properties," said the wholesale showman. "Let us see them put out."

They went back to the door of the house, with the late clown limping after them, and there found the waggon and its steaming horses stationed. The driver was giving his aid to remove some large picking-cases, and in this he was assisted by a young fellow, who had apparently been his fellow-passenger. The ear of the dramatic author was attracted by the tones of the voice, and he advanced the candle, which was sputtering with the rain-drops, to look at him.

"Like some forgotten melody those accents fall!" exclaimed the dramatic author, "and win my fancy back to other days. Ah, yes! is it?—it is! Mr Scattergood!"

"Glenalvon Fogg!" cried Vincent—for it was our hero,—less dramatically, but with no less surprise, as he seized his old patron's hand, and shook it warmly. "This is indeed singular."

"And do we meet again, mine ancient friend!" cried the good-hearted dramatist, giving vent to feelings which he had long pent up from lack of sympathy! "Come to my arms! But—belay there—

belay ' pipe up the main-brace My dear eyes! I 'm running over at the lee-scuppers like a jolbolly boy "

To the by-standers—even including Mr Rosset—the speech was somewhat enigmatical But Vincent understood his old friend's idiom, and again shook him warmly by the hand as they entered the house, together with the packages

" And what has brought you here ?" asked Mr Fogg, after he had hurriedly introduced Vincent to his companion

" The mere chance of delivering those goods," said Vincent " But I was bound for Birmingham in search of you I heard at the old tavern by the theatre that the ' Lee Shore ' had done well here "

" Ah ! cried Mr Fogg, and his features lighted up with pleasure, " do they know there how we have carried all before us ? I should think that would be a split nib in Mumford's pen—eh ?"

Mr Mumford, it may be remembered, was the rival nautical dramatist, author of the " Nore Lights, or, The Wreck of the Goodwin "

" And how have things gone on in town with you since I left ?"

" Oh, not very well," replied Vincent, as his countenance fell " I will tell you everything another time In fact, I have been working my way down here as cheaply as I could, in the hope of finding some situation that it was in your power to give me at the Birmingham theatre

" Alack ! alack !" cried Mr Fogg, " the ' Lee-Shore ' has finished its run But stop, our friend, Mr Rosset, may know of something Do you want a hand in any of your enterprising concerns ? he asked of the proprietor

Mr Rosset, who had been gazing with great curiosity all this time at Vincent, simply inquired " if the gentleman could throw a trampoline over four horses, twelve bayonets, and through a balloon "

" I am sorry to confess my inability," said Vincent

" You're a well-built fellow, too," said Rosset " However, of course you will wait here until to-morrow, and then we will have a talk I will sort of lines, if ~~any~~ will suit you

The continuance of the bad weather was such, that Mr Fogg—at all times a bird of extreme passage—resolved upon not going back to Birmingham that evening Mr Rosset, hoping they were not over-particular, offered the whole of his theatre as a resting place, for the accommodations of the hostelry were limited, and after a short conversation they adjourned thereunto, Mr Fogg spreading his revered cloak upon a heap of sawdust, which, he said, " was a couch that kings might envy But Mr Rosset, having found that some of his company had sustained injury from the wet, would not seek his pillow,—which was a roll of green baize used to divide the sixpenny from the shilling audience,—until he had seen them all looked after With Jeffries aid, assisted also by Vincent, ever ready to turn his hand to anything, they were disposed about every available part of the interior, to air and dry, and then the trio disposed themselves to sleep wherever their preference found it practicable

The lantern still hung from the rafter, throwing its light over the building, and upon the forms of the inmates, who were all soon asleep, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr Fogg, whose fevered vigils were such as poets ever have Indeed, he was already elaborating the plot of the intended piece in furtherance of which, he was looking,

at the comical forms of the actors who hung around. And together these made up a quaint tableau especially a lady in a short waist and feathers, like the princesses in the children's story-books the comic peasant, in the continuous enjoyment of a joke near the door, the Scaramouch with the giraffe-neck, who appeared to be peeping into the lantern, and the hobby-horse and rider, who were keeping a very intoxicated guard over the recumbent forms around.

At length everything was hushed in repose, and even Mr Fogg effected a compromise between sleeping and waking, in which the real and ideal were so intimately blended, that he could distinguish between them no longer. And then his fancy revelled in wondrous flights, his wooden companions started into life, and amidst them all the statue of Shakspeare, with its neck stretched out in the telescopic fashion of the Scaramouch, regarded him with a complaisant air, and appeared to encourage his dramatic labours, ere he executed a *pas seul* in the most approved fashion of modern ballet.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Mr Joe Jollit arranges the "Provident Crickets" fete and fancy fair at Rosherville

THE SOCIETY of Provident Crickets, in which Mr Jollit filled several important offices, was an institution for the promotion of philanthropic harmony, with ulterior objects of universal benevolence and brotherly love.

But, although these objects were publicly announced, yet was the society itself a secret one and various mystic ceremonies of initiation were performed when a member joined it, from which the prying eye of vulgar curiosity was carefully shut out. What these ceremonies were is not known, but invidious reports whispered that some of them bore a resemblance to those only seen in the woodcuts pertaining to old editions of Fox's Martyrs, and portraying an unpleasant passage in the life of St Laurence. These ideas deterred many mild and timid individuals from joining the society, although, certainly, the house in which the Crickets met was never disturbed by the shrieks of agony which might be looked for as the accompaniments of a similar ordeal, in the common order of things. And as the nonces usually re-appeared with a cheerful and contented aspect, those who were not in the habit of being lead away by wild and romantic notions came to the conclusion that the great secret consisted in there being none at all.

After the harmony, which was the first consideration, the chief end of the society was the assistance of distressed members and their families, but as few of the members had families, and none were distressed, the funds were usually expended in festivity. An outward shew of charity was, however, still kept up and on this particular occasion, as the fines had been trivial, and the balance in the hands of Mr Jollit, who was the treasurer, equally so, he determined by a *coup de maître* to raise them, that they might still have enough to provide the annual excursion for the members. He therefore proposed a fancy fair and fete at Rosherville, which scheme meeting with the approbation of everybody, was forthwith agreed upon.

The entire arrangements were confided to Mr Jollit, and very joyous indeed did he become with the excitement of the preparations. Every one of his friends was pressed into the service, and their interest requested with their female acquaintances to furnish the stalls. Be sure that Mrs Hankins's sister was not forgotten, nor Mrs Hankins herself, and these ladies even condescended to keep the stalls, influenced also by Mr Snarry, who was himself a "Cricket," and whom Mr Joe Jollit pleasantly bantered upon his exertions before their fair friends, telling him that, although he was a bachelor now, and had no family to provide for at present, yet there was no telling what might happen some day. And hereupon did Mr Snarry blush deeply, and pretend not to hear which innocent deception Mr Jollit, in heartless disregard of his feelings, would not allow, but accompanied his speech by poking him in the ribs, and making a noise with his mouth similar to that used for the propulsion of horses. And on these occasions Mrs Hankins's sister grew suddenly short-sighted and was compelled to bring her eyes close to the Berlin work pair of braces she was engaged upon, counting five squares instead of three, and making the needle come up in all sorts of unexpected places from underneath, until the provoking Mr Jollit would ask her what was her opinion upon the subject upon which all further assumption of inattention was perfectly useless, and then Mrs Hankins's sister declared that Mr Jollit got really too bad, she never knew such a dreadfully rude creature!

Mr Bam was not behind-hand in his contributions. He offered at first to dress a salad for one of the stalls, but as this was a singular article for young ladies to retail to purchasers, he promised to furnish some autographs of eminent personages, having found at some charity fair in London that they met a ready sale. But as these were much easier to write than to collect, he set to work, and produced several very remarkable ones, including some of Shakspeare, Joan of Arc, and William Tell, to which he gave an appearance of great authenticity by writing them first on fly-leaves torn from old law-books, and then hanging them up the chimney of his chambers until they were duly smoke-dried and discoloured. And this gave Mr Joe Jollit a hint to get up some valuable relics, with the aid of an intelligent turner, from whose wood-stores were produced more pieces of the Royal George, piles of old London Bridge, rafters of the Exchange, and Stratford mulberry blocks, than would have been sufficient to construct snuff-boxes, silk-reels, and watch-stands for each member of every family at present inhabiting the civilized globe.

But Mr Bam also knew a lady—a client—high in rank, and gifted in intellect, whose name he was not at liberty to state, but who had written a charming work, and she had promised to give the MSS to the society, if they would print it, and sell it in aid of their funds. It was called the "Rainbow of Reality," and was sure to prove an immense hit. In fact, it had been seen by every publisher in London, and they had all declared that it was really too good to be thrown away upon the senseless average mass of readers, which was their only reason for declining it. And therefore the authoress had determined that it should force its own way, despite the liberal offer made by the conductors of the Monthly Muff—a *repertoire* of the *beau monde*, and *courier des "fiddle-faddles" de Londres*—to print it all

for nothing, in their pages, which had strong hold upon public sympathy, by their affecting claims to be considered as a sort of literary free hospital—a gratuitous asylum for the rejected and incurable

Mr Rasselas Fipps was not overlooked in the course of Mr Jollit's exertions, who had almost persuaded him either to dress as a shepherd, and play his flute at the entrance of the maze, with two hired lambs to sport before him, or in the costume of a minstrel to pervade the gardens, or watch from the lonely tower, and sound a clarion when he saw some indefinite acquaintances on their winding way. But with respect to the first performance, Mr Joe Jollit upon reflection decided that it would get very slow after the first ten minutes, and that Mr Fipps's mind was not exactly of that order to return any playful observations which would doubtless be addressed to him by jolly gentlemen inclining to waggishness. And as to the second, no musical-instrument maker appeared to understand practically what a clarion was, although they admitted they had often heard the word used, no more than the timbrel, lyre, and sackbut which Mr Jollit severally proposed, so that at last the guitar was the instrument fixed upon to accompany Mr Fipps as the troubadour, since he could play a few chords upon it, and it was also agreed that he would be useful in writing popular waltzes upon tinted paper, to be retailed at the stalls.

Of course there was a great deal of amusement in getting the things together. One lady sent an article she termed a *brioche*,—something between a pie and a pillow, made of hailequin coloured worsted, and which served the funny gentleman to throw covertly at Mr Snarry's head for one entire evening, others cut blue-stockings and black-legs out of coloured paper, and, securing them in envelopes, wrote outside, "The Gentleman's Horror," or "The Ladies' Aversion," as the case might be, their object being to surprise the enterprising purchaser, and produce merriment upon being opened, with pleasant banter, and the opportunity of saying smart things. Then there were butterfly pen-wipers, and cockatoo pincushions, and perforated pasteboard netting-boxes, with pencilled views of Carisbrooke Castle and the Bridge of Sighs without end, and wax flowers, and rice-paper flowers, and shell flowers, and feather flowers, and flowers in water colours, Persian painting, and oriental tinting, in all of which the fuchsias predominated, which, placed in the gardens themselves, would have enhanced their reputation as the depository of rare botanical plants, for with the exception of those specified, it was perfectly impossible, even to the comprehension of the oldest gardener, to tell to what class they belonged. Mr Bam's brother, who was secretary to a cemetery, somewhat scandalized the conductors of the fair by sending a toy made like a little hearse, with music inside—a simple melody of three notes recurring every time the wheel came round, and giving rather an air of joviality to the progress of the vehicle, as well as a velvet covered box, about nine inches long, in the form of a coffin, with a silver plate, on which was engraved the word "*Gunts*." But this unseemly mirth was very properly repressed by Mr Snarry, at the instigation of Mrs Hankins's sister.

The fireworks, the dancing, and the miscellaneous amusements were equally cared for by Mr Jollit, and, a few evenings before the fête, a committee was held at his lodgings, or rather his "rooms," as

he called them, to make final arrangements. The ladies of Mr Hankins's domestic circle graced the meeting, as well as Mr Rasselas Fipps and Mr Bam, but few of the "Provident Crickets" themselves were there, as they believed firmly in Mr Joe Jollit's enterprize.

"Now, we must remember," said Jollit, "that this fair will be set forth as in aid of the funds for providing an asylum for the members. Where that asylum is to be I don't exactly know, but my present wishes incline to the Star and Garter, on Richmond Hill."

"The idea! I never!" exclaimed Mrs Hankins's sister, as if shocked at the deceit. "What dreadfully sly creatures you are!" And then she continued, in all innocence, "What a pity it is you have no children, Mr Jollit!"

The funny gentleman appeared aghast with surprise, and overwhelmed with confusion at the observation, as he stammered forth,

"Mrs Hankins—now, really!—your sister—upon my honour—such a very singular remark for a lady to make!"

"Now, Mr Jollit, you know what I mean," cried the sister, blushing to a wonderful extent.

"Oh, perfectly, it needs no explanation," answered Mr Jollit, concealing his face with well-feigned surprise and terror in his handkerchief. "Hankins—can *you*, as a brother-in-law, allow this?"

"There was a general laugh at Mr Jollit's distress, during which Mrs Hankins's sister recovered sufficiently to say,

"I mean there ought to be a school to walk about the grounds."

"Oh! now I comprehend," said Mr Jollit, "very clean children, just wrung out and ironed, who look as if their faces had been polished with sand-paper and bees wax."

"Not a bad hint," observed Mr Bam, "because then the newspapers could say, that 'the children paraded the ground, and excited general attention by their clean and healthy appearance'."

"Could we hire an infant school cheap, for the day?" asked Mr Jollit.

"Well, I think such a thing might be contrived," returned Mr Bam. "I will see about it. I wish, though, you would give me something to do."

"We'll make you Comptroller of the Banquet-hall," replied Jollit. "You can mix salad and make punch there all day, if you like, besides, your public exhibition of cutting up a fowl without taking the fork out, and shaving a cucumber on your knife, will make a feature in the day's amusements."

Mr Bam was so gifted in every description of dinner-table legerdemain, that he inwardly hoped the suggestion might be carried out.

The distribution of the contributed articles to the different stalls was the next thing thought about, the choicest being allotted to Mrs Hankins's sister, as well as the tent with the pink lining, to cast an agreeable hue over her features, with orders not to give change for any money tendered. And those friends were also selected, and their names written down, who were to walk about from tent to tent in fashionable attire, making unlimited purchases to entice others to buy,—such, it was understood, being the custom in similar institutions of the highest grade. And when a slight allusion was made by Mr Snarry, in the kindness of his nature, to the probable injury the

fete might do in the case of one or two persons who got their livelihood by retailing fancy articles, Mr Jollit happily set all things straight, by showing that the things sold at these meetings were always of that perfectly useless description, which nobody on earth would ever think of patronizing anywhere else

Amongst Mr Bam's autographs were some very interesting documents, far beyond mere names. There was a note from Tarlton to Shakspeare, dunning him for tenpence, for the copyright of a joke which the popular author had introduced, unacknowledged, into one of his comedies, and on which a talented friend was already writing a great book, to prove which joke it probably was. There was also a private letter from the author of Junius, with his real name and address, and two verses from an unpublished poem of Burns. These were ticketed very highly, and considered the great gems of the fair, as well as two songs arranged by Mr Bodle, and presumed to be written by him, being answers to "Love on,"—one called "Leave off," and the other "Lay down,"—the latter addressed to his hound Bevis,—as imaginary a quadruped as the *Mauthe Doog*, in the Isle of Min, but of which a portrait adorned the title, drawn after a celebrated painter, or rather a pretty considerable distance behind him.

It now only remained to provide Mr Phipps with his troubadour's dress for the Rosherville Minstrel, and, to further this, Mr Joe Jollit accompanied him the next day to London, and introduced him to a respectable Hebrew costume merchant.

It was a curious shop, from whose windows a number of masks were always gazing at the streets, in the separate panes. Some regarded the passers by with a calm, stoical indifference, others insulted them with unpleasant grimaces, and others, again, looked merry and hilarious into the windows of the opposite periodical shop, as though they could read the jokes from that distance, and there were a few so singularly polite and affable in expression, that you almost felt inclined to raise your hat to them, until you saw they were just the same to everybody, which diminished your respect for them as much as if they had been real heads, instead of pasteboard ones. Beyond these there was little show. A tunic, or soldier's coat, carelessly thrown down, a dress sword, or a coloured print, figuring the unknown costume of a country that did not exist, were all the objects displayed in the window.

Mr Jollit and his friend entered the magazine, but not until the funny gentleman had collected a crowd before the shop of an adjacent tea-dealer, by gravely returning the salutes, bow for bow, of a mandarin, who sat nodding all day in the window. They were conducted up stairs, to a room which was covered with splendid dresses, the greater part of which, the proprietor told them, were bespoke for a private costume-ball about to be given in Fitzroy Square. Here Mr Phipps was so dazzled, that he began to waver between a troubadour and an Andalusian nobleman, and had even some notions of a suit of gilt leather armour, until Mr Jollit suggested the propriety of keeping to the minstrel's costume, which he finally chose, after much minute fitting and complaining. The guitar pertaining to it was not taken, because it had been apparently used for the clever pantomimic trick of being broken over the head of some individual repugnant to

the clown's feelings, which assault, albeit mirth-provoking, and usually expected when a guitar, looking-glass, or warming-pan makes its appearance, is not calculated, in a musical point of view, to improve its tone, and so another was hired from a music-shop

They returned to Gravesend with their "properties" that evening, after a pleasant journey, in the course of which the funny gentleman had almost persuaded his companion to dress up on board the steamer, "to give him confidence," adding, that they might perhaps pick up sufficient to pay their fares by the attempt, but this Mr Fipps had not nerve enough to undertake

He was, however, very pleased with his dress, for, after all had retired to rest that night, Mr Fipps was heard wakening soft cords, as well as everybody in the house, and Mr Snarry, whose curiosity led him to peep through the key-hole, affirmed that he saw Mr Fipps fully attired in his costume, and so carried away by its romance, that he was bearing his bolster (which was supposed to have fainted, and to which a night-gown pulled over it gave some semblance of the human form) over what Mr Fipps considered a rugged pass, or crumbling ramparts, for to such did the *glamour* of his poetic fancy convert the chairs and a chest of drawers, and, having borne off his treasure to his satisfaction by his own trusty sword, (represented by his flute,) the soldier minstrel then rested in his lonely bower, which was his French bed, and poured forth a lay of love and chivalry, evidently peopling his second floor with a glittering throng of listeners, as he rehearsed his romaunts for his display at Rosheville

Nor was it until the warning knocks of restless lodgers from above, beneath, and around him brought his minstrelsy to a close, and dispelled his bright imaginings, that he divested himself of his attire, and sought fresh visions of romance in the magic world of dreams

CHAPTER XXXIV

Clara Scattergood continues to feel that she is a governess

WHEN Clara came to herself after the shock caused by her brother's unexpected appearance, she found that she was in bed in her own room, to which she had been conveyed in a state of perfect unconsciousness. She was in a raging fever, her brain appeared glowing like live embers beneath her heated forehead, and she lay quivering with hysterical tremor so violent, that the faded tassels which edged the scanty drapery of the bed vibrated with her agony

She was not long in recalling the incidents of the evening, and they came back as keen and painfully vivid as when they had occurred. The recollection of them was, if anything, worse than the reality, and nearly brought on a fresh accession of delirium. No one came near her, she was alone and unheeded, and all through that dreadful night she wakefully kept count of every quarter that sounded from the adjacent chapel, or watched the slow progress of the discs of light from the holes in the shade surrounding the taper which had been left on the floor, as they crept slowly up the walls of her dreary room

She would have given worlds for the relief of one flood of tears, but they would not come. Her eyes were dry and smarting, her lips parched, and her burning cheek found no comfort—not even for a moment—on her equally heated and unrefreshing pillow. All the misery of her first night in her present situation, which she had begun to hope she had got over, returned with tenfold sharpness, the terrible “demon of the bed,” that invests our lightest sorrows with such hopeless and crushing anxiety, reigned triumphant over its gentle victim, and yet, when the daylight crept through her uncurtained windows, she shrunk from it, as though in her broken spirits she preferred to hide her distress in the gloom of night, fearful and unrelieved as was its dark dominion.

Wretched she had indeed been on the evening of her arrival at the Constables’, and in that same room, yet she felt it was nothing to her present misery. Could her “employers”—for such they doubtless considered themselves—have entered into her distress even with the slightest sympathy, how pure but forcible an example would it have offered of the silent misery of that amiable class of girls, who, if education refines the feelings, have theirs doubly sensitive,—who, whilst they are but too often treated with overbearing arrogance and ignorant assumption, have real need, in all Christian and human love, of the kindest attention and comfort, from the very circumstances which call them forth from home, that it is in the power of their self-thought patronizers to bestow.

Morning came at length, and with it sounds of life and motion in the house. Still no one approached her room, but the light she dreaded brought with it a slight diversion to her overwhelming wretchedness. As her eye wandered restlessly over the bed, it was caught by something glittering at her feet. She laid hold of it, and found, to her astonishment, that it was a diamond-pin of costly manufacture, and which, to increase her wonder, she recollected to have seen worn by Mr Herbert on the preceding evening.

Whilst completely lost in endeavouring to account for this mysterious discovery, the nurserymaid, Bingham, tapped at the door, and came into the room. She was a very civil young woman, and inquired kindly how Clara felt, with an evident wish to be of some service to her, but at the same time she appeared disinclined to give any answer to Clara’s inquiry about the events of the preceding evening, subsequent to her re-entering the drawing-room. It was evidently a subject involving some unpleasantness, and before Clara had mentioned anything about the brilliant,—for in her loneliness the very servant had become her confidante, Bingham left the room, with the intention of making breakfast for the governess.

In about half an hour she returned, accompanied by all three of the children, but evidently against her will, as might be inferred from sundry preceding scuffles and angry chidings on the stairs. They ranged themselves in a row whilst Bingham placed the breakfast on a chair at the bedside, as though Clara was to be regarded in the light of an exhibition.

“We know something—don’t we, Neville?” said Eleanor, “what mamma said.”

“Be quiet, Miss Eleanor,” said Bingham, sharply, “or else I am sure Miss Scattergood will be very angry.”

"I'm glad she's ill," said Neville, "and so's Blanche, and so's Eleanor, because we shan't learn our books any more."

"You haven't got any oranges, I know," continued one of the little girls. "We always have oranges when we're ill, and such nice things. That's because my papa's got ever so much more money than yours. Oh! ten hundred million times as much!"

"Hold your tongue, Miss Blanche, this moment!" exclaimed Bingham. "You'll have your mamma after you directly."

The threat, usually potent, had, however, this time no effect,—not more so than that of the chimney-sweep in shirt sleeves and top-boots, who was popularly supposed to live in the coal-hole, and be ready at all times to ascend to the nursery upon the least symptom of revolt. Eleanor only continued, pointing at Clara,

"We don't care. Mamma says she's to go away, because she behaves bad."

"She didn't say 'bad' now, Miss Oo-o-o-o-o!" interrupted Blanche, making a face at her sister. "She said she wasn't respectable. Ain't you respectable?" she continued, addressing Clara.

Weak, and broken down with agitation, Clara, at length, burst into tears, beneath the pain which the children heedlessly inflicted, whilst they themselves commenced a violent squabble as to what their mamma had said exactly, terminating their struggle to possess themselves of a sightless doll which Neville carried, by throwing it amongst the breakfast things. This led to a general *melee* with Bingham, in the middle of which Mrs. Constable sailed, rather than walked into the room, and then the tumult was abated, as she ordered Bingham to remove the children, whilst Clara tremblingly awaited the result of this interview.

"I suppose it is unnecessary for me to state we do not see any further occasion for your services, Miss Scattergood," observed the lady as the door closed, in a tone of the most freezing severity. "Common delicacy might have restrained you from making appointments in my house with any of the low people you unfortunately appear to be connected with."

The hot blood rushed to Clara's pale face as she listened to this insulting insinuation. She replied with all the indignant force she could command.

"I made no appointment, ma'am, nor have I occasion to be ashamed of *any* of my friends. It was my own brother who came here last evening!"

The lady of the house was evidently unprepared for this admission. But she had heard of Vincent through her slight acquaintance with the family, and directly saw the probability of Clara's assertion.

"At all events," she continued, in somewhat milder tones, though just as cold, "you might have spared me the unpleasantness of that scene last night, especially before visitors. What could they have thought of it?"

"I will explain, and tell you everything, ma'am. In a very little time you shall know all. But, at present—this morning, at least,—I have scarcely strength."

And the hurried manner in which the poor girl drew her breath almost between every word bore out the truth of her statement. She was really very ill.

"You had better have some medical attendant," said Mrs Constable, "for it is always unpleasant to have sickness in the house. And this ball approaching, too! How very awkward! Do you know any medical man?"

Clara replied, that beyond her own family she had scarcely an acquaintance in London. Mrs Constable continued,

"Dr Herbert—father of the gentleman you saw last evening, who carried you upstairs after all that to-do—I was really so annoyed!—will be here to-day, and I will ask him to write you a friendly prescription. You can get it made up at the chemist's, which will be cheaper than having your medicine from our apothecary, and I suppose every trifle is of consequence to you."

"It is indeed!" Clara mentally ejaculated. And then she added, "I do not think I need a medical man. I shall be better very soon, and have no wish to call one in unnecessarily."

"Oh, but I desire it," answered Mrs Constable, somewhat haughtily. "It is quite bad enough that my children should lose all their tuition, without having a comparative stranger ill in the house. And just at this unfortunate time! I never knew anything so vexatious!"

"I wished to write to mamma," said Clara timidly. "I suppose, ma'am, you would have no objection to her coming here?"

"Oh—no—I suppose not," answered Mrs Constable. "I don't see any objection at present."

"Nor to Miss Deacon, who would write for me?"

"Who is Miss Deacon?" asked the lady gravely.

"She is governess to Mrs Armstrong," replied Clara. "I met her in the square."

"Oh! certainly not!" returned the lady, "if she belongs to the Armstrongs, I believe she is well-conducted. I will send Bingham to you when she is at leisure."

And then, as if she was afraid of being led to make any more concessions, Mrs Constable left the room, without a word more, or taking any notice of Clara.

She fell back on her pillow, exhausted with even this short interview, as the lady departed. "She says I am to leave," thought Clara. "how shall I then be able to assist them at home? But not came some vague idea that Mrs Constable said Mr Herbert had carried her upstairs last evening. Nay, the jewel was still in her hand, as evidence of the fact, and the thought of this, even in all her sorrow, appeared to comfort her with an entirely new feeling. It was very strange. What could it be?"

A FEW PAGES FROM MY JOURNAL IN GREECE, TURKEY, AND ON THE DANUBE

BY C F FYNES CLINTON

THE quiet of the streets of Constantinople strikes a stranger accustomed to the noise and bustle of a western capital. One rarely hears the sound of wheels upon the pavement—the only kind of vehicle one meets is an occasional *arabah*, or bullock car, moving at a footpace, and conveying a party of women from or to the country. The Turks whom one meets in the streets look, for the most part, dirty and sulky, and often spit at a Christian as they pass him. The women are all muffled, and their figures completely concealed by their loose shapeless cloaks, their heads and faces are wrapped in white muslin handkerchiefs, and their feet inclosed in ugly yellow boots. The Turkish soldiers are the dirtiest and the most miserable-looking wretches I have ever beheld. It is really painful to a soldier to see his noble profession so disgraced—their dress is a dark blue uniform, with the red cap. Among the remarkable things at Constantinople are the troops of large half-famished dogs that infest the streets, and are rather annoying to strangers.

Galatı, Perı, Cassım Pasha and Tophanna lie on the opposite side of the Golden Horn to Constantinople. Galata, which is still surrounded by walls and towers, was built by the Genoese in 1216. In these suburbs reside the Frank population,—ambassadors, consuls, merchants, &c. At Tophanna, close to the water, where one embarks for Scutari, are a beautiful fountain and mosque. Here are also the artillery barracks.

On the hill above Perı is the great burial-ground, which affords a lovely view over the Bosphorus, Constantinople, the harbour, the Propontis, Scutari, and the shores of Asia Minor, but the finest view of all, and perhaps the finest in the world, is from “the Tower of Galatı,” a panorama of surpassing splendour.

One Friday I saw the Sultan go to the mosque of Eyoub. This is the most holy of all the mosques, and is situated in a beautiful grove near the water some way up the harbour. His Highness came to the mosque in a splendid *caïque*, impelled by thirty rowers. The boat was covered with gilding and carving, and was certainly extremely beautiful. On landing he mounted a handsome Arabian steed. Eight horses superbly caparisoned, were led before him, his great officers followed on foot, while the road was lined with soldiers.

The present Sultan, Abdoul Medjid, is a pale and ill-looking youth, without a spark of intelligence in his face. He, his officers, and troops were dressed in a sort of demi-European costume, and all looked mean and insignificant. At the sweet waters of Eniope, a little beyond the mosque of Eyoub, we found hundreds of women, seated in rows upon the grass, where they remain all day smoking, drinking coffee, talking and laughing, and at night return in their *arabaks* to the city.

At Scutari, on the Asiatic side, I and my party visited the great burial-ground, which is the largest and most beautiful of the Otto-

man empire, and then rode to the hill of Bulgurlu, which rises behind Scutari, and commands one of the most glorious views imaginable. We also paid a visit to those strange fanatics, the "howling dervishes," but one hour of the exhibition completely disgusted us, and we returned to Tophanna. A boating excursion up the Bosphorus afforded us delicious views of those lovely shores, indented with picturesque creeks and shady bays, fringed with verdant woods, and enlivened with country-houses and villages. Yet these natural beauties only serve the more to make one lament the Mussulman rule. It is painful to see this fine garden in the hands of such a vile government, whose blighting influence is seen wherever one turns. A visit to Constantinople will at once dispel any dreams one may have formed of Turkish splendour. Nothing but apathy and sensuality prevail on all sides, but the day of the Turks, at least in Europe, is gone by, nought but the mutual jealousy of European powers has tolerated so long this disgrace and curse to civilized nations. How long shall we see these wretched infidels desolating some of the fairest portions of the earth under their withering sway? And if we have so much fear of these fine countries falling into the grasp of Russia and Austria, might not the European powers raise up a Greek kingdom, with Constantinople for its head? Then there would be some hopes for Greece, which can hardly exist so long as that name is given only to the small fragment under the sway of the unhappy Otho,—a burlesque upon kingdoms and on kings. In speaking of Turkey in Europe, we must always bear in mind that Constantinople is Turkey. The subjects of the Sultan throughout the provinces are either Greeks or people of Slavonic race, held in subjection by Turkish pashas and garrisons. The Turks are only *encamped* in Europe. They are a horde of savage warriors, whose very existence depends upon their being in a continual state of warfare. They can make no progress in civilization so long as they are Mahomedans. Their Koran prescribes every action of their lives, it is their civil as well as their religious law, and it permits no advance or change. The late Sultan Mahmoud, in adopting so many Frankish innovations, has rather hastened than retarded the fall of this feeble and decrepid empire. He has disgusted the great mass of his subjects, destroyed their bond of union, and their confidence in one another,—lost that fiery enthusiasm which of old scattered the disciplined armies of Austria, and he has adopted in its stead a sort of half discipline, which cramps instead of giving confidence to his soldiers.

May 9th. At midday we quitted the harbour in a small steamer, a jolly party of seven Englishmen, and, after stemming for two hours the sharp stream of the Bosphorus, we arrived in the Black Sea.

10th. At daybreak we were off Varua, a pretty-looking town, and famous for the gallant resistance it made to the Russians in the last war. At sunset we reached Kustandje, where we landed next morning. Byron tells us,

There's not a sea the traveller e'er pukes in
Throws up such dangerous billows as the Euxine

But, fortunately, we had a splendid passage.

Kustandje is the Roman Constantiana, and was reduced to a heap of ruins by the Russians. There is no building here at present ex-

cept a few hovels, and the station-house of the steam-boat company, where we fared very well. We remained here the whole of the 11th, as the other steam-boat had not yet come down the Danube to Chernavoda, where we were to join it.

12th We proceeded in light, covered waggons, drawn by small, active horses, forty miles across the plain to Chernavoda. These vehicles are supplied by the company, who by this land-transit save their passengers a very long angle. For the Danube, when arrived within thirty miles of the sea, suddenly turns northward, and lengthens his course by at least seventy miles. The country hereabouts, between the river and the sea, is a rich alluvial soil, but a complete desert, covered with short grass, and perfectly level. The only signs of life which met us in a drive of eight hours were some wandering Tatars and Cossacks, and immense flocks of eagles and bustards. At Chernavoda, a collection of huts, we joined the Danube and the steamboat. The river here is full of swampy and wooded islands, and runs between low, marshy banks. The mosquitoes were of greater size and fierceness than I had ever seen them, and were a serious annoyance to many of our party. By sleeping on deck I escaped better than those who remained in the confinement of the cabin. This nuisance continued almost as far as Pesth.

13th At daybreak we started on our long voyage up the river. The Bulgarian, or right bank, is throughout pretty, sloping hills, and woods, and cultivated spots adorn the landscape, but the Wallachian, or left bank, is always flat and uninteresting. Sometimes one steers through a narrow channel, amidst wooded islands, whose tall trees sweep across the water, affording a grateful shade, at others the river rolls along in a noble expanse of water three English miles in breadth. Our course lay always along the Bulgarian bank. Towards evening of the 13th we were off Silistria, and next morning in front of Ruschuk. Both these are large places. At Ruschuk the Danube is three miles wide. At sunset we passed Sistoo, a beautiful town, charmingly situated on the western slope of a woody hill. At night we were before the strong town of Nikopolis. The 15th we passed Rahova, and next morning were at Widdin, where we lay some time. Widdin contains thirty thousand people, and is the residence of a pasha. The works have been very strong, though now, in Turkish fashion, falling to decay. The town is as filthy as most Turkish places. This afternoon we passed the frontiers of Servia, and soon saw a marked difference in the appearance of the villages and houses of this tributary, but not Turkish province. The scenery, too, began to improve, the bold mountains that form the frontiers of Hungary, and the great barrier of the Upper and Lower Danube were now visible.

17th At daybreak we found ourselves stemming a very rapid stream, between wild mountains, at the spot where are still the remains of Trajan's bridge. After passing the bridge, we moored alongside the station of Gladova, where we remained for the day, but, as we were in quarantine, we were not allowed to go beyond the yard of the station-house. At this point we were to leave our vessel, as no steamboat can make head against the rapids of the Danube, which extend from hence to Drenhova, some fifty English miles higher up.

18th We were towed in a boat by twelve oxen to Orsova, on the

Hungarian territory, something more than ten English miles. Our passage was extremely slow, owing to the immense rapidity of the Danube, which, confined here in a narrow channel between the mountains, rushes with a tremendous stream, and a loud roaring noise, over sharp, pointed rocks. This is the part of the Danube which is called "The Iron Gate." Arrived at Orsova, we were in the Austrian dominions, and were sent into the lazaretto, where we remained the rest of that day.

19th We were released from quarantine by the new regulations of the Austrian government, which has curtailed the time formerly wasted in that most unsatisfactory manner, from ten days to one. The passengers are considered in quarantine from the time they leave Constantinople, and if there is a clean bill of health on arriving at Orsova they are turned out the next morning, after their persons have been subjected to the medical inspection and their baggage to the scrutiny of the custom-house officers. When at Orsova we visited the baths of Mahadia, situated in a woody and romantic glen, ten miles north of Orsova. They are hot, sulphur, and iron springs, used formerly by the Romans, and are now much resorted to.

21st Proceeding in carriages up the left bank of the Danube about forty English miles, we reached Drenhova, the steamboat station. The scenery all the way is beautiful, mountains, forests, rocks, and the foaming rapids of the Donau.

On the 22nd we again shipped ourselves on board a steamboat, and held on our course against a rapid stream, and amidst banks still mountainous and lovely.

23rd At midday we passed the fort of Belgrade, which saluted us, and we moored in front of Semlin, a Hungarian town at the mouth of the Save. Here we remained all day, and at Belgrade we bade adieu to our friends the Turks, and paid our respects to the memory of John Hunyadi. Here, also, we lost an unfortunate steward, who fell overboard, and was drowned, in the darkness of the night.

24th We were again on our course amidst banks pretty, but not so bold. By noon of the following day we were off Peterwardein, a strong and handsome place upon a hill. We remained all this evening at the large village of Mohacs, where, in the palmy days of Turkey, the great Soleim annihilated the army of the Hungarians, and killed their king.

On the 27th, as the sun rose, we saw Pesth and Ofen before us. Pesth is a handsome modern town in the plain, on the left bank of the Danube, it contains some really fine streets and buildings, and is rapidly increasing. Ofen, or Buda, lies on a conical hill on the right bank. A bridge of boats connects the two, this is to be replaced by an iron suspension-bridge, the work of English engineers. The river here is above four hundred yards wide, at a distance of nearly one thousand miles from the mouth.

The 28th we were again steaming up the rapid waters of the Donau, and next day we lay some time off Presburg, an interesting old town, containing some fine public buildings belonging to the Hungarian government. It is the ancient capital of the kingdom. The river scenery hereabouts is some of the prettiest in the long course of the Danube.

30th At daybreak we anchored at the end of the Prater of Vienna, and in sight of the old tower of St Stephan The banks of the Danube through the greater part of Hungary are generally flatter and less interesting than in its course above Vienna The river winds amidst shoals and islands, spreading over a channel which is much too wide for the body of water it contains It will be seen by the preceding journal that there are many difficulties in the navigation of the river between Vienna and the sea, the principal of which are the shoals between Pesth and Peterwardein, and the rapids from Drenhova to the Iron Gate Boats can descend these rapids as far as Orsova, that is to say, about forty miles of the fifty, but to ascend is impossible, however, a good road is now being constructed along this part of the river's banks, and as better arrangements for the comfort of passengers, and for the regularity of the vessels, are rapidly being carried out, this part of Europe will doubtless become ere long less of a "*terra incognita*" than it is at present The voyage down the river from Vienna to Constantinople occupies ten to twelve days The banks of the river are in most places interesting, and in many very beautiful The mixed society on board the vessels is highly amusing, and one obtains a glance at many strange and wild nations along the river's banks,—Hungarians Wallachians, Bulgarians, Turks The traveller is certainly obliged to rough it a little, particularly on the Lower Danube, but not more so, to my thinking, than is sufficient to give a little variety and excitement to the trip In fact, were I asked to choose between the splendid steamboats, the magnificent hotels, of the Rhine, and the rougher vessels and more unpretending inns of the Danube, there is no question but that I should infinitely prefer the latter On the one are the stale, over refinements of civilization, with all their concomitants of selfish and jostling crowds, and exorbitant inns, on the other are simplicity and novelty

The semi-barbarous condition of the wild tribes that inhabit the banks of the Danube, from Vienna to the sea, will hardly be believed by one who has not visited these countries The traveller passes with a magical rapidity from the luxurious civilization of Vienna to the simple and half-savage Hungarians There are, however, among the old Magyar nobility many patriotic spirits, and a great deal has been already done towards the civilization and improvement of that fine country It is hard to put a limit to the advantages that might arise under a good government to such a country as Hungary, which possesses a fertile soil, a genial climate, and such a noble highroad as the Danube The navigation of the river has been much improved of late years, and the establishment of a regular steam-communication has already done much for the kingdom Some wiser custom-house regulations than those at present enforced would do more

The Hungarians are a very mixed race, the dominant tribe, the Magyars, form by no means the largest portion of the ten millions of souls who are said to constitute the total population of the kingdom They are the same Tîtar tribe who overran the east of Europe in the beginning of the tenth century, and although at length repressed within their present limits, they still retain the forms of government, the language, and the feudal customs of their warlike ancestors The Emperor of Austria is their King by election All matters are free-

ly discussed in the Diet, or great national assembly, and any one is as free to converse upon politics, and to censure the measures of government in Hungary as in England. In the profuse, but somewhat rough hospitality of the Magyar nobility one sees the exact representation of the old feudal baron, surrounded by his vassals. The other inhabitants of Hungary are made up of Slaves, Germans, Greeks, and Jews. The Hungarian cavalry has always been excellent. Their hussar regiments may rank among the hardest and best light cavalry in the world.

Descending the Danube, after leaving Hungary, we find on the right bank, first Servians, and next to them Bulgarians. These are both people of Slavonic origin, subjects or tributaries of Turkey, speaking the Slavonic tongue. On the left bank, occupying the great plain between the Danube and the Carpathian ridge, are the Wallachians, a singular and interesting race, who boast that they are descended from Trajan's *legionnaires*, established there when he added Dacia to the provinces of the Roman Empire. They call their country "Zara Romanesca," and as far as physical appearance and language can guide us, there appears to be every reason for allowing their claim to Roman blood. Their fine dark features, aquiline noses, and expressive eyes, form as strong a contrast to the broad, heavy, frightful features of the surrounding tribes of Slavonic or Tatar origin, as does their rich, melodious language, to the rough and uncouth tongue of their neighbours. The language of the Wallachians is, like the Italian, a dialect of the Latin. They are now (nominally) an independent people, governed by a Prince elected by themselves, and under the protection of Russia, whose subjects they virtually are. Servia is also a principality, but tributary to Turkey, though, in fact, Russia manages matters there, too, as she pleases, so well does this wily power lay her plans, working underground, as it were, and in secret, for the possession of those countries on which she dare not yet openly place her rapacious and insatiable grasp! Cunning, and unmatched in diplomacy, she slowly but steadily pursues her aim of conquest or acquisition, in quarters at present where she thinks her intrigues will be little heeded by the great European powers, but always steadily advancing, bringing new victims under the iron sway of her dark and barbarous rule, till in the first great convulsion in Europe she shall be able to throw off the mask, and stand forth in the terrible strength of her colossal power.

A SONG

Thou art like the lily's fragrant bell,
When drooping from a shower,
Thou art like the violet of the dell
Spring's sweetest, earliest flower

Thou art not like the fiery sun,
In noonday glory bright,
But like the pale and tranquil moon,
Which nightly glads our sight

There's nothing left in nature's range,
Pure, fragrant, fair, and true,
Which does not in each passing change
Call back my thoughts to you

MISS JIFKINS'S BENEFIT

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD,

AUTHOR OF "RICHARD SAVAGE," ETC

I HAVE frequently heard, in my conversational commerce with mankind, sundry acute but jocose individuals observe, when some untoward event or unpleasant disaster has been related to them,—“I'd rather him than me, there was a benefit,”—“My wigs! *what* a benefit!” accompanying such ejaculations by bursts of unreasonable laughter. I was led to infer from thence that they had discovered that benefits, like many other good-looking things and persons, were not what they appeared to be, but that, like presents of game from the country which men sometimes receive, all hare's-foot and pheasant's-tail without, all brick-bat and straw within—they hold forth “a flag and sign of advantage” which is indeed but sign.

With this preface, hey for Jifkins!

To forget benefits is said to be monstrous and abominable. Of this sin Miss Jifkins, I dare to say, is not guilty. *She will never forget her benefit.* It is the ugly child of memory that oblivion will not come near. It stands alone, but it will never run away. She sought it, and not in vain. She had it, and on her own head rests the consequence.

Miss Jifkins had for a long time past been meditating, and at an astonishing mental cost shaping, some method of making the metropolitan body aware of her existence as a candidate for its patronage and support—of convincing a liberal and enlightened public that some portion of its liberality could not be better employed than in refreshing her jaded purse, and that a few rays of its enlightenment would not be shed in vain, if they rendered legible to her the dark page of futurity. She had already exhausted the provinces—having visited them from time to time in various capacities, (rapacities rather,) and under as many aspects of distress, sorrow, privation, and blight. The officer's widow of one town, was the bereaved daughter at another, and the treacherous guardian (could he have been found,—but he had absconded,) would have had as much to answer for, neither more nor less, as the inhuman creditor, (name and address at discretion, but even less than two counties off) who had sold her up three days after the captain's funeral, and then laughed in her face—a face that seemed by no means made to be laughed in, however widely—after receiving sympathetic contributions—it was distended by requisite merriment in the hallowed privacy of her own chamber.

Arrived once more in London, the officer's widow waited, of course, upon that repertory of miscellaneous fiction and treasury of universal belief, the lord mayor, who, true to his faith, believed in one minute, and relieved in another, but as Miss Jifkins possessed a rather remarkable countenance, not easily susceptible, therefore, of such transformations as the assumption of a wide range of characters imperatively demands, she could not well carry the military further than Temple Bar, and was fain to lay on the civil at the West End, where the bereaved daughter for a time did a stroke of business which, could dad at Van Dieman's Land have heard of it, would first have gladdened the old man's heart by its *unkimmon* flyness of “move, and then have broken it by a sense of the hopeless of crying “snacks” in the “swag

Having, after this manner—to employ a Shaksperian word—“pilled” the benevolent community, or, as we moderns more mildly express ourselves, “bled” or “physicked” them, Miss Jifkins was compelled to rest on her oars, and even found herself at low-water mark. Projects she framed many, for her ingenuity was of a plastic description, but execution is difficult, and, in the event of failure, fraught with awful consequences. Her nerves, like her principles, were miserably lax, and her susceptibilities intense. She loved not the house of correction. Its situation liked her not, its architecture was not to her taste, nor did its inward economy meet her approbation, and she had no mind to inhale *malaria* and morals at Millbank. Besides, though she was a deep card, there were “trumps” in the imposing pack, who took all the tricks before she could get the lead. Else, strange to say, she *had* thought of the “blanket for the poor district fleecing scheme, the only difference between her plan and that of the luckless experimentress being, that she (Jifkins) instead of a penny, designed to have extracted two-pence from her victims. She shuddered, when, in the preceding Thursday’s paper she perused the case and was made acquainted with the fate of the unhappy profferer of Witneys, and lending an excited shudder to the remainder of her supper-beer, that the sediment of ginger might mingle kindly therewith, she impressed upon herself a double allowance of caution for the future, remembering that the officer’s widow had once been constrained to take to her heels with an un-English precipitancy, that would have shocked the captain, and that the bereaved daughter had sometimes experienced a reception from flinty-hearted fathers, accompanied by references to the *minutiae* of police-regulations, which made her abrupt departure not only necessary, but indispensable.

“What comfort now? what refuge? what resource?”

What easy cure of a consumptive purse? What *safe* means of acquiring a small present independence, just enough, say, to enable her to do the “fashionable exterior,” “elegant manners, and “prepossessing appearance” branch of art,—so much as would suffice to permit her to take a large house, and get it handsomely furnished, to let lodgings at guineas a week duly paid, and when credit was at the extreme stretch, and the givers of it at the very gasp of expectation, to sell the “sticks, and ‘cut her own stick,—language, I fear, too low and vulgar, albeit it is such as Miss Jifkins had heard and approved, both letter and spirit.

That it should have entered her head is not wonderful, it is a marvel rather that it had not previously found its way there—a benefit. Of all things in the world!—why, to be sure!—Lord bless me! how was it that a benefit had never suggested itself to her long ago? “Miss Jifkins has the honour of announcing to her friends and the public,”—“Grand concert and ball,”—“Quadrille band,”—“Brilliant display of fireworks,”—“Patagonian athletæ,”—“Madame Brakenecium on the tight rope,”—“Elysian bowers, (surely the arbours in the Brunswick tea-gardens might be justly so called,—“Elysian bowers in the mazy gardens,—she had it all at once. The general idea was instantaneously seized, and her active thoughts forthwith went into committee upon the details.

All was plain-sailing now, nothing could be more easy. Miss Jifkins, the eldest daughter of a deceased officer, was reduced, by a com-

plication of unforeseen circumstances, to the necessity of appealing to a liberal and enlightened public. Upon this occasion she hoped to be favoured with its patronage, and support. Professional ladies and gentlemen, of the highest eminence had kindly rallied round her. She trusted that the entertainments would give universal satisfaction, &c. Tickets, one-and-sixpence each, to be had of Miss Jifkins, No 8, Tadcaster Row. This was all very nice indeed, almost as nice as the gin under whose influence it was concocted, of which, being as it was, so approved a quickener of the faculties, she had an extra half quartern that night. Now, to put her plan into operation.

Miss Jifkins had once been — if I may so speak — a public singer, that is to say, she had taken her stand upon a platform, with a puce of music before her open mouth, but having no voice in the matter, had left the profession in disgust, and was thenceforth duly qualified to sneer at Catalani and Stephens, and to hint pretty significantly that science was not appreciated now-a-days. She had, however, maintained and extended her acquaintance with her brethren and sisters of the tuneful art, and had very little doubt that she could prevail upon some of them to lend her “their sweet voices” on the occasion. Nor did she do them more than justice. These professional ladies and gentlemen (Heaven save the mark! no sneer from me shall reach them,) — these plyers of the larynx at the nightly concert, poor though they be, though their precarious and slender income

“Like the current flies
Each bound it chafes—”

in other words, is gone as soon as it is got, — are ever ready, like true ladies and gentleman, — like good and tender Christians, — like worthy humanities, to offer their humble talents, (the motive, when it is known, makes Shaws and Brahams of them,) if distress call out upon them. Let them be honoured, therefore, though they responded to the call of Jifkins. They gave their gratuitous services.

But not for nothing would the proprietor of The Brunswick throw open his gorgeous saloon and spacious gardens. He must have five pounds, not a farthing less, and *down* ere the benefit-taker might be permitted to hang up a printed board on the hook at the gate, leading to that Eden containing his elysian bowers. In vain did Miss Jifkins, “Well, but my dear sir, — Surely, you cannot object, —” as soon as the receipts come into my hands, — and all such stuff, as he called it, add gentle persuasives to reason. Nor was an appeal to the best feelings of his nature more successful. Bad were the best, was the conclusion of the applicant, but the truth is, “he hadn’t got none,” as the donkey-driver said on a different occasion. He must have his five-pound note, ere festivity might shake a toe, warble a cadence, or raise a rumour in his establishment. Miss Jifkins departed curtseying, and cursing, with many reflections upon the sordid avarice of mankind.

The pyrotechnist was no less peremptory. Not a squib could “burst out into sudden blaze” without a previous receipt of coin. Madame Brakenecchini wouldn’t chalk a shoe under fifteen shillings, but was “beaten down” to nine, and negus on her descent. As for the Patagonian athletes, they were two gay creatures of the element, whom a lively fancy had raised, and whose strength was to be exerted in the bills. A broken collar-bone of the one, and fraternal

affection in the other, (not to be torn from the bedside of the sufferer,) would account for the absence of these aerial beings. As for the Elysian bowers, there they were for any one to poke his or her nose in that liked to trust the human frame to the uncertain stability of an old rotten bench, with the stump of a tree against the back-bone, and the edge of a table in the pit of the stomach.

An outlay of at least ten pounds before she could hope to lay a finger upon the grand total! It was cruel. Miss Jifkins scratched her cheek two or three times and decided.

There was a young printer in the neighbourhood who had just started in business,—a strange, convulsive phrase, by the bye, which by no means expresses the extremely sober manner in which the young man had taken the important step. To him did Miss Jifkins straightways hit, and to his well-pleased ear commend her orders. A thousand cards, or tickets,—hand-bills for shop-windows,—posters of rainbow tints for boards, dead walls, and empty houses. The printer read the "copy" placed in his hands, and was affected by it. It was, in truth, a pathetic invitation to the public to come to the Brunswick and there enjoy unbounded pleasure and merriment for eighteenpence. But

" ——— Her grief so lively shown,
Made him think upon his own "

He wanted the needful as much as Miss Jifkins, and presumed to hint something touching cash transactions and his ready money business. An aristocratic scowl, however, denoting that her nice and delicate sense of honour revolted at such references, dismissed him to his types, and he went to press hopefully. She was so perfectly the lady who had seen better days. He wondered whether her father had met his death at Waterloo. (How the veils of Van Dieman would have shaken his shoulders at this!)

The posters posted, and the hand-bills in due course of distribution, Miss Jifkins sallied forth, reticule on arm, with fell intent to her friends and the public, producing a pack of cards, which led many of the former, in the first instance, to imagine that she was about to propose "all-fours, or to tell their fortune,—she developed her plan and called for contribution. In vain, all sorrow not to be able to "meet her views, —nor less every plea of poverty, bad times, or disinclination to public amusements. "No" was nothing to Miss Jifkins, she had been used to it. She had even taken it for an answer. She was as fearfully adhesive as to give the terrified patient a notion of a present Jifkins in perpetuity. Whatever she wanted, it was worth more to get rid of her. So she throve in her calling—raised speedily her more than ten pound for the proprietor, the pyrotechnist and Brakenecchini, and had thirty shillings in hand for contingencies. Her benefit was fixed for the following Monday.

That sum of thirty shillings was highly serviceable to her. This was a period of excitement, be it remembered, and gin was required to take out the stains in the old lutestring, which she designed to turn, for Miss Jifkins was by no means of the same taste with Dr Donne's gentleman, who says

—I of this mind am,
Your only meaning is your grogram

She liked to be dressed according to her "sphere," the lutestring was

still presentable, and would do very well turned, and, accordingly, little Charley, in the two-pair back, earned on the average three farthings *per diem* between that and Monday, by making a long arm with a small bottle and the money ready counted, in his hand, at the bar of "The Wellington," till his agreeable features had quite lost the gloss of novelty, and the barmaid spun out the "No 9 inferentially

The day at length arrived—a fine, hot, summer's day—such a day as makes the most hopeless wretch in love with life once more. Its influence found its way to the bosom of Miss Jifkins, who "came out" quietly, making the inmates of No 8, Tadcaster Row, pledge her in balmy drops, till nine of them blinked again, and soared in sublime flights of fancy or dived into the solemn depths of sentiment. Cheered, but not inebriated, her spirits set afloat by these sparkling and tender outpourings of friendship, Miss Jifkins went on her way rejoicing towards the Brunswick, an hour before the commencement of the entertainments. Never did the Brunswick present a more pleasing appearance. She entered—everything was prepared—all in readiness, the proprietor as courteous as a man, money beforehand, could be, his assistants as respectful as money in prospect could make them. These last—the waiters—were greatly to her mind, there was a sharpness in their eyes that highly gratified her, expressing, as it did, a pouncing or sweeping quality in their owners much to be commended. They looked all alive, as though they expected,—(expected of course they did, but) as though they were ready and waiting for multitudes to serve—as though myriads would not, could not tame down the energy of their cleanly-formed legs. The *tendon Achilles* was wonderfully elastic in each. Bowing and nodding to these servicable individuals, she passed into the tea-gardens, and put her head into the ball-room. Very well indeed, all pretty and *tasty*. Quite the thing. The framework of fireworks at the extremity of the gardens caught her approving eye. M Vivide had, no doubt, done his best for her. Thence, returning to the house, she ascended into the concert-room—a spacious apartment, indeed, with paintings on the walls by an old master who could never get an apprentice, who was indebted neither to nature nor art, and who could never paint at all till he was drunk.

If Miss Jifkins alone, unseen, therefore, paraded this apartment with a higher elevation of chin than usual, let the occasion plead her excuse. It was a brief ebullition of pardonable vanity. She had taken it all for the night. The property, as it were, was hers. Seating herself on the music-stool, she fell into a reverie. She took the whole parish in *circumbendibus*, that is to say, the Brunswick being the centre, she drew a circle, two miles in diameter. A thickly inhabited district! this reflection led her into statistics. She called for population returns, and had them, and, dividing by thirty, (one in thirty surely *would* come,) she filled the concert-room to overflowing, crammed the ball-room to suffocation, thronged the walks of the tea-gardens, and stocked the Elysian bowers. Poor Miss Jifkins! one might almost pity even her.

For now, as she awoke out of her reverie—what is this?—a sudden gloom—a darkness just come on—or had it gathered while she was yet shaping her visions? She started to her feet, and rushed to the window. A pestilent congregation of vapours had collected. Such a fine day as it had been! It would blow over—it must. It never could be

so cruel. No such thing—it would not blow over. When the weather intends to throw a damper upon mankind, or their purposes, it is no more to be put off than Miss Jifkins in her designs. It was too late to postpone the entertainments to another day. She had not taken the room “weather permitting,” besides, there were many (were there?—but that doubt was too sickening) who were already on their way. The first sharp click of fluid on the window-pane nearly finished Miss Jifkins. She hurried down stairs, and into the wide passage.

“Lord bless me! Mr Crumpton, d’ye think it will rain?”

“Think, ma’am! why, it is raining, and coming down pretty sharp, too.”

“Don’t you think it will hold up?”

“I can’t say, ma’am, I fear not. I think it’s set in.”

Set in! and people hardly set out! Miss Jifkins set off again to the concert-room, where she sat down on a bench, and tried to make light of it.

This climate of ours!—so much has been said of it, that I refrain. The evening in question, however, was such a one as no oft-repeated experience on the part of the late Mr Simpson, of Vauxhall Gardens celebrity, would have enabled to put up tamely with, and he, I imagine, remembered more rainy days than any man that ever existed, from Noah downwards. Even that gentle spirit must have been vexed to the knee-buckle on such an occasion, and must have murmured strange syllables into his cocked-hat, that cooler reflection would hardly have approved. But he was never in interested party, sunshine or rain, it was the same to him. Not so with Miss Jifkins.

Discarding all idle and unnatural-levity, therefore, Miss Jifkins got up, and forthwith denounced in no measured terms, and commended to perdition the copy of Moore’s Almanack lent her by a fellow-lodger, by which she had been guided,—ground her teeth in the face of her landlady, whom her imagination pictured in the act of demanding rent,—waved from her presence with scorn the obsequious printer,—and, comprehending the whole human race (herself excepted) in one compendious anathema, invented special torments for the proprietor, the fire-work manufacturer, and the dancer on the tight-rope, who had basely robbed her of her money.

Yet it was necessary to put a good face upon the matter, particularly as the professional ladies and gentlemen were now dropping in by ones and twos, all wet and wit—sympathy in one breath, banter in another. “These things will happen,” said one. “Better luck another time,” cried another. “I say, Jiffs, what d’ye expect to clear?” asked a third. “As it fell upon a day,” hummed Rorcham, the bass singer, “the weather must clear first.”

How Miss Jifkins could have drugged their several possets! and how she tried to countermand the *petit souper* she had promised them, but couldn’t, the sandwiches being cut. She insisted, however, upon cape instead of sherry, a change which the proprietor said should be attended to. He had already seen to that, cape was destined for them from the first.

Never was a more miserable evening. Half the people who had taken tickets gave them away to other people, half of whom couldn’t come. Such a wretched, little, huddled knot of men, women, and umbrellas in the centre of the concert-room!—such a leisurely, debonair carriage of himself on the part of the one waiter who, at long

intervals, brought a single glass of spirits and water in his hand, took a silent sixpence, and withdrew. The singers sang their songs, and made faces at the audience behind their music-books, the audience, unaware of the mummery, indifferent to the music, received their favours with penitential resignation.

But this sort of thing could not last. Stragglers from time to time came into the room, faces Miss Jifkins knew not, and her hopes revived a little. They were sure pay. No. As often as she stole away to the money-taker, that ill-conditioned individual, morose by nature, or influenced by the weather, shook his drawer, making two or three shillings and as many sixpences hop into sight, and told her they were all tickets but three.

"It can't be," said Miss Jifkins. But so it was.

These last comers had arrived with presentation-tickets, and having nothing to pay, were minded to do good to the house, and to enjoy themselves. They soon imparted life to the company, who grievously required exhilaration. As though in mockery of the benefit-taker, ere the evening was far advanced, this small band ("not a morsel of good to her, as Miss Jifkins pathetically remarked) appeared to be actuated by one common determination of enjoying themselves, and that in their own way. They mimicked the singers, put some into good-nature, put others into passion, called for the "Angel's whisper" from the comic gentleman, who had come out with a bad cold, and "twigged" Miss Jifkins as she flew in and out, all smirk in the room, all scowl in the passage, whose hand they severally claimed and insisted upon for the first dance, till what began in jest ended in contention, and two doughty champions gave each other black eyes behind one of the Elysian bowers, and had a squint at "his worship" next morning.

But why should I pursue the miserable theme of Miss Jifkins's ill-fortune, — why relate in detail how she was pulled and twisted, and hauled and spun about in the ball-room by inebriated youths, who "set to her in the mazy dance, some with faces past expression jovial, others with countenances unutterably muggy and mournful? Why should I tell, when apologies were tendered for the Patagonian athlete, how they were sent to the devil as "muffs not worth seeing? how Madame Brikenchini went up to the tight-rope, shook her head, said it wouldn't do, and came down again? how the pyrotechnist attempted vainly to ignite a squib, shook his head, and, taking something out of his pocket that would light, smoked it very coolly? and how, finally, Miss Jifkins sneaked home, the proceeds at the door escheated to the proprietor, and herself indebted to that gentleman in the sum of one pound, two and fourpence, for *negus*, the *petit souper*, and other liabilities?

At the commencement of this paper, I said, with some solemnity, "She had it, (her benefit,) "and on her own head rests the consequence." It was even so.

She proclaimed on the next morning to the landlady of No 8, before she left her lodgings, which she did with strange abruptness, that the occurrences of the previous night had turned "the crown of her head white." The landlady testified to the fact, so that, as Rorham, the bass singer, said, "she got a crown-piece by her benefit, after all."

SKETCHES OF LEGENDARY CITIES

CHESTER

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO

AUTHOR OF "THE BOGAGES AND THE VINES"

WHEN a traveller accustomed to continental towns first enters the singular city of the county palatine

"Where Deva winds her wizard stream,"

he is inclined to believe that his brain is confused by the whirl of the railroad which has transported him a hundred and eighty miles from London in eight hours, he has mistaken his route, has actually crossed the Channel, and is set down beyond

"Where the great vision of the guarded Mount *
Looks towards Hamanco's and Bayona's hold,"

so like is the English, or rather Roman city of Chester, to many places he has seen below the Loire

He recognises the long, unflagged streets, without *trottoirs*, the heaps of dirt and dust before the houses, the low-browed shops with wide fronts, the wares exposed outside the little dark dens within, their owners sitting working at the doors, and he recognises, too, the colonades extending from street to street, but here he is startled to observe a remarkable difference, for the *Rows*, or galleries, of Chester, have features of their own, very distinct from those at La Rochelle, at Bayonne, and other southern towns, for here they are raised far above the street, generally about twelve feet, and form a story above the lower range of shops next the ground. They would be like the arcades of the Palais Royal, but that they are shut in by pillars, and before each shop is a sort of balcony, on which part of the wares of the opposite storehouse is exhibited, indeed, in some instances a complete shop is formed in the space, having its light from the street. The inner shops are, in the newest and most fashionable quarters, brilliantly lighted from above by means of glass domes reaching the height of the house, round which may be seen the windows of the dwelling, deriving their light from the same source, but this is a modern improvement, for the ancient inhabitants, to judge by the inconveniences of the oldest houses, could do their work in the dark, or with as little daylight as possible. Every here and there, between the shops, run back, in apparently almost interminable length, passages which give entrance at the side to the back part of these strange domiciles, supplying them with air, and conducting them sometimes to concealed streets behind, which extend in labyrinths that amaze the eye of the stranger, who stands gazing down these mysterious alleys, where daylight glimmers from a vista at the end, in unspeakable surprise, for the mazes of a beehive scarcely appear so curious as these unexplained *Rows*.

Some say that the Romans first built the city in this odd form,

* St Michel in Normandy

having scooped its fabrics out of the rock on which it stands but no other Roman town is similarly constructed, and even if it were so originally, it seems strange that Chester should preserve a shape which is found nowhere else

If it was really built by the mighty giant, Leon Gaure, as certain chroniclers assert, one has no right to be surprised at the city having a style of its own, nor may venture to find fault with the giant's taste, as we cannot with certainty determine what sort of architecture was considered elegant in those days when giants were, and when, from the border of the Dee, he probably gathered a handful of

- " Reeds of decent growth
• To make a pipe for his capacious mouth "

and, as he played, the city sprang up to the sound of

" his sweet piping

A learned monk of Chester* boldly relates that this redoubted giant, Leon Gaure, the conqueror of the Picts, laid the first stone of the city, " as it were *in a kind of rude and disorderd fashion,* ' which afterwards Leir, King of Britain, improved

Another monk of Chester,† who was a poet as well as romancer, bursts forth in the following strain on the subject

" The founder of this city as saith Polychronicon,
Was Leon Gawer, a mighty strong giant,
Which builded *caves and dungeons* many a one
No goodly buildings, ne proper, ne pleasant
But King Leir, a Briton fine and valiant
Was founda of Chester, by pleasant building,
And was named Guer Leir by the King "

This legend gives rise to the supposition that Chester is the true Caerleon, where King Arthur and all his Round Table, Queen Guenevere and all her fair court, kept their revels, and held their solemn feasts, how long after the building of it by the " mighty strong Gyant of Neptunus progeny " does not appear. The beautiful and proud Ethelfleda, daughter of the great King Alfred, who disdained all domestic ties, and " grew an heroic virago, took Chester under her especial protection, and built as many castles near it as Bess' of Hardwick herself, or Anne Clifford of Cumberland, both famous castle-builders in their day. She went on *improving* the city, and built the surrounding walls, which remain, another wonder, to this day

The walls of Chester are nearly as singular as the *rows*, and are more perfect than any throughout the kingdom. They have this peculiarity, that their summits are paved with broad flag-stones, in that respect shaming the streets below, and offer a fine clean dry path all round the town, uninterrupted and convenient in the extreme. Strange is it to follow the windings of this narrow, but pleasant way, which sometimes leads you above the tops of the houses, so that, like Asmodeus, you may peep down the chimneys of your neighbours, or into their upper windows, and sometimes conducts you to the doors of their houses, and into their shops, then, by flights of steps, you mount to an airy height, and look down upon groves of tall trees, and are

* Ranulphus, author of the Polychronicon

† Henry Bradshawe author of the Life of St Werburgh

even with huge church-towers, then on you hurry by the side of green meadows, and over blooming gardens, discovering, with inquisitive glance the little snug retreats, the arbours and rustic seats, where the citizens find recreation after their daily toils. Anon you reach a high, rugged red tower, rough with age, and battered by the tempest, from the utmost height of which long distant ranges of blue mountains skirt the horizon, and all the secrets of the crowded city seem disclosed to your view. The winding waters of the silver Dee roll meandering through green fields far beneath, and the clay-coloured canal, with its labouring barge, creeps sullenly close under the grey hewn rocks that keep it in

Orchards and meadows, where once walked

“Pensive nuns devout and pure
Sobri, steadfast, and demure

and which are still called “The Nuns’ Field,” next attract the sight of loiterers, who in former days would not have dared to peer downwards over those holy precincts, but in the neighbourhood of which the pious passenger, if he could pass at that period along the walls at all, would have

“Breathed a prayer, dropped a bead
And passed on”

Presently, after hastening past towers and battlements innumerable, the wanderer gazes on a wide extent of greensward. This is the celebrated Rood-*all*, whose title tells its tale intelligibly enough, but to which an awful legend attaches, which greatly adds to its mystic character.

This fine amphitheatre of verdure is surrounded by a dyke, which keeps the neighbouring river from overflowing it, as it once did, when a high cross stood in the midst, and attracted the devout attention of passengers.

It was about the middle of the tenth century, in the reign of Conan, King of North Wales, that there existed, in a place called Harden (i. e. Hwarden), a rood-loft, in which was placed an image of the Virgin Mary, with a very large cross in her hand, called the Holy Rood.

One summer, there had been such a continuance of hot and dry weather, that all the verdure was dried up, and there was neither shelter for the birds in the trees nor food for the cattle in the fields. The inhabitants of Harden assembled daily before the Holy Rood, and with prayers and tears implored the Virgin to intercede for rain, but they entreated in vain. At length the pious and beautiful lady of the governor of Harden Castle, moved by the misery around her, repaired to the altar of the Holy Rood with a rich offering, and, casting herself humbly down at the foot of the cross, prayed fervently that the Mother of Mercy would hear her prayers, and send rain upon earth. While she was lifting up her hands and eyes in supplication, the miraculous image appeared to totter on the altar, and in a moment fell headlong from its pedestal, bearing down the stones and rails before it, and crushing beneath its heavy weight the fragile form of the beautiful suppliant.

A shriek of horror from the assembled crowd in the church pro-

claimed their despair, but, when it was found that life was entirely extinct, indignation took the place of fear, and, with angry cries, they rushed in a body to the castle, insisting on vengeance for the outrage.

The image was accordingly doomed to be placed on the sands of the river beneath the castle of Harden, and there left to be swallowed up by the tide when next it flowed.

This done, the angry crowd retired, leaving their once venerated Virgin to destruction. The sea soon after came up with great impetuosity, and bore along in its current the unresisting image, till finally it was deposited in some low land beneath the walls of the city of *Caer Leon*. The inhabitants here found it, and with pious care first buried, and then erected a monument over it with this inscription

“ The Jews then God did crucify,
The Hardeners their’s did drown
Cause with their wants she’d not comply,
And lies under this cold stone !”

Whether the Rood erected here offended again in after times, and met with a similar fate, certain it is that the Roodie is now without a cross, and in its place rises a grand stand for the races, which are held on this spot.

Hawarden, the scene of this event, whose inhabitants behaved in so unprecedented a manner to the Virgin, is so charming a place, within a drive of Chester, that it should not be missed by the visitor. About five miles from the Water Gate, brings you to the Queen’s ferry over the Dee, at what is called the Chester Channel, and there, you may, in your carriage, be conveyed over the rough, boisterous river, which here assumes the airs of the sea, and sends forth its green waves crested with foam chafing and brawling against the rocky shore in a manner so impetuous, that there is no mistaking that you are already on Welsh ground. Having crossed the ferry amongst carts laden with salt, and passengers of various sorts, and undergone sundry joltings in getting in and out, you resume your journey to the “headland above the lake,” which is the British signification of Hawarden, or *Pen y Llŵch*, and arrive in due time at the neat, clean, prosperous-looking town, where every inhabitant of whom you ask questions is warm in the praise of Sir Stephen Glynné, the present owner of the castles, both modern and ancient. His park is beautiful, the irregularities of the ground giving it a great advantage, the trees are very flourishing, and are the more remarkable, that the country round does not abound in such. The house is well built, on an ancient model, with delightful windows in the style of Henry the Seventh, and from them can be seen the magnificent ruins of the old fortress, once belonging to the Earls of Derby, but which passed into the hands of an ancestor of the present owner in the civil struggles.

The old donjon stands on the highest ground, and from its summit may be seen the wide range of the Welsh mountains, with *Moel Fammau*, the Mother of All, and a panorama of the country on all sides. The ruins are clothed and garlanded with ivy in the most picturesque manner, their forms are beautiful, and the blue sky shines through their loopholes and windows, while the rich sun-light gleams over the grey masses of stone of which they are built, making that cheerful which would be otherwise sad, for it might tell of a race destroyed for a cause which Fortune forsook.

There are still some remains of a staircase, with a zigzag moulding, which fancy might image was that which led to the bower of the pious lady who fell a victim to the momentary impatience of the holy image

Nothing can be imagined more enjoyable than the seclusion of these delightful ruins. There was, when we visited them, no *disturbative* guide intruding his remarks and scraps of misplaced learning,—none but birds and bees—"a populous solitude"—came near, and, though we thought we heard, on the height of the tower, the sound of workmen striking the stone, we were undeceived on mounting to the summit, for that which we had fancied was human toil turned out to be merely the continual knocking of a thick rope driven by the wind against a high flag-staff. Other motion was there none, but amidst the silence, besides the murmur of the waving boughs, we distinguished a distant swell, which seemed like the notes of an organ, and, as we had just seen a very fine one in the church of the town, we thought it not impossible that the breeze had wafted the melodious peals as high as the spot where we stood. This, however, we found, on descending to lower ground, was but the noise of a large *foundry* close to the park, and our romance, it must be confessed, was a little dissipated when we knew the truth.

The church of Hawarden no longer shows a vestige of the place where once stood the pensive image and the Holy Rood. All is modern within and without, except the upper extremities of a few fine windows and a pane or two of painted glass, a little carving on the seats, and the form of the porch of entrance. No tomb older than the end of the seventeenth century remains, and nothing is left to tell of ages gone by.

It is a pretty, healthy, agreeable town, which seems to flourish under its present proprietor, but to the seeker after antiquity it has no interest beyond that which the remembrance of its legend may endow it with, for all trace of the ancient and loyal race of Deby has passed away, and the names of few old families are to be traced.

Only a few weeks since, in clearing the ground for a grand review, the stones of the base of the Holy Rood were found in the Roodce.

This wide plain is guarded next the river, by a dyke or *cop*, to restrain the incursions of the Dee, which more than once before this precaution was taken, overflowed the whole land up to the town walls. A fine view of the town is obtained from the raised walk along the shining river, and the red mass of the castle, with its mound, and all the modern buildings, which are handsome, but in questionable taste, or connected with the old Roman keep—come out in bold relief against the sky. The lofty tower of St John's church is most conspicuous, after the huge square fabric of St Werburgh's cathedral, whose gigantic frame rises far above all the surrounding buildings.

The Phoenix tower is the next most remarkable object, it is one of those guardians of the walls which you encounter as you make the circuit, and from its stupendous height, the unhappy Charles Stuart beheld the defeat of his army at Rowton, or Waverton, Heath—that army which was on its way to reinforce the garrison of Chester. That sight was enough to tell him all hope was fled, and he forthwith, followed by his faithful few, retreated into Wales. Following the course of the Dee, you are struck with a magnificent arch of no less

span than two hundred feet, and of the height of forty feet, which towers above the river in marvellous proportion, and though a lover of antiquity, who is seldom an utilitarian, cannot but sigh not to behold the antique bridge lower down, in all its original, inconvenient purity, still it is impossible to withhold admiration from this beautiful new bridge, the boast and glory of the people of Chester. Time was when the *old* bridge, now widened, with its strange gatehouses and other buildings now cleared away, was a perfect treasure of the middle ages, but it was found that money could not be made so fast if a more rapid passage across it could not be gained, so that a wider space than that which had sufficed to admit the haughty Henry of Lancaster and his troops, when he took triumphant possession of the castle of Chester, is now afforded to less warlike travellers and their horses.

Here, close to the old bridge, stand, as they stood ages ago, the mills, that have rendered Chester famous, still at this spot runs the current which turns their wheels, and makes the whole river in a foam, while the hoarse murmurs of the disturbed water-spirits make mournful music to the ear. A great causeway crosses the stream here obliquely, and supplies the Dee mills with sufficient water. They have existed from the time when the famous nephew of the Conqueror, the redoubted Hugh the Wolf, first received Chester as a grant from his uncle. It was he who founded the mills, and their renown has never sunk, for at this day they still bring in great revenues to the possessors. The wealth derived from them was formerly so great, that it was a common saying, speaking of a spendthrift, "If he had the rent of the Dee-mills, he would spend it."

Of the castle, now a prison, little is left that belongs to a distant age. The plain high keep, repaired, and rendered as modern as possible, still rears its stately head, but all its brother towers and turrets are gone. It would be impossible now to trace the spot where the ill-fated Richard the Second stood looking out upon the fine range of country spread beneath. It was in 1394 that the doomed monarch came to Chester on his way to Ireland, and, at a time when he scarcely knew whom to trust about him, he appointed as his body-guard a corps of two thousand Cheshire archers, and, "for the love he bore to the gentlemen and commoners of the shire of Chester," he caused the county to be in future called a principality, assuming himself the title of the Prince. Alas for the fate of princes! it was in this very "*dolorous castille*," as Halle, the chronicler, styles it, that he was brought a prisoner from Flint, and deposed by the "aspiring Lancaster."

Here afterwards came that ill-starred daughter of the good King René, Margueret of Anjou, on a royal progress, attended by a brilliant train of lords and ladies, and here she won the hearts of the good citizens by her courteous and fascinating manners. And here the favourite of the Welsh Henry the Seventh, and his Queen and mother, came with a great retinue, on his way to the castle of Harwarden, attended by the Earl of Derby, and a train of "Chester gallants."

Every street in Chester has some remarkable recollection attached to it, every tower and church some legend, many of them connected with the disastrous siege which the town sustained, when for three

years nothing was to be heard within^a and without the walls but the din of arms and the preparations for defence against the Parliamentary forces, and, after the devoted and loyal citizens had held out for twenty weeks, reduced by famine alone, they gave up on the 3rd of February, 1646, and the triumphant soldiers of Cromwell entered the city. Then began the work of destruction in which these *pious* men delighted: then the beautiful high cross, long the pride of Chester, was hurled down, the cathedral choir defaced, the organ ruined, the splendid painted glass dashed from the windows, and the antique fountains broken and defaced.

They entered a ruined city blackened by their artillery, the houses burnt and shattered, the gardens, and lanes, and public walks destroyed, "the famous houses of gentlemen in the city," stalls, *penitents*, doors, trees and barns, all the glovers' houses under the walls pulled down, all the buildings and houses at the Watergate, upon the Roodee, burned and consumed to the ground, from the Dee bridge over the water, all that long street called Handbridge, with all the lanes, barns, and buildings upon it "*runated to the ground*" as Randal Holme, the pitying historian of Chester's mishap, recounts.

Those who had destroyed, as much as in them lay, all relics of popery, were not likely to permit the continuance of those profane customs which had been handed down from Pagan times, and long amused the good citizens of Chester, therefore, during the reign of the Puritans, the once-celebrated giants and hobby-horses, which "were accustomed to figure in the Midsummer show, were carefully concealed. When, however, the merry, if not wise, son of the unfortunate Charles was restored to his dominions, "the ancient and *laudable* custom of the Midsummer show, by the late obstructive times much injured," was again revived, and forth from their retreats came prancing and pacing the hobby horse, "the four beasts, viz the unicorn, antelope, *flower de luce*, and camel, together with the elephant, and his "Cupid, with a bow and arrow suitable," morris-dancers capered, stuffed giants, ugly and grim, stalked, naked boys, "covered with skins," shouted, dragons of pasteboard hissed and writhed, garlands bloomed, and ribbons floated, and the exulting "mayor, sheriffs, and *lean 3-lookers*" paid, without grudging, fifty good pounds to have their holiday again.

The gates of the city are now only names, being merely arches, over which the walk on the walls runs, sometimes raised to a great height, ascending to the inequalities of the rock on which the town is built. The north gate is the most elevated ground, and from hence, on the walls, the view is very extensive, not only over the streets below, but of the country to a great distance. The windings of the Dee can be traced, and on a clear day the light-house at the point of Ay is visible, and, far in the distance, the castle of Flint appears, nor is the Jubilee column on Moel Famau, the mother of mountains, concealed. The whole range of the Cluridian hills, the church-tower, and the beautiful ruins of Hawarden Castle, can be discerned by a practised eye, while nearer are the richly-cultivated meadows, called the Sands, which have been redeemed from the power of the sea.

Formerly there existed here an ancient gate, ugly and ruinous in the extreme, immediately under which was a frightful dungeon,

thirty feet underground, to which the only air that was brought was by pipes which communicated with the street. Here prisoners under sentence of death were confined, till the welcome hour of their release from such torture arrived. No wonder that the uneasy spirits of these tormented beings revisited the place of their earthly misery, and that, in days when such things were, ghosts and goblins were seen flitting along the walls, and disappearing at a grim, red, old round tower, called *The Goblin's Parlour*, or Morgan's Mount, now cut in two, and benched round with stone. Under this tower, in cutting the canal between North Gate and the basin, a heap of human skulls and bones was found, together with implements of war.

The next strange tower that is reached on the walls is one called Bonewaldesthorpe's Tower, from whence by a steep flight of steps, and, after following an embattled way, you enter the tower called the New, or Museum Tower. The old Watergate is between these two. It is a circular arch, probably Roman, and was used at the time when the Dee washed the walls, but the river has long since receded, and these picturesque piles are now peacefully employed as a receptacle of the museum of the town in the one, and a good-camera obscura at the top of the other, where, seated tranquilly, the tired stranger can sit watching the doings of all Chester without the walls, and mark the ripple of the glittering river at his ease, and watch the fishers on its banks.

There is no longer a tower at the Water-gate leading out to the Roodce, but a lofty arch spans the street, over which the walls continue their course. Hereabouts formerly stood monasteries of Black Friars, Grey Friars, and a famous Nunnery of St Mary, all now swept away, to give place to the aristocracy of the town. There is not one stone left upon another of the monastery of White Friars or Carmelites, and the Nuns' garden exhibits now no vestige of its once solemn beauties.

One gate, called the Ship gate, and known in modern times as The Hole in the Wall, still retains its Roman form of arch, and is almost the only remains of the early possessors of Chester. There is also a fine modern arch, called the Bridge-gate, opposite the antique bridge of the mills, and not far from this you ascend an irregular flight of steps, called The Wishing Steps, just above a spot by the water side, planted with trees, called The Groves. The square tower formerly overlooking these groves has disappeared. Further on is the New-gate, once called Wolfeld, or Wolf's-gate, for here was carved on the stone the grim cognizance of Hugh Lupus himself.

At what exact period the romance occurred, which caused the closing of Wolf's-gate for ever, does not appear, but certain it is that a mayor of Chester, generally a noble and a knight,

"Had one fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well,"

and this "treasure" was in the habit of amusing herself with certain other maidens of her acquaintance, by "playing at ball, in summer-time, in Picpur Street." One charming sunshiny day, an adventurous youth, who had by stealth observed the gambols of these fair damsels, crossed the Dee in his boat, and, suddenly entering by Wolf's-

gate, seized the mayor's daughter in his arms, and, amidst the cries of her affrighted companions, who fled in all directions, bore her off as his prize, before the mayor or any of his people could come to her rescue. The young lover got clear off with his fair burthen, and, as the legend says, "afterwards married her." The father, in despair, caused the gate, sometimes called Pepper-gate, to be instantly closed, which gave rise to the saying, "When the daughter is stolen, shut Pepper-gate."

These excursions across the Dee were generally of some consequence, and tradition has handed down an account of a magnificent show which once enlivened the river, before the ancient Handbridge yet afforded facility to passengers who desired to cross to the opposite shore. Here, once on a time, that is in the year 971, might have been seen King Edgar seated in his royal barge, and rowed by eight tributary kings, whom he had engaged to assist him by land and sea in all his undertakings. Thus attended, the monarch crossed the river from his palace in the opposite meadows, where a stone remains still called Edgar's Cave, and landed at the church of St John, whose antique tower still rises high above all others, and, having paid his devotions, he returned in the same state. Edgar had at this period just accomplished the conquest of North Wales.¹

Another tradition attaches to this part of the town of Chester, where the most ancient of all its churches, that of St John, stands. At a spot where once a cross was erected, in the midst of an open space, was a cell scooped in one of the rocks by the side of the Dee,—for the river then nearly bathed the walls of St John,—a holy anchorite had secluded himself here, whose self-abasement, self-denial, and piety were the theme of the whole country. When Henry the First passed through Chester from Wales, he came to pay his orisons at the shrine of St John, and visited the cell of the hermit. The interview between the King and the holy man was long and secret, and, when Henry quitted the spot, he was observed to be deeply affected. It was not till afterwards that the truth was discovered. It was Harold, the last Saxon, whose dominion was now reduced to a cove by the river side, and whose sole occupation, after a life of struggle and contention, was to prepare the grave in which he at length reposed. His tomb was long shown in the area of St John's church, and it was said a royal mourner, his wife, Queen Algytha, wept over it.*

Not only is Harold said to have passed his latter days in Chester, but the abbey church of St Werburgh, now the cathedral, claims an Emperor as once its "guest," who occupied within its precincts

"a pit of clay"

No less a personage than the Emperor of Germany, husband of Maud, is recorded to have retired to a cell in this place, and there, like the royal Saxon, to have concealed his rank, and passed his days in prayer. He was known by the assumed name of Godstallus, and the site of his hermitage is still called Godstall Lane. After his death his secret was discovered, and he was buried in the cathedral, but there

* See Girildus Cambrensis, Henry de Knighton, and others, for this and the following traditions.

are no tombs now left, "no monument, inscription, stone," to point out where the great once lay, and all is conjecture and vain surmise.

The cathedral stands close to the walls, in the midst of a crowded churchyard, covered with ruined tombs, few of antique date, but the stone of which they are formed is a crumbling sandstone, and they consequently appear much older than they really are.

It is impossible for any building to look more ruinous and dilapidated than the cathedral of St Werburgh, yet that which remains of it was chiefly built in the reigns of the three last Henries. The red crumbling sandstone of which it is constructed has become so smooth at the edges, that each stone appears a round mass placed on another; all sharpness is destroyed, and almost all traces of ornament worn away. Add to this, the cloisters, which are sadly disfigured, appear as though they had been coloured black, and, this tint having worn off in time, the original brick-colour is exhibited through, so that nothing can appear more hideous and disagreeable than this part of the building. The restorations have been hitherto injudiciously executed, and the Tudor roses, and other ornaments, arches, and pillars, are strangely built *in* and *over* the early Saxon parts, one entirely destroying the grace of the other. The hand of violence is sadly apparent, particularly in the cloister, where every finial and corbel has been defaced and shattered in a most barbarous manner.

The interior has been well restored, and has much beauty, the choir is very elegant, and the tabernacle-work of the stalls is exquisitely delicate. The bishop's throne is a most curious piece of sculpture, of very early date, the carving representing figures of Mercian kings and saints. It is popularly believed to be the shrine of St Werburgh, but this fact is disputed by antiquaries.

The chapter house, founded in the twelfth century, is a very fine building, containing a large and valuable library. So great has been the accumulation of earth for centuries round this immense fabric, that at length it has appeared to sink almost a quarter of its height into the ground, and it is now approached by a series of descending steps, as if one was entering a crypt. The whole building exteriorly has the strangest, darkest, most rugged effect of any cathedral in the kingdom, although, except in parts, it is not very ancient. A great work of repair is now going on, but it would seem as if long years and immense expense would be required to restore old St Werburgh to anything like a graceful or elegant aspect. The crowded state of the tombs which hem it in has a disagreeable appearance, the burial-ground being within the walls in the midst of the town, a circumstance much to be deplored. A cemetery outside the town is greatly wanted at Chester, and it is to be hoped that such an advantage will not long be denied it.

The most ancient of the churches of Chester is that of St John, or the Holy Cross, founded by the Mercian King Ethelred, at a period when the opposite shores of the Dee were clothed with forests, long since removed. From the city-walls, as the spectator looks down, the tower seems still to rise to its stupendous height from a thick grove, for an orchard, filled with luxuriant trees, interposes between the church and the ramparts. The tower is seen from all quarters, vying in height with that of the more massive and squarer one of the cathedral. The tower and body of the church, the arches, and the nume-

rous ruins attached to this singular old building, all seem to be in the very act of sinking down into the earth, which is piled with grave-stones round them. A more venerable, battered, mysterious, inexplicable, time-worn piece of architecture than the bell-tower and ruins of "St John's of the Holy Rood of Chester" can seldom be met with. One principal doorway, black with time and weather, scarcely lifts the capitals of its supporting pillars out of the ground—it must have sunk at least five feet, and the same is the case with all the arches in the town, which occasions them to present a most ghost-like, unearthly aspect, which almost makes the beholder shudder.

King Ethelred could not doubt but that this was the place chosen by heaven for its worship to be performed, and accordingly he founded the famous church, which for centuries attracted pious pilgrims to the city of Chester.

Ivy and flowers are growing on the old ruins, which occupy a large space, and some modern dwelling-houses are mixed in with them in "most admired confusion." One house opposite a huge ruined window has a long projecting building attached to it, which has a thatched roof, and at the end a pretty bow window, which looks out into a beautiful meadow and gardens, and a grove of high trees. This is in singular contrast to the grim old arches which frown so close beside.

The part of the church used for service, namely, the nave, has much that is curious and interesting to the antiquary in the interior, but outwardly it has a modern appearance, being altogether rebuilt, as the walls had given way. The antique houses in Chester are fast disappearing, but a few still remain, which serve as specimens of what the appearance of the town formerly was. In Water-gate Street are several, the fronts of which are as curiously carved as any to be found in the ancient town of Angus itself. One bears the date of 1539. One of 1652 has this motto along the front —

God's Providence is mine inheritance,"

a pious remembrance of the owner, whose family, it is said, escaped the plague, which raged in all the neighbouring houses.

Another house is decorated all over with carving in compartments, each having a sunk panel, on which is delineated subjects from scripture, in a manner peculiarly original and rude. Eve and the Serpent, Cain and Abel, Susannah and her persecutors, and other scenes, are presented to the eye, according to the fancy of the sculptor. The centre panels are occupied with the arms of a Bishop of Chester, and the date is 1615. This house has a very curious appearance, and doubtless, in its day, must have been extremely splendid, for it is carved from top to bottom, on pillars and brackets, and every projection. Near this precious remnant of the old time, in Water-gate Street, a little lower down, lived, in 1695, a mysterious character, whose calling no one could ascertain. He arrived, a stranger, from London, unknown to any one in Chester, immediately hired one of the largest houses, and for some years lived in a style of magnificence which astonished the simple inhabitants. He appeared to be a bachelor, was in the prime of life, handsome, and agreeable, and more than one of the young beauties of Chester felt her heart

flutter when she met him on the walls, or on the banks of the Dec, and hoped that the time would come when the rich stranger would make his election amongst them

One evening as the alderman, his next door neighbour, was sitting, after his evening meal, dozing in his chair, and his pretty daughter, Bridget Mainwaring, reclined with her head on her hand, and her eyes turned towards the balcony of the rich, and handsome, and inexplicable stranger, wondering who he could be, and whether he really meant anything particular when he complimented her on bearing the belle from all the ladies of Chester, she was suddenly startled by observing the room to fill with smoke, and heard a hollow sound "as of a rushing wind," at the same time the air became so hot, that she felt almost suffocated. She instantly roused her father, and in a few moments the cry of fire resounded through the house. There seemed no doubt that their neighbour's premises were on fire, and the whole street and town were soon in an uproar, but, in spite of all the knocking and calling at the stranger's gates, no answer was returned, though a thick smoke and occasional flames kept issuing from the windows and the roof.

The mob thundered in vain at the doors, and at length measures were taken to beat them down and force an entrance. This was at last effected, and several persons rushed up the stairs, and into the rooms. The house at first appeared deserted, but, the smoke still rising from the cellars, they entered, and a strange scene was exhibited. Half-demolished furnaces and embers were seen scattered in all directions, and in the centre was an enormous pair of bellows, the blast of which had forced the heat and smoke through two walls of stone and brick into the adjacent house belonging to the alderman. In a cistern in the yard was found a press for coining, and the nature of the occupation of the mysterious stranger was at once perceived.

But where was he to be found? After searching throughout the house, he was at length detected in a dark recess in a closet, in the upper part of the dwelling. forcible hands were instantly laid upon him, and he was conveyed at once to the North gate. The next day the waters of the Dee threw on the shore at high water a bag of dies, so that no doubt was left as to his guilt. All his accomplices had disappeared, and he refused to give any account of himself. He was tried, and sentenced, but being reprieved, through some powerful interest which he seemed to have at court, he was remanded, and when he was again called for examination, the magistrates found, to their amazement, that the prisoner had escaped. Near the Gorse-stacks, not far from the gaoler's door, a powerful horse had been seen waiting, held by a page, whose hat was much pressed over his eyes, a tall man, wrapped in a large cloak, was seen suddenly to advance with a rapid step from the gaoler's gate, mount the horse, and gallop with the speed of lightning down the street, taking the London road.

That same day Alderman Mainwaring found his daughter's chamber vacant, and neither she nor the mysterious stranger were ever afterwards seen in Chester from that day, though there were persons who had been to London who ventured to assert, that at the court of St James's a lady, strikingly like Bridget Mainwaring, was in high favour, and that her husband, a foreign nobleman, bore a remarkable

resemblance to the unknown tenant of the house in Water gate Street

But of all the extraordinary domiciles in the town, that which must have been the most extraordinary to behold was an ancient tenement at the corner of a street called The Lamb Row. It was composed of a series of stories, each projecting more and more over the street as they got higher, until they nearly reached the other side. The framework of this building was of wood, and the interstices of hazel twigs, plastered over with clay and mortar, clumsy wooden pillars supported the balconies, and flights of steps connected each floor. This rude and singular edifice is supposed to have been the residence, in the middle of the seventeenth century, of Randel Holmes, a famous antiquary of Chester. It was afterwards a tavern, called The Lamb, and for many years was the terror of passers-by, threatening to fall at every gust of wind, and bury some one under its ruins. At last, one day, that which had long been predicted came to pass: the whole front of the upper-rooms, with the fore-part of the roof of the redoubted Lamb, came down with a crash into the street, but, fortunately, no one was near enough at the time to be hurt, and, though several persons were inside, all escaped without injury.

There is one other house, at the corner of Nicholas Street, which threatens to disappear much in the same way, for it is very much out of the perpendicular at present.

The great square, which was once a mart for Irish linens, is now the *cheese mart*, for that commodity is celebrated all over the world, and known in Paris as a delicacy, under the denomination of "Fromage de Cheshire."

But none of the market-places are either fine or interesting, in spite of the statue of Queen Anne which adorns one of the public halls, and who, in her stiff petticoat, seems to be personating Queen Elizabeth.

It is said that from the castle, communicating with several public buildings, subterranean ways once existed, and might still be traced. An old author says, "In this citie been ways *under erthe*, and vowtes and stonc-werke *wonderly wrought*." In fact, there is no end to the *wonders* of Chester, from the strange old Handbridge over the Dee, leading to the suburb called in Welsh *Tre-boeth*, the *burnt*, or hot-town, owing to the border heat and contention of which it was often the seat, to the fine new bridge of one arch, the boast and pride of the city,—from the Phoenix-tower to the Roodee, from St Werburgh to St John's, and from the railroad, which so rapidly brings the inquisitive traveller from London, to the lodge-gates of the Marquis of Westminster's magnificent park and mansion of Eaton Hall.

MEUM AND TUUM

Charity begins at home — *Old Proverb*

ONE Sabbath morn, in the year 17—, the Octagon Chapel, in the gay and then fashionable city of Bath, was crowded to excess. A collection was to be made at the end of the service, in aid of the funds for supporting the Bridewell charity-school. Let it not be supposed that the majority of the congregation assembled for the humane purpose of clothing the bodies of a hundred boys in dowlas shirts, and blue coats, or their lower limbs in rhubarb-coloured leather garments, and pepper-and-salt worsted hose — no such thing, — FASHION, that freakish and despotic tyrant, had converted a sacred edifice into a rendezvous of her votaries. A young clergyman, possessing a regular set of features, a complexion in which the lily and the rose were blended, a remarkably fine set of teeth, a profusion of ambrosial curls, delicately shaped hands, a winning tone of voice, and a happy flow of language, had obtained a vast and rapid popularity amongst the female portion of the congregation. The mild doctrines, the mellifluous tones, and the personal appearance of the divine had induced one of his most devoted admirers to call him “The Beauty of Holiness, and by this somewhat profane *sobriquet* was he known throughout Bath.

And now, having told our readers why so large an assemblage were gathered together, we must beg them to suppose that all have retired home much edified and improved, and that one o’clock on the Monday morning has arrived.

The boys of the Bridewell school were let out for their brief hour of play, some ten or twelve of the youngsters, in a remote corner of the yard, had gathered into a cluster, listening with open mouths and upraised brows, to something strange and wonderful related by a lad named Harry Vowles. The narrator was one of the brightest and best behaved boys of the school, fond of his books, and although not so robust as many of his companions, was usually their leader in all sports and pastimes.

No sooner were the “tender juveniles” seated in due order upon their forms, than one of the other boys made his way to the desk of the master, and intimated, almost in a whisper, that he had something of vast importance to communicate, he was ordered to ascend the steps, and place himself close to the ear of the ever willing listener. In a few moments, the master, his face flushed with emotion, and his eyes darting angry glances towards the seat which Harry occupied, called out his name in a tone that seemed to prophesy the speedy application of the cane or birch.

“Come hither, you young viper!” he roared, “come hither, you Vowles, I say, and let me hear this cock and a bull story you’ve invented about what happened yesterday at the Chapel-door.”

“There’s not a bit of invention in it, sir, no more than anything about either bulls or cocks. I vow and protest that I saw the gentleman who held the plate for the collection take both silver and gold off the salver, and put the money into his waistcoat and small clothes pockets.”

“Do you know what you’re talking about, you wicked young

wretch ? demanded the master “ Why, that was Doctor Mitchell, one of the first physicians of the city,—lives in the Circus, and keeps his carriage and a host of servants Now come, Vowles, confess tis a big story, and I’ll let you off with a caring, but if you stick to your text, I’ll flay you alive !

“ I never told a lie in my life, sir,” the boy replied, “ and punishment wont force me to do so

“ We’ll try that, my fine fellow, by and by A mighty pretty thing, indeed, for a charity-boy like you, to go about taking away the characters of your betters But— and here the ‘ learned and humane Mr Murch chuckled at his being able to institute something like a cross-examination—“ but, Vowles, I have a question now to put, which will call upon all your talent as a story-teller to answer It is this— and thus saying, he took off his spectacles, wiped both glasses very deliberately with his handkerchief, held them up to the light to ascertain if his operation had been successful, placed them carefully on the bridge of his nose, and then with an air worthy of an Old Bailey practitioner, continued, “ Now, boy, we will, for argument’s sake, suppose for a moment that such an impossible thing did take place, how could you, from your place in the gallery see what was going on at the door ? There I have you at a dead lock !

Vowles, no way daunted, calmly replied, “ I was not in the gallery, sir, the heat was so great thit I was forced to get into the air, and stood close to the street, when I heard the congregation coming out, I placed myself behind one of the folding doors, just opposite where the gentleman stood, Dr Mitchell you call him, and through the slit where the hinges are I *saw* what I *have* said, and do say again

“ Oh ho ! my young gentleman, have I caught you in your own trap ? What, mouching, as well as lying, now you shall smart for it ! ’

The pedagogue kept his word, poor Harry was severely chastised, and with a swelling heart went home to his widowed mother, to whom he recounted the punishment he had received The good soul doted on her son, and shed abundance of tears at the recital, but her natural good sense soon admonished her that even dutiful boys will sometimes commit faults, and she strictly questioned Harry on the possibility of his being mistaken as to the abstraction of money from the plate Nothing could shake his testimony, he never wavered for a moment in his plain, straight-forward story The widow came to the conviction that her child had been most unjustly punished, and wisely concluding that any appeal to Mr Murch would be unavailing, determined on calling next morning upon one of the most active governors of the Blue Coat School, in the hope that her poor boy’s wrongs might be redressed, and the doubt of his veracity removed

Mrs Vowles found little difficulty in obtaining audience of the humane gentleman she sought She told her child’s story with a mother’s eloquence, and speedily won the good offices of her auditor

“ This is a strange business, a very serious accusation against a person hitherto looked upon as an honest and upright man, observed Sir Walter Gardiner, “ it must and shall be strictly investigated All we can hope, for the credit of human nature, is that, if

Doctor Mitchell did put money into his pockets, it was only to make room for other donations, and your boy not aware of this, regarded the action as dishonest, and, child like told the story as he believed it. But Murch was much to blame for punishing the little fellow without making due inquiries,—rely on it he will be strongly censured for out-stepping his duty. However, if you will leave the matter in my hands, I may be able to have justice done to all parties concerned, meantime, caution your son to say nothing more about the affair till I give him leave to do so.

The widow curtsied her acquiescence, and withdrew.

Two Sundays after the one to which we have already alluded, — chapel was again densely crowded, "The Beauty of Holiness advocating" upon this occasion, the cause of the Female Orphan Asylum. Dr Mitchell kindly volunteered to take his usual station at the door. When the congregation departed, the committee of gentlemen who presided over the institution in whose behalf the sermon had been preached, and the collection made, assembled in the vestry-room to ascertain the amount. The physician placed his quota upon the table with an air of self-satisfaction, observing, "A very handsome donation to-day, I am glad to say, but no wonder after such an eloquent discourse, and he smiled approvingly upon the young clergyman.

The money was counted, the sum made known, and the party were on the eve of departure, when Sir Walter Gardiner gravely inquired of Doctor Mitchell,

"And is that *all* that you have received?"

"*All*, to be sure it is, who dares doubt it?"

The interrogatory of the worthy baronet created considerable surprise on the part of all present, and the violent manner in which the reply was made served to increase it. Sir Walter, with great coolness of tone and manner, proceeded,

"You shall know, sir, why I asked you the question. A boy of the Charity-school avowed, that upon a recent occasion, he saw you pocket the money given by the charitable, and for this accusation he has been severely punished—

"I'm glad to hear it, interrupted Mitchell, "he ought to have been cut to pieces, the vile slanderer.

"Gentlemen, that boy is without, may I crave your leave to bring him before you, he will state what he has seen to-day.

"Oh, you employ spies I perceive, Sir Walter, said Mitchell, nearly choked with rage, "you shall answer for this conspiracy, depend on it. If there be law or justice left—

Without heeding the threat, the baronet called Harry Vowles, the little fellow obeyed the summons, and his intelligent and ingenuous countenance afforded a remarkable contrast with the face of the man he was about to confront.

"Now, youngster, said Sir Walter, "if you have seen anything this morning which you think these gentlemen should know, speak out, but remember, if you are guilty of the slightest falsehood, your punishment will be terrible."

"But shall I be flogged, as I was before, for telling the truth?" asked Harry.

"Certainly not, replied many present.

With this consolatory assurance, the child proceeded, "That

gentleman," pointing to Mitchell, "did the same to-day as he did this day fortnight, he put a vast many pieces of gold into his pockets, particularly on the left side of his waistcoat, for I watched him slip in at least a dozen there

"You can have no objection," observed one of the committee, "to produce the contents of your pockets, Doctor, and thus set the matter at rest"

"Objection! certainly! Let me see who will presume to lay a hand upon me"

"I will," said Sir Walter, "and if you do not immediately satisfy my doubts, I have a peace-officer in attendance, who will quickly aid me in unmasking a hypocrite and a thief"

"I will no longer listen to such unwarrantable language, let me pass, I say," exclaimed Mitchell "Detain me, sir, at your peril" Saying this, he struggled to gain the door, but was there met by one of the mayor's serjeants, who seized him by the arm

"Before you search that person," said the baronet, "let me apprise all present that, anxious to ascertain the truth of this boy's charge, I provided many of my friends with half guineas and seven-shilling pieces, all marked in a similar manner to the one I now produce, requesting that these coins might be given at the collection made to-day

In vain did the physician struggle with the strong arm of the law—considerable sums in gold and silver were found upon his person, and amongst the former many pieces bearing the precautionary mark placed by Sir Walter The wretched man was covered with confusion, but still endeavoured to brave the detection of his guilt

"I demand my liberty,—to-morrow I will lay this case of conspiracy and robbery before the magistrates You, Sir Walter, are the culprit, and that wretched urchin has been trained to aid you in your attempts to ruin my reputation But to-morrow my innocence shall be established

With this bold avowal he rushed from the room, leapt into his carriage, and in a few minutes was set down at the door of his splendid house in the Circus

The Guildhall at Bath presented an unusual scene on the following morning Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had given nearly as many different versions of the story we have endeavoured to relate Groups of well dressed women, for the most part composed of the frequenters of — chapel, pressed forward for admission into the court Men of all ranks were to be observed crowding round the seat of Justice, and amongst them a large proportion of "the Faculty," who seemed to take peculiar interest in the charge brought against one of their body At eleven o'clock, his worship appeared

The mayor listened attentively to all that Sir Walter had to say, received the corroboration of those present, and promptly issued a warrant for the apprehension of Mitchell

In a brief period, the constable returned, stating that the house in the Circus was nearly stripped of all its furniture, not a servant to be seen, and the only person he found upon the premises was old Lazarus, the broker, whose story ran, that, he had been sent for the previous afternoon, and had purchased everything the doctor possessed, including carriage, horses, plate and wine, these he had paid for partly in cash, and the rest in bills on some of "his people

in London, and the bargain concluded, Mitchell left the house leaving no trace by which his course could be ascertained

* * * * *

“Time rolls its ceaseless course” A quarter of a century had passed away, and during its progress our recently formed Colony in New South Wales had grown rapidly in extent and importance. An outpost, some thirty miles from Sydney, was under the command of Major Gardiner, of His Majesty’s—regiment of infantry.

Returning from his morning’s ride, he perceived a mass of people congregated in an open space, in the centre of the town then in progress, and soon ascertained that the crowd had collected to witness a fellow-being, convict though he was, undergo the punishment of whipping. The delinquent was an old man, feeble, thin, and emaciated, his scanty locks, silvered by sixty winters, hung round a countenance convulsed with terror, whilst his withered hands made unavailing efforts to disengage himself from the grasp of the provost’s assistants, as Gardiner approached, the wretched being, in piteous accents, exclaimed,

“Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven save me! I have suffered much, chains and exile I have borne, but oh, spare me from the lash, and I will bless you with my latest breath.”

The major inquired of the gaol-keeper what offence the suppliant had committed, and learnt that a Spanish dollar belonging to a fellow-prisoner had been traced to his possession, and as petty thefts were constantly occurring amongst the convicts, he had received instructions to check the evil by summary punishment of the offenders.

“The old fellow,” continued the gaoler, “has behaved very well of late years, he was a troublesome customer when he first came out, but that’s a long while ago. I haven’t had a black mark against Matson since this place was first built upon.”

“Enough,” said the major, “his past good conduct shall avail him now. Unhappy man, he continued, addressing Matson, “let me hope that the pardon now granted you may not be abused.”

Saying this, the gallant officer rode off, and had not proceeded many paces when a tall tree, to which both axe and saw had been applied, suddenly fell across his path, and caused his horse to rear and plunge so violently, that the rider was thrown off, and in the fall his head was dashed with considerable violence against a large stone by the way side. The crowd he had just left rushed to the spot, many pronounced him killed, but Matson, forcing his way to the prostrate body of his preserver, implored his companions not to screen the air from the stunned and senseless frame, desired in almost a tone of authority that water should be brought as quickly as possible, and proceeded to loosen the tightly buttoned regimental coat, take off the stock, chafe the temples, and feeling in vain for pulsation in the region of the heart or at the wrists, he drew forth a lancet-case and opened a vein. This prompt conduct soon restored the major to consciousness, after a brief delay, he was conveyed to his residence, Matson still supporting him, and earnestly beseeching permission to remain in the house till other assistance could be procured. His request was granted, and speedily the grateful old man administered a cooling draught to allay any febrile symptoms, and anxiously watching every change, succeeded, in a few days, in re-

storing him to comparative health. He now only suffered from the effects of contusion, but his reason resumed her power, and as soon as he was permitted to converse, he hinted his belief that the efficacy of Matson's prescriptions must have resulted from study and practice of the healing art.

"Your surmise is well-founded, sir," replied the old man. "I once moved in the world as a physician in extensive practice. A madness, a disease, I can call it nothing else, tempted me to forget that we are expressly commanded not to steal. Trusted and unsuspected, I had constant opportunities of gratifying this devilish propensity. Detected, I fled the scene of my disgrace, and was ultimately banished for ever from my native land. What I have endured during my exile, I will not pain you by describing. Your timely interference saved me from unmerited degradation. I was not guilty of the crime they charged me with."

"Your story," said the major, "has brought back to my memory an event which happened in my childhood. A medical man in my native city, disgraced his honourable profession. I was the instrument of his detection, and I even now writhe as I remember the castigation I received for my discovery of the offender."

"Where did this happen?" eagerly enquired Matson.

"In Bath," was the reply.

"But the poor child who suffered for me was named Vowles."

"So was I called in the days of my youth, but on the death of my patron and friend, Sir Walter Gardiner, I was bequeathed his property on the stipulation that I should assume his name."

"Just Heaven! the punishment you suffered for accusing me, led to your good fortune. The wretched Mitchell still feels, however, that he was the cause of unmerited chastisement. Can you forgive me?"

"I do most freely. To you I owe my life, and I will use my best influence to soften the rigours of your lot."

Mitchell withdrew, and Major Gardiner immediately wrote to the Governor for permission to retain the supposed Matson in his establishment, and to free him from his manacles. Before the seal was applied to the letter, the hand of Heaven had rendered unavailing all human intervention,—the old man's body was found in a kneeling position by his bedside,—his spirit had departed to the Being who gave it, the All-wise, and All-merciful.

TO

BRING me no blushing wreath
To braid my sunny hair,
Oh! seek me flowers of Death,
Of sorrow and of care.

Be mine the cypress bough,
Twined with the lily pale,
And violet shrinking low,
Beneath each passing gale.

Give me the ivy clinging
To many a flowering tree,
And wild clematis, flinging
Fragrance on all but me.

Seek me the nightshade growing
In many a lonely spot,

And every wild weed blowing,
And blue "forget me not."

But ne'er again shall roses
My throbbing brow entwine,
The heart where peace reposes
They suit—but ah! not mine.

For every hope is gone,
Within is mental strife,
Joyless I look upon
Each varying scene of life.

Oh! for the Lethæan stream,
To shed oblivion's calm,
To end my feverish dream,
And Memory's pang disarm.

H B K.

SMOKING ROBIN.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER

ROBERT BROWN was a clerk in a commercial house in the city of London. His mornings were spent at his desk, where he divided his time between copying an occasional paper, and looking out of window. When any work was laid before him it was finished off, as it were, mechanically, with the greatest exactness and precision. The copied paper was then laid on a particular corner of his desk, and he would turn himself half round upon his stool, and amuse himself with observing the passengers walking up and down the busy thoroughfare under his office. There was not an individual in the habit of passing up and down the street that Robin did not know by sight, and could give some guess at his character, circumstances, and pursuits.

"There goes the gentleman in the snuff-coloured coat and short gaiters again," observed Robin to himself one morning, "I have no doubt but that he is a banker, or one of the great merchants upon 'Change. Punctual to his time to a second!" Here Robin looked at the office-clock. "I wonder what has come over the man these last three weeks? he seems troubled, and in low spirits, and keeps looking at the toes of his shoes—bad sign that! What's that pale-faced man coming up the street, with his hat on the side of his head—a mark of idleness and irregular habits. How he looks about him, first to one side, and then to the other, as if he was afraid of meeting somebody that he does not want to meet, and yet, by his swagger he wishes you to think that he is afraid of nobody. He is either very much in debt, or else he is a pickpocket. You see," continued Robin, addressing himself, "he has the air of a person accustomed to be hunted, but, whether by policemen, or bailiffs, I can't make out. Now I have it. Just look how he is rubbing the fingers of his right hand together, they are wanting to be at something. He is a pickpocket. A debtor walks with his hands in his empty pockets. Am I right, or not? Here comes a policeman. Policeman looks at him, he looks at policeman. He evidently does not feel sure whether A 34 has had any information of his last successful feat. He judges it prudent to turn round the first corner, and disappear. A 34 evidently does not know anything of his last feat, for he keeps steadily going his rounds. Three hundred and forty three pounds, fifteen shillings, and two-pence half-penny, answered he mechanically to a question from his master as to the amount of an account he had given him some time before to add. Here comes a beautiful Leghorn bonnet, with rose-coloured ribbons, and lace veil. How high she holds up her clothes at the crossing! Now, I have observed that ladies who have good legs wear very long petticoats, that they may be obliged to hold them up at a crossing. Those who have only good ankles wear them short, as they would gain nothing by a further display. There really appears to be a reason and method among women that one would hardly expect, considering that few or none of them are bred to business. Silk stockings!—silk stockings! she must be the daughter of a wholesale tradesman, at least, or perhaps his wife.

But Robin was not a fair sample of his class, for he was the shyest of created beings. If a stranger asked him a question he stammered, and hemmed, and coloured up, and could not make any hand of an answer at all. Persons having business at the office thought he was deaf, for whenever a stranger came in he appeared to be busy at his desk, and never attempted to give them an answer, but left the porter, or the foreman, or his master, to manage the ~~con-~~ usual part of the concern as well as they could. As soon as the stranger's back was turned round, he twirled himself upon his stool, and watched the passengers again.

After office-hours Robin used to repair to an eating-house known by the name of the "Goose and Gridiron," in a narrow street leading out of the Strand. Here he always occupied a particular corner of the coffee-room, the most uncomfortable corner in it, certainly, but it had two attractions for Robin, one was, that there was not room for any stranger to sit beside him, and, secondly, it commanded a good view of the other guests. Here he could speculate upon the characters and occupation of his neighbours without let or hindrance.

Upon his taking his seat in his corner, it was his custom to call for his evening-meal, and then to light his pipe, which he continued smoking, and replenishing, and smoking, until the latest of the other visitors had retired for the night.

Most of the clerks and shopmen that frequented The Goose and Gridiron knew Smoking Robin, and his peculiar aversion to be spoken to, and as they moreover voted him particularly dull and stupid, they generally allowed him to blow his cloud in the corner unmolested. Now and then a stranger would venture to say something civil to Smoking Robin, such as, "It is rather a wet evening, to which his reply would probably be in a dry, testy tone, "Very wet," having observed from experience that simply repeating a person's observation generally nips conversation in the bud. He generally accompanied his answer, if such it might be called, by turning half round on his chair, away from the speaker, and taking four or five short, impatient whiffs with his pipe. By this means he generally reduced the intruder to silence, to the great delight and amusement of the other clerks in the room, who knew the testy character of Smoking Robin, and had been watching the effect of the attack upon him.

In this manner Smoking Robin smoked away many years of his life, happy and contented. At length a change came over his circumstances in the shape of a fortune, left him by an uncle, who had gone out many, many years before to the West Indies. The fortune, though not large, was more than Robin well knew how to spend. He told his good-luck to his master, who observed to him, "Of course you will now wish to give up your situation as clerk, as the salary can be of no object to you now?"

"I suppose so," said Robin, twiddling his fingers in a nervous way. In fact, it had not struck him that there had been any "of course" in the matter. "I shall be sorry," said he to himself, "to leave the old office, where I have sat and looked out of window for nearly twenty years, and where I know every man, woman, and child, that goes up or down the street by sight. But, I suppose that I can get anything I like for money. I can afford to hire the best bow-window in London, and keep an account-book of my own for my amusement."

However it was agreed between him and his master that he was to work out his half-year, and he thought to himself, "I can smoke out

my evenings, as I used to do, till my time is out, and then I shall probably have made up my mind what to do next

Great was his astonishment, and bitter his disappointment when he found that his uncle's legacy had for ever destroyed his peaceful smoking. The fame of Smoking Robin's having had a fortune left him made itself wings, and before two days were over there was not a clerk or a shopman in that part of the city who had not heard of Smoking Robin's good fortune. But there was another fact that they were also pretty sure of, which was, that Smoking Robin was unmarried, and had no relations in the world. It would take me from this time to Christmas to tell you all the different schemes that had been contrived by one person or another to ingratiate himself with Smoking Robin. It is sufficient to observe that he could no longer blow his cloud in peace in The Goose and Gridiron.

The day he resigned his clerkship he packed up his carpet-bag, and walked off with it to the west end of the town,—not for fashion's sake, but to get quite clear of his troublesome old acquaintances, and be able to smoke his pipe again in peace.

He settled himself down at length in a little inn, in a back street leading out of Oxford Road, walked till he was tired every day in Hyde Park, and smoked away the rest of his time in the corner of the coffee-room. He was a little pestered at first by the civility of the frequenters of the place, who talked to him about the weather, or asked him what o'clock it was? But they soon voted him dull, and left him alone, and if he had only had his office-window to look out of in the morning, he would have been as happy as ever. To be sure, he often heard comments upon himself, such as, "Rum fellow that! I wonder who he is, and where he comes from —" "Lor! how he does smoke!" and many others of the same sort. But all this rather amused him than otherwise, as long as they let him alone.

Now, as Robin never dined out, and always paid his score at the end of the week, he was a very valuable guest, and the landlord and waiter laid their heads together to consider how they could best keep him in good humour. At length they decided upon representing him to the frequenters of the coffee-room as a Turkish gentleman, who knew but little English, and did not like to be talked to, and they would be obliged to them if they would humour him, as he was so good a customer. All this did very well, till one evening, as ill-luck would have it, in dropt one of his brother clerks from The Goose and Gridiron. The next day Robin bolted from the little inn, with his carpet-bag.

The next house he took up his quarters in happened to be a house of call for the fraternity of tailors. After a day or two he got on very well here, and was left to smoke his pipe for nearly a fortnight in peace, being known in the house only as number Five, or, as they sometimes called him, the testy gentleman. At length one of the snips announced to his brethren in the coffee-room that he had found out who the smoking gentleman was. "He was just a German tailor listening to their conversation, to find out a place where he could get his thimble in." Now, as all English journeymen tailors hold German snips in great abhorrence, they determined to worry their rival out of the house. This they easily effected by ordering their brandy-and-water at Robin's table, and then falling to, to abuse the German nation in the bulk, and German snips in particular, and always ending by asking Robin whether he did not agree with them. To be sure he always

did agree with them, but they observed that he evidently did not relish their conversation. This proved to them that he *was* a German snip, and when Robin disappeared the next day, with his carpet-bag, the matter was put beyond dispute.

Robin walked with his carpet-bag on his shoulder up Oxford Road, towards the City, and at length, in a street down to the right he saw a house called The Nag's Head, which he thought might suit him. He walked in, and was shewn up into bedroom number three, and said that if he liked his quarters he might probably remain there some time. The landlord asked him what name he should say, in case any one should call.

"Never mind the name," said Robin, "I have a particular reason for not wishing to give my name. Nobody, I hope, will call upon me."

"Oh, sir," said the landlord, "we are not particular about the name, but perhaps you will not have any objection to pay for what you take in advance."

"None in the world," said Robin, "there is nothing like punctual payments, and, as for my name, if you are so particular about that, my name is Brown."

"Sir," said the landlord, arching up his eyebrows, "I hope no offence, but I would take it as a particular favour if you would stick to the same name while you remain at The Nag's Head. It keeps up the respectability of the house."

"A very odd observation that," thought Robin, but he made no remark, but went into the coffee-room, and lit his pipe.

There were a good many people in the room, but who and what they were Robin could not make out. They were not like the clerks at The Goose and Gridiron, or like the snips at the other place. From their dress they appeared to be of all classes of society, and many of them were dressed in the height of fashion.

Robin's knowledge of human nature could not altogether help him out. He thought that many of them were actors. One thing, however, pleased him much. No one ever took any notice of him. In short, it seemed to be a rule of that society that if a person wished to avoid notice he was to be left quite alone. There was a deal of oddity and variety in the people, and Robin was much amused at the scene as he looked out upon them. There was one quaker in particular, with a very broad-brimmed hat, who swore the most awful oaths that Robin had ever heard, because the waiter had not put enough brandy in his toddy.

"That man," said Robin to himself, as he inhaled a long whiff, "is, I suppose, what they call a 'wet quaker'."

But, though they all swore a good deal, and used very odd expressions, so that he could not understand all their conversation, they were very amusing. Such merry songs, and such choruses, he never heard the like before, either at The Goose and Gridiron, or at the tailors' house of call, and as they always allowed him to smoke in peace, what could a man wish for more?

Occasionally a policeman or two would walk in, and warm their coat-tails at the fire, but never drank anything themselves, and not only that, but while they were in the room their presence somehow or other appeared to chill the atmosphere, for, though the songs certainly went on, the choruses were neither so jovial nor so loud.

"It is a chilling profession," thought Robin to himself. "It appears

to be not only dull in itself, but the cause of dulness in others. When a man is merry they just call him drunk and disorderly, no wonder merry fellows don't like them."

One evening two policemen came in, and stood by the fire, reading a paper,—“About forty-five, five foot six, head rather bald, round shaped head, nose small, tip of it round, lips rounded, chin round, figure stout and rounded”

“D—mme!” said policeman A 41, “he’s round all over”

Now this was exactly Robin’s description, though he did not recognise the portrait

“Smokes occasionally, then it can’t be him, for this one’s always smoking,” said B 17

“It’s all a disguise,” said A 41. “He just keeps himself in a cloud, to prevent people from distinguishing his features. I have observed him before. If any one speaks to him, he just takes two or three short puffs, that make such a smoke, that you must cut it with a knife if you want to see any part of his face. No doubt, it is a disguise—same sort of thing as when that man rolled himself in the river-mud, that the tailor might not identify his clothes. I’ll see what I can make of him.”

Even with all this addition, Robin had no conception that they were talking about him

A 41 then approached Robin, waving his open hand before him, after the manner of a fish’s tail, to make an aperture through the smoke for his approach

“May I take the liberty of asking your name?” said A 41

“I have an objection to giving my name,” said Robin, giving two or three short puffs

A 41 looked surprised at the coolness of the answer, and observed, “Honest men are in the habit of having a name attached to them”

“I have a particular reason for not wishing to give my name”

“Indeed!” said A 41, with rather an unpleasant expression of countenance

“Well, then, if you must have it, my name is Brown”

“And a very convenient name, too,” observed A 41. “May I take the liberty of asking what you was doing at this time last Tuesday?”

“Smoking,” said Robin, taking a short puff or two

“May I ask where you was that evening?”

“Upon my word, I do not remember the name of the house, but it’s in a street leading out of Oxford Road. I think it’s the fifth turning on the left, and the third door down the street. I found out it was a house of call for tailors, and that is the reason that I left it”

“I suppose he did not approve of the cabbaging that was going on there,” said a voice from the jovial table, upon which there was a loud laugh through the room, in which the policemen joined

Robin, however, was by this time so much annoyed at the number of questions that were asked him, that he determined to bring the matter to a conclusion, so he drew himself up, and thus began—

“Mr Policeman, please to tell me at once what your business is with me. Has anything happened to Coutts’ bank? Has anybody stolen my money?”

“Bravo!” said one or two voices in the room, “he’s a smart hand that

"It's not *exactly* that," said A 41, with a strong emphasis upon the word exactly "Pray, did you ever hear of a wholesale grocer's shop in Ivy Lane, trading under the name of Sims and Co?"

"Perfectly well," said Robin "Our house used to do a great deal of business with them"

"You are, of course, not aware," said B 17, "that a gentleman, exactly answering to your description, has been suspected of breaking into the premises of Sims and Co, and taking from thence four hundred and thirty-five pounds in sovereigns, thirty-six shillings in silver, a gold family-ring, and four tea spoons, fiddle pattern."

Robin started from his seat as if electrified, his pipe fell from his lips, and broke itself upon the ground He loudly protested, and called heaven to witness that he knew nothing about it; but that he was an honest man, living upon his own means

A 41 took a pinch of snuff

But the old gentleman with the jewish nose, and overhanging eyebrows, declared out loud, that "it was the finest done thing he had ever seen But," he added, "it's all thrown away upon policemen, they have hearts of iron You should keep all that for the jury, then s the time for that sort of thing"

"Of course," said A 41, "if you can give us any respectable reference to show that you are not Dick White, the man that we take you for, you will be instantly set at liberty

"Will you allow me to write a letter?"

"Certainly," said A 41

Pen and paper were brought, and Robin sat down to write to his late master The business-like way that he set to work, the exact forms of his letters, and the elaborate flourishes to his capitals, were the admiration of all beholders

"I am afraid, sir," said B 17, "that you are putting yourself to unnecessary trouble"

"Not in the least," said Robin "A reference to Trotter and Co, merchants, will satisfy you, I presume His residence is just by here, may I wait here for the answer?"

"I will allow you ten minutes for the answer to come in"

Away went the messenger, with a shilling or two from Robin to quicken his pace Just as the ten minutes had expired, B 17 said, "Now, Mr White, you had better come with me"

"White!" said Robin, "my name is Brown"

"It's all the same thing," said A 41, taking a pinch of snuff, "we do not look much to names" When came the answer, signed "John Trotter," stating that the letter to him was written by Robert Brown, long a confidential clerk in his house, who had now retired upon his means, and a more respectable man he did not believe existed, or one more honest in all his dealings

B 17 read the letter, and handed it to A 41, who handed it back to B 17, who read it again, and crumpled it a little in his fingers, as if to assure himself that it was a real substantial letter Then B 17 looked at A 41, and shook his head, and then A 41 looked at B 17, and did the same Never did two policemen look so astonished before, but, as it was their own messenger that took the letter, there was no doubt of the signature being correct, so, without saying another word, A 41 and B 17 took their departure

As soon as they had retired, the old man with the jewish nose and

overhanging eyebrows rose from his seat, and, holding a glass of gin-punch high above his head, he thus delivered his sentiments —

"Gentlemen of the Independent Club, and gentlemen strangers, I have got a bit of a speech to make to you, which I beg you will listen to with all attention, and neither talk, cough, or spit until I have done. Gentlemen, you have this night witnessed one of the finest scenes that ever was seed in this varsal world, and you have seen the grandest do that ever was done in this great metropolis of clever and ingenious lads. You have clapped your eyes this night on as regular a roasting of two of them blue fellows, and a doing of them brown in such a genteel manner as never was seed before. Gentlemen, I make bold to say, and I says it without any fear of contradiction, that the little smoky gentleman in the corner, for a quiet one, is just the cleverest chap that ever I clapped my old eyes on."

The old gentleman sat down amidst a tumult of applause. As soon as it subsided, up got a little shrivelled, cock-eyed man, and with a squeaking voice, thus addressed the assembly —

"I says, says I, it is a rule of this house, it always was a rule of this house, and it always will be a rule of this house, that the little smoking gentleman in the corner, upon an occasion of this sort, should treat the company."

Loud applause followed this speech, and Robin, upon being appealed to, consented to treat them all, on condition of their letting him smoke quietly in the corner, without being spoken to.

However, when they were well warmed with gin, they could not resist drinking his health with three times three, but, upon looking to Smoking Robin in the corner for his acknowledgment of the compliment, he was fast asleep, nature having been overpowered by the number of questions that he had answered.

When Robin arose from his slumber, and retired to his bed-room, he lay awake a great part of the night, and, after thinking over, and over, and over again the queer scenes that he had witnessed in the coffee-room of The Nag's head, and the queer-looking company that frequented it, it all at once flashed across his mind that he might perchance have fallen among discreditable society. In the morning, therefore, he put his carpet-bag upon his shoulder again, and sallied forth.

Smoking Robin was sauntering down the street, thinking where he should go to next, when the matter was accidentally settled for him, without giving him the trouble of thinking or asking questions, for, as he went by a coach-office, a porter took the bag off his shoulder, and chucked it on the top of a coach that was just starting.

"Now, sir, if you please," said the coachman, motioning him to get up.

"Do you go all the way?" asked the book-keeper. "We take your fare here."

Robin hesitated a moment, and then answered, "Yes," and paid his money without having the smallest conception where the coach would take him to.

Now Robin, who had made the human character his chief study during the last twenty years of his life, knew perfectly well that, as a general rule, the guard of a stage-coach is less given to talking and asking questions than the coachman. The cause of this difference is not certainly known. Some imagine that the guard, being in an in-

ferior situation, cannot be expected to have the same conversational powers as the coachman, who, as everybody knows, must be considered to be, as regards the guard, the top-sawyer of the two

So Robin seated himself beside the guard, and, as smoking also tends to silence, he gave the guard a cheroot. He lit another for himself, and away they went, Robin had no idea whither

Mile after mile they travelled in silence, with the exception that the guard occasionally pointed out something remarkable in their way, such as, 'That is where Squire So-and-so lives,'—"That is Lord Thinnumy's house,—" 'This is just where the Telegraph was upset last year, by a pig running between the leaders' legs'

But, as the guard was satisfied with a simple nod of the head, Robin was rather amused than otherwise at the information thus obtained, without the necessity of answering

Nothing particular attracted the attention of Robin till they came to a long, tedious ascent, that took them askew up a steep hill-side. Half way up, it was crossed by another road, that skewed up the hill-side in the other direction. In this manner four roadways met about the centre of the hill, and at this point was a small, but very neat, house and garden, with a little glazed summer-house at the very angle, and which thus commanded a prospect down four roads

Robin looked at it, and looked at it again, as the coach was slowly crawling up the hill. He then took his cheroot out of his mouth, and surveyed it with an intensity of gaze, saying to himself,

"Well! I never *did* see such a beautiful place to look out of window and smoke in. It beats the office hollow, for when I was in the office I could not smoke, and when I was in The Goose and Gridiron there was no good window. It was either window and no smoke, or smoke and no window, but here I could do both. As I'm a living man, there is a bill up at the window—the place is to let. I'll go and take it."

At the next pot-house the coach stopped at down got Robin and his carpet-bag, and walked back to the house at the cross-roads. Robin put down his carpet-bag on the flagstone before the door, and rang the bell. A little man of about fifty opened the door.

"Sir," says Robin, "I like the looks of your summer-house in the corner, and I am come to take your house."

The landlord smiled and bowed. It was a delightful thing to find a customer who made up his mind to take a house before he had seen it, or asked the price.

"Here is a very nice little garden," said the landlord, pointing to sundry rows of cabbages and gooseberry-bushes, with a walk round them. Robin nodded, and gave a whiff. "Here is parlour, bedroom, kitchen—this thing, that thing—and the rent very moderate."

"D—n the rent," said Robin, taking the cheroot from his mouth. "I only want a quiet place, where I can smoke and look out of window. Just write your terms down, and I will sign the paper."

The landlord did so, charging about fifty per cent extra for Robin's princely way of talking. When Robin saw the charge he started, for, though not caring much about economy, the price was very far above anything that he had been accustomed to pay during his clerkship. After looking at the paper for a few seconds, Robin laid it down upon the table, took his cheroot out of his mouth, and sticking out his under lip, he pushed up his upper lip with it. He then put

his cheroot in his mouth again, and taking up his carpet-bag in his left hand, he stood looking at his host, but without uttering a word

"Do you find the price too high?" asked the landlord

Robin made no answer farther than pointing with his cheroot to the paper, but stood stock-still with his carpet-bag in his hand

The landlord's opinion of Robin now underwent an entire change, he now considered him a regular keen hand, and one that would stand no (what they called it in his part of the country) gammon. So his prices were forthwith changed from being very high to being very low, and he actually let them to Robin at a lower price than he had made up his mind to let them for at all

"Wonderful clever fellow that," thought he "He has even beat me down to the lowest figure, without opening his mouth to say a single word"

Robin signed the agreement, and a few hours found him master of the tenement, with an old deaf woman for a servitor, who never asked questions of any one, from the small chance she had of hearing the answer. Noon the next day found Robin established in the summer-house, with his legs upon a second chair, and his elbow upon the window-sill, blowing a pleasant cloud. First came the Telegraph coach, with five out-sides and one in

"Coachman looks fat and bloated. Should not wonder if he had the gout at times. That's either a cattle-dealer or a horse-jockey on the box. He is well pleased with himself—has evidently made a good bargain lately—I dare say cheated some one amazingly. That's a servant-girl going out to her place for the first time. That woman inside is so fat, she ought to pay for two places. I wonder whether she does. — There's a man driving a pig, with a string round its hind leg. What an odd thing it is that a pig will never go the way you want it!"

Then went by the Regulator coach,—then a dog-cart,—then a broad-wheeled waggon, along one road or the other there seemed to be always something travelling

At the first pause that there was in the passing of these objects of attraction, Robin drew a long whiff, and leant himself back in the chair, and sent the smoke gradually and slowly out of one corner of his mouth. It rose in a column by the side of his cheek, and spread itself in a canopy above his head. When the last of the reck had left the corner of his mouth, he said to himself out loud, "*I am a gentleman*." Another long whiff, and another luxurious long puff from the corner of his mouth, and he added, "*I feel I am every inch a gentleman*."

No subject has perplexed the world more than the proper definition of what constitutes a gentleman, and the opinion of a person who had made human nature his study for the last twenty years of his life must, of course, be of considerable value. He may now, from the highest authority, be defined to be a man that sits smoking all day, with his legs upon a second chair, looking out of window

Robin continued for some time to pass his days in happiness. Turkey, Kanaster, Syrian, and cheroots varied his pleasures

One day a commercial traveller, in a one-horse four-wheel chaise, with a large boot behind, pulled up his horse directly under the summer-house, and looking up to the window, said, "Pray, sir, where would this road to the right take me to?"

Robin told him, and took two or three short puffs

"And this road that goes straight on?"

Robin told him, and gave some angry puffs

"And this road to the left?"

"This is very annoying, thought Robin to himself. However, he told, and blew out his vexation in an additional cloud

"Might I trouble you for a light for my cigar? And, standing up on the seat of his vehicle, the tall bagman put his head and cigar into Robin's *sanctum*, and coolly taking hold of the bowl of Robin's pipe, he dipped into it the end of his own English composition cigar. Now a composition cigar is manufactured out of one Havanna leaf for the outside, while the interior consists of dried lettuce-leaves or scraped cabbage-stalk. The bagman, after taking two sucks at the cigar while it was in the bowl, to insure its lighting, leaning his elbows upon the window-sill, kept quietly puffing, probably to make sure that the cigar was going to draw right. Compositions are uncertain in this particular

"You seem to have a snug place here," said he, leisurely taking the cigar from his mouth, and looking round the summer-house in a criticising manner

Robin gave a grunt, and a few short puffs

"You don't happen," added the stranger, taking a few quiet mouthfuls of lettuce-smoke, to want anything in the printed cotton line?"

"No," said Robin

"Well," said the stranger, after a little further enjoyment of his composition, "I thought you would not. Only asked, you know—thought you'd take it civil." After a slight pause, he added, "I dare say now my old mare has got her wind again," and, sliding down into his driving-seat, he shouted, "Go along, Jenny," in such a tone of voice as made his old mare start again, and the bagman and his four-wheel chaise trundled onward on their journey

Robin followed their progress with open eyes and open mouth, and his smoked-out pipe hanging in his hand. For some time he remained lost in astonishment at the extraordinary conduct of the stranger. The departing bagman, however, happening to look round, and seeing our hero at the window, he waved a friendly adieu to him with the hand that held the composition cigar

Robin drew in his head, and uttering the words, "Cuss that fellow!" he let fall some saliva upon the floor, and then lighting a fresh pipe, he began to moralize upon what had passed

This intrusion of the bagman into our hero's privacy had very much disturbed his equanimity of mind. Every vehicle that he saw in the distance he now mistook for the bagman driving his old mare. However, the object of his aversion never made his appearance again

This, the first attack upon his fortress, was nevertheless the forerunner of many similar annoyances. The cross-roads where the summer-house was situated was in a thinly-inhabited part of the country. Hunting gentlemen coming from or going to cover, seeing no other living soul near the cross-roads, were in the habit of taking their way of Smoking Robin. Foot-passengers, sometimes two or three times a-day, did the same thing. At length there was a fair held in the neighbourhood, and the number of questions that were put to Robin in one day drove him nearly to desperation. He sent warning to his landlord, that when the week was out he should take his departure

His landlord had by this time discovered what a valuable tenant he had got, rent paid regularly at the end of the week, and no trouble

given to anybody Besides, the lodgings had been unlet before Robin came for nearly a whole year

The landlord called a council of friends to meet him at tea The tea-party consisted of himself, his wife, his mother, a sharp-nosed, vinegar-looking woman, his sister, the apothecary, and an attorney

The doctor recommended that one of the family should keep watch during Robin's smoking hours, and whenever any traveller was seen approaching somebody should be sent out to tell him his way This proposition was agreed to, and was so far successful that Robin stayed on another week His inquisitive eye, however, soon detected the manoeuvre, and he became as much annoyed at seeing his weakness thus publicly played upon as he had been before by the questions, so he sent another notice to his landlord

The matter now assumed a more serious turn, and the doctor and the attorney were this time invited to dinner When the roast goose was put upon the table, the doctor and the lawyer exchanged a look, as much as to say that it was not necessary to dispose of the business in a single consultation At length the attorney suggested that, from Robin's extreme eccentricity, with a little trouble and ingenuity, it might be possible to make a lunatic of him, a proceeding that might be made advantageous to all parties For instance, he could conduct the legal proceedings at Robin's expense, of course The landlord might contrive to be made his keeper, and the apothecary, from his living in the immediate neighbourhood, would naturally become his medical attendant This proposition continued being debated during the whole of dinner-time, and while the doctor and the lawyer were eating about a dozen apples, and drinking two bottles of gooseberry-wine, nor did it come to a conclusion till many cups of tea had been consumed, but at length, upon the landlord's describing how Robin drove his bargain for the lodging, with his carpet-bag in one hand, and his cheroot pointing to the paper with the other, the lawyer put down his cup, and shaking his head, said, that he was afraid that there was nothing to be made of the case as it was quite clear that Robin knew how to take care of his own affairs

It was now late in the evening, and it was agreed that they were to meet again at dinner the next day The goose now made its appearance hashed, but as it was flanked by a fine boiled leg of mutton and capers, the two professional men again exchanged looks

The landlord's mother at length observed that she had been turning the matter over in her own mind, and that she thought that the best thing that they could do would be to endeavour to marry her daughter to Robin, for, as she justly observed, "When he is fairly tied up, he can't possibly get away"

This proposition was received with great applause, and appeared to be highly approved of by the intended, who had been out of her teens for a considerable time, and who, moreover, like a clock that has been forgotten to be wound up, had stuck at the same year of her age for I don't know how long, and who, if the truth must be told, was beginning to get rusty withal The conversation was now chiefly kept up between the two married ladies, who arranged how this object was to be brought about The daughter was sedulously to attend to all Robin's wants and wishes, and never to ask questions till at length Robin would find that he would not be able to get on without her

"All this is very well," said the landlord, "but the lodger is a queer fellow, and how in the world are we ever to get him to pop?"

"Pop!" said the lawyer "Nothing in the world so easy I will write him a lawyer's letter, stating that the young lady is losing her character by being so often alone in his society, that her parents all along understood that it was his intention to marry her, and that I am instructed to proceed against him for breach of promise of marriage, and then we will just explain to him that, whatever may be the result of the proceedings, he will be kept a whole day in a court of justice, where he will not be allowed to smoke, and will be asked a thousand questions by a parcel of impudent barristers in buzz-wigs. What do you think of that?"

"Talking of matrimony," said the doctor, with a very serious face, "I should not consider that I was doing my duty if I did not observe that it has long been the opinion of the medical world that no lady who marries a man that smokes a great deal ever has a family, unless—"

"You will be so good as to keep your observations to yourself," said the landlord's mother, getting red in the face with anger "When we want your opinion we will ask for it."

The doctor put on a funny face, and gave his nose a twist on one side, as was his custom when he was amused. But the spinster, to whom this conversation was highly interesting, observed that perhaps the influence of a wife might induce Mr Brown to give up smoking. For which she was instantly reproved by her mother, who told her that it was highly improper for young, unmarried ladies, to talk about matrimony, or anything connected with it.

The evening was now drawing to a close, when the lawyer observed it was absolutely necessary there should be another consultation.

The goose, on their next meeting, had disappeared, the mutton was hashed, the landlord looked disheartened, and the landlady fidgety.

The professional men this time did not exchange looks. When the cloth was removed the landlord said in a desponding tone, "What's to be done?—what's to be done?—what is to be done?"

To which the lawyer answered, "If you only want to prevent people from stopping at the summer-house to ask their road, there is nothing in the world so easy."

"How?—how?—how?" asked several voices at once.

"Put up a direction-post."

"That would be the very thing," said the landlord.

"It's a very simple remedy," observed the doctor.

"I wonder that it never struck you before," said the landlord's wife, who was thinking that so obvious an expedient need hardly have cost her three dinners and a tea.

The lawyer made no answer, but exchanged a look with the doctor.

The direction-post succeeded admirably, and Robin smoked again in peace. Even when a stupid traveller did ask his road, Robin would point with his pipe to the written intelligence, without being at all put out by it.

But, notwithstanding this admirable success, the landlord's mother never went to bed without reflecting upon the uncertainty of all human affairs, and then, falling back upon her former observation, that if Robin was once fairly tied up, he could not get away.

A consultation was held upon the subject.

"What was the best way for a young lady to captivate the heart of a man?" asked the old lady. It was a very difficult question to give a general answer to.

"Beauty, one,—modesty, two,—good sense, three," said the landlord, counting them upon his fingers.

His wife smiled and nodded, as much as to say, "That's the way I did it."

Fiddlesticks end, said the old lady. "If your gentleman won't look at you, or speak to you, what's the use of your beauty, modesty, and good sense? How are we to catch a man that does not want to be married? That's the question."

"It's a very difficult question," observed the landlord's wife, "but one thing I am sure of."

"What's that?" asked the lawyer.

"Why, if we are to find it out at all, we can just as easily do it now as by talking about it for a week."

The lawyer made no answer.

Here the apothecary observed, "that although he had not as yet been able to procure a suitable helpmate for himself, yet he had been creditably informed that a constant repetition of small attentions, carefully compounded with a little judicious flattery, was the best receipt for softening a female heart. Whether the same emollient would act upon the masculine heart he could not say, no one had ever tried the experiment upon him."

"All this may do very well," observed the lawyer, "where the gentleman likes to be coaxed, but when he don't, I believe there is but one way of dealing with him, and that is by action for breach of promise."

"But must there not be some foundation to begin upon?" asked the landlord.

"To be sure there must, but that is the only way to squeeze him up to it in the end."

It was finally concluded that Miss Betsy was to commence operations the next day, acting upon the apothecary's receipt of constant repetitions of small attentions, carefully compounded with a little judicious flattery.

When Miss Betsy sallied forth in the morning to conquer, her heart beat high. She was armed with all the graces that her mother and her sister-in-law could contrive for her. Her hair was trained into long ringlets, her dress was a pea-green silk gown, with pink ribbons, she wore also a rose-bud in her bosom, attached with a pin to the centre bone of her stays.

Her heart beat high, I observed, in short, she experienced that feeling, called in French a "*battement de cœur*," which some French lady has described as being the most delicious sensation that can be experienced. Miss Betsy, however, called it a palpitatty.

It had been arranged that this young lady should carry on her attack by imperceptible advances. She opened her first parallel in the following manner.—Robin had been accustomed to have bread and butter for his breakfast; indeed, he generally ate what was put before him, without asking questions. The next day, when he had seated himself at his morning meal, Miss Betsy entered, and, smiling through her ringlets, she placed a new-laid egg upon the table. Now Robin, with all his knowledge of human nature, was not able to trace any

connexion between the affections of a female heart and a new-laid egg. He ate the delicacy, and, approving of its taste, he rang the bell, and asked the deaf woman who answered it whether she happened to have another egg in the house.

Never were manœuvrers so completely circumvented at their commencement as in the present instance. Miss Betsy cried with vexation, "If he had only refused the egg, one might have supposed that he was not fond of them, but to ask for another, without thanking any one for the first, shows that he is a little ungrateful vagabond."

Her father, however, was of a different opinion. He had always had the highest opinion of Robin's wisdom, so he just shook his head, and said, "There surely never was so clever a fellow—he just sees through us all, and is determined not to be caught."

Miss Betsy, however, did not give it up, but continued, under her mother's directions, opening battery after battery upon the unfortunate Robin,—with but little effect, however, for, at the end of a fortnight, it became evident that, if he had any preference at all, it was in favour of the old deaf woman who waited upon him. Betsy, however, did not give up. No. It was next agreed that Betsy's mother should wait upon Robin, instead of the deaf woman, and thus put an end to all rivalry. This was a master stroke. Betsy was constantly coming forward to protect Robin from the troublesome, chattering woman, packing her out of the room, and doing the work herself, that Robin might not be annoyed by her. Thus he got gradually accustomed to her presence, and in a short time she used to arrange the chair for him to put his legs upon, put his tobacco-bag within his reach, and so on. But, as the landlord had all along surmised, there still remained the greatest difficulty, "How are we to get him to pop?"

They sent for the lawyer.

The lawyer had a long interview with Robin, having taken a law-paper with him. When he came out, he said that he was authorised by Mr Robert Brown to ask Miss Betsy's hand. No sooner had the marriage taken place than Mrs Brown, for some reason or another, took it into her head to put a stop to Robin's smoking, and many a hard battle they had about it.

One fine morning, Robin and his carpet-bag disappeared. After a long search, he was found at the public house a mile off, in the act of getting upon the top of the London coach. He was with some difficulty brought back. He said, however, that Betsy might scold as much as she pleased, but he would not have his pipes interfered with. A compromise was entered into upon these terms.

Soon after this Robin's health began to fail, and at length he died. He had fairly smoked himself out. They opened a little box, of which he always carried the key, in search of his riches. They found a few sovereigns, and a letter from his banker, stating that his last remittance was the last of his fortune. In fact, he had fairly smoked himself through it.

Young ladies, take warning from Miss Betsy, and marry a smoking husband.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON"

CHAPTER XXV

SIGHTS OF THE STREETS

WITH or without your permission, good, bad, or indifferent, reader, as the case may be, we purpose to resume, in this pleasant month of October, our transcriptive dissertation on the sights of London streets

These are so numerous and infinitely varied that you might as well try to chronicle the passing clouds. London streets make a kaleidoscope, in which two or three bits of men and women are always forming themselves into groups, comical, curious, and picturesque, for our amusement, through a roll of foolscap you may see your humble servant (that's me) at the corner of the streets, or deep penetrating into narrow lanes, taking an observation, then, having at hand portable pen, and exciseman's ink-horn at button-hole, see me rush into the "CHEQUERS," or the "CROOKED BILLET," and there and then, over half-a-pint of beer, making the passing occurrence of the moment permanent and immortal. Well, sir, and why not?

Your commercial traveller, by the profane mis-called bagman, travels in adamant commodities and emollients—vulgarly styled hard and soft goods, or in the general line, your missionary travels on behalf of the spiritual welfare of skins of any colour except his own, soliciting your subscriptions, your patriot travels in philanthropy, your government commissioner in a post-chaise and pair, I, sir, travel in human nature, allow me to have the honour of showing you a sample, and, in behalf of our house, Bentley, of New Burlington Street, to solicit a continuance of your favours

A poor man falls down in a fit, or the weakness of hunger overpowers him, he sinks against the wall of some splendid mansion, his features are compressed, his brow clammy cold, his lips livid, you saw him *sink*, not fall upon the ground with a squash, as the professional gentlemen, with *artificial* blood in their noses do the trick, it is a clear case of famine, and no mistake, now is your time to see what human nature is made of. The master of the house, or the lady, comes at the window, and instantly retreats, a powdered footman appears at the door, and looks up and down the street for a policeman to remove the *nuisance*, several well-dressed passengers look at the poor man, and pass on the other side, ladies as they go by him, fumble a little in their pockets, as if they meant to give ~~something~~, but think better of it, an elderly gentleman, with drab gaiters and silk umbrella, pretends to feel the patient's pulse, shakes his head solemnly, and walks off, satisfied that he has detected an impostor, a housemaid of the mansion, touched with tender pity, hands up through the area rails a glass of water

Now troop by the poor lost creature a group of working men in fustian jackets going to their dinners, whistling and gossiping as

they go, they halt and surround the unfortunate man, they lift him, and put him in a more easy posture, one runs to the public-house, bringing some ale warm with ginger, they speak kindly to him, bidding him keep up his heart, they ask him—question to bring tears into dry eyes—where is his home, he looks up piteously, and whispers—he has *no* home—he has not where to lay his head

‘Now then,” says one of the fustian jackets, taking off his hat, and shoving it into the encircling mob, “the poor devil’s hard up, has not got no home, nor no victuals, drop a few browns to pay for a cab, you’ll never miss it. The appeal is heard, curiosity is shamed into benevolence, the Samaritans in fustian call a cab, and the homeless man is driven to try the hospitality of Mary-le-bone Workhouse

I think I hear a respectable gentleman, in an easy chair, with an easy income, and easy shoes, exclaim,

“Mister Author, this is very fine, but I have no doubt, for my own part, the fellow was a humbug—the scoundrel was acting

“Was he though! All I can tell you is, my good fellow, if he was acting, you never missed such a chance in the course of your theatrical life, you have paid seven shillings to the dress circle many a time and oft, for a much worse performance, and here was a little bit of tragedy, without scenery, machinery, dresses, or decorations, you might have seen for sixpence, and been six and sixpence better for it

I have seen these tragedies more than twice—everybody has seen them who knows London, Gilbert White saw them, when he said,

“I shall sink

As sinks a stranger in the busy streets
Of crowded London some short bustle’s caused
A few inquiries and the crowd close in,
And all’s forgotten”

I do not deny that impostors are common, I know that they are clever, and are with difficulty to be discriminated from those real heart-rending cases of distress that London almost daily exhibits to our view. No punishment is great enough for these scoundrels, not that the offence is so great in itself, but because it adds and ministers to that covetousness, that hardness of heart, which furnishes us with an excuse—which we are all too ready to make, of not giving once, lest we might once be deceived

To a man living on the shady side of life, whose poverty compels him to walk with his own feet, hear with his own ears, and see with his own eyes, the contrasted conditions of London Life afford much matter of painful contemplation. These contrasts are striking and forcible, they run the whole gamut of the social scale, from the highest treble to the deepest base, they exhibit human life in every colour, from hues of the rainbow to the deepest shadows and most unchequered glooms, and all this in a day’s walk—in the space of a few palmy acres, next door to luxury and profusion you have hunger and despair, the rage of unsatisfied hunger and the lust of desires that no luxury can quench

I have seen little children, fat enough for the spit, wrapped in woolpacks of fleecy hosiery, seated in their little carriages, drawn by goats, careering over the sward of Hyde Park, and, at the same

moment, crawling from the hollow trunks of old trees, where they had found refuge for the night, other children, their nakedness hardly concealed by a few greasy rags flapping against the mottled limbs of the creatures, heirs of shame and sorrow, and heritors of misery and its necessary crime. I have seen a poor family, ragged, and hungry, the children running after an ugly pug-dog with a velvet jacket on, who was taking the air, led by an attendant footman with gold-headed staff. I have seen an old woman of eighty, painted, periwigged, bejewelled, and brocaded, taking an airing in a gorgeous coach, three footmen hanging on behind, her ladyship's companion a cynical faced pug, probably the only friend she had in the world, and I have seen another old woman of eighty—any of the Wapping Old Stairs watermen will remember Mary Mudlark—up to her mid-leg in the Thames, raking and scraping the mud and water for rags, bits of sticks, ginger-beer bottles, scraps of iron, or whatever she could recover from the waters, by which she might earn a few pence to keep her from starving.

But it is painful to multiply these painful contrasts of condition, which every day's walk exhibits, one only conclusion can we draw from these spectacles, namely, how far removed is man by the accident of fortune from his fellow man, how utterly abandoned, even in the centre of civilization, outlawed from human aid, protection, sympathy as soon as he ceases to have certain tokens of humanity, in silver, gold, paper, or brass about his person.

This is a wonderful age. We have discovered steam, and the atmospheric principle, and useful knowledge, and the electric telegraph, and Warner's benevolent engines and what not, our maxims, too, are fine, cut and dried specimens of practical good-sense, "Go-ahead," "Every man for himself," "The weakest to the wall," and "Devil take the hindmost."

We have found out that money is the one thing needful, that capital is the only thing to save the country, and that England (meaning you and I) can never have too much capital, that labour is a thing to be bought with capital at the lowest possible price, that labourers are machines for producing more and more capital, of which we (you and I) never can have enough, that some people believe labourers have souls, and all are convinced they have bodies, but that the proper way to deal with them is, politico-economically, that is, as if they had neither bodies nor souls.

These are grand discoveries, we admit, but, with the exception of Warner, steam, useful knowledge, and the atmospheric, we do not think the dark ages, as they are called, need knock under. The dark ages never found out that nice adjustment of the process of taxation, by which the entire time and all the energies of the labouring man are insufficient to drive the wolf from the door, nor was the tyranny of feudal lords a whit more arbitrary or irresponsible than that with which, in our enlightened age, capital dictates the time and wages of labour.

What a sight is a "Block-up" near Temple Bar about four o'clock in the afternoon, the multitudes of vehicles of every class, from the carriage of the wealthy citizen to the hand-truck of the itinerant dealer in ginger beer, all huddled together, pell-mell, in apparent inextricable confusion, what noise, what tumult, oaths, jests, ejaculations, what ill-suppressed impatience of lost time, until the leading

obstruction being removed the massive procession slowly creeps onwards, again to be blocked on Ludgate Hill or Cheapside

Stop thief! An elderly gentleman walks down Holborn Hill, with his silk handkerchief hanging invitingly out of his pocket, saying, "Come take me, one of the light-fingered gentry following far behind, watches his opportunity, two middle-aged ladies keep an eye on the pickpocket, and, soon as the crime is perpetrated, cry, "Stop thief! the delinquent takes the hint, and, throwing his head back on his shoulders, darts with the swiftness of a hare down the Hill, doubles a coal-waggon, is lost in a cab-stand, and disappears like a flash of lightning into Field Lane, where he finds a refuge and a market

Sometimes he escapes scot free, but at last, we meet him handcuffed with the identical handkerchief—the enquirer "hoist with his own petar," in custody of two tall policemen, who, with looks of triumph, anticipatory of being complimented as these "active officers," and rejoicing in a "case," bring the delinquent along. With streaming eyes, a couple of little dragged girls—partners in vice and misery, follow the prisoner, and the crowd run along in the kennel to catch a glimpse of his features, as, doggedly, and with an air of injured innocence, the poor wretch is hurried to captivity

SMASH! *tinkle, tinkle*—a broken pane! One of the huge plate-glasses of one of our flash shops. A mob gathers in a moment, or, rather, it does not gather, it *appears* as if it came up through a trap in the wood-pavement, you hear the smash, and see the crowd, and can hardly tell which was first, the neighbouring shopmen run out in alarm, find it is Snooks's window, and run in again, rubbing their hands, and chuckling. Snooks himself, with brows knitted and stockings to match, rushes out, scans the mob with an inquisitive, suspicious look, which replies again to him with Macbeth's answer to Banquo, "Thou canst not say I did it." Snooks asks a tall policeman, who by the merest accident happens to be on the spot, what he (Snooks) pays rates for, to which the officer of justice, towering over the mob, like a stork among a flock of starlings, replies, "I'm sure I don't know." "Why didn't you take him," enquires the victim, "Where is he," enquires the man of the "force." "Don't you wish you may get him?" exclaims a mischievous butcher's boy

Screigh-ee wee-e—keek-keek-keek—kee-wee-kee-wee—Tum-tum tum—'Tis Punch—our ubiquitous, immortal friend Punch!

In one of the quiet streets, debouching into the Strand, near enough to seduce the laughter-loving passers-by, yet not too near to interfere with the full flow of the living current—in an eddy of the populous stream, Punch establishes his theatre, at the first tap of drum and flourish of pandean pipe, the little populace of the neighbourhood collect in great force, the fore-ground is made up of little "toddles, behind them, tier above tier are all ages of the rising generation, those who are to lay us in our graves, grown-up people, half ashamed, yet lingering, look on, in spite of business and care, even the Savoyard boy hitches up his organ and grins, as does the monkey on his shoulder, when Punch, belaboured by the ghost, clamours lustily for the poker

Crack—crack—crack—into his flanks goes the whipcord with right good will—he brings up a bit—now he stumbles again—

crack—crack—he goes on his knees—he is whipped on his feet—he falls over on his side—he never gets up again *Crack—crack—* Oh! very well—whip away till you are black in the face—the poor animal's time is up—his slavery is over—he will never drag wain more The mob comes up, as usual, through the chinks of the stones, or else drops down from the sky, but there it is, talking, shouting, giving advice, loosening the traces, dragging away the wagon shafts from poor old Dobbin, whose glazing eye, and short, heaving breath, shows that his heart is broken The whip—that universal horse medicine, is applied to head, withers, and flank, but it won't do, Dobbin merely lifts his head, as he would say, let me die in peace, winces under the lash, and lays himself down again

The knacker is sent for Dobbin cannot be permitted to die in peace—a dead horse and a *killed* horse are two different things in the cat s-meat market—the knacker's cart arrives in double quick—the mob admires the cart, the royal arms, and the inscription, "Knacker to her Majesty" The royal knacker—a swell knacker in cords and tops, with a bit of butcher's apron, just as big as a bishop's—merely to distinguish his profession—pole-axe in hand, descends from his vehicle, the delighted mob closes in, eager to witness the scientific operation The pole-axe is driven at one blow through the frontal bone of the expiring animal, a willow wand, finger thick, is pushed into the hole, and twisted about in the brain pan with great dexterity, the animal is fearfully convulsed, writhing in the most intense agony—the mob is quite in raptures at every kick of one brute and twist of the other—fainter and fainter become the death struggles of Dobbin—another turn or two, as a finisher—he is dead

Now a chain is fastened to the dead horse's neck, and made fast at the other end to a windlass, with rack and pinion fixed between the shafts of the knacker's vehicle, this is tilted up, and Dobbin slowly ascends, amid the facetious remarks and jocose sallies of the gratified spectators "Passengers, exclaims one fellow (a laugh), "Real Epping," shouts another (laughter), "Polonies," shrieks a third (much laughter), "Small Germans," "Leg of beef," "Kidney puddins, and a profusion of other allusions to the probable esculent qualities of the respected deceased

A few extempore fights, got up by rival pot-boys, diversify the entertainment, the royal knacker disappears, the mob "maketh itself air, into which it vanisheth," and you walk off, greatly pleased with the extreme sensibility and innate dislike of anything like cruelty, which so eminently distinguishes the true-born cockney

We often pause to watch the progress of a batch of raw recruits following an iron-faced drill-sergeant through London Streets, gawky lads, hawbucks, country clowns, and more rarely the pale-faced artizan, by pressure of competition, choked off his trade, and forced to take the "shilling" There is the determined-looking poacher, who has compromised with justice, and engaged to enlist to save himself from transportation or imprisonment, there is the discharged groom, in his master's livery waistcoat, and there, trotting along by himself, ashamed of his position and society, is the scamp of some decent family, the ne'er-do-well, the plague of his father, and the heart-break of his mother, with whom every course has been tried and tried in vain, and who is now abandoned to his

fate, the necessary consequence of misconduct. There, too, in a shabby suit of black, remains of old decency, with downcast eyes and despair pictured in his face, is one who has tried many a way of life, and tried in vain, too poor to have any friends, and too proud to lead a life of dependence—he becomes a soldier.

There is a sympathizing look in the spectators, as these poor fellows, foot-sore and weary, pass along their way, casting hurried glances of astonishment at the splendours surrounding them on every side, we cannot help following them into the obscurity of their homes, and conjecturing what divers motives have contributed to drive them thence. Some caprice of village maiden, some worse than manslaughter of lordly pheasant, some step mother darkening the threshold, some strike of work, some family bereavement, or, most lamentable of all, some sudden gust of passion or of pride, the abandonment of reason in the fatal cup of intemperance, these are the sources whence spring innumerable victims to the devouring man of war, these are the remote causes by which the Empire of Britain is extended and maintained at the extreme ends of the earth.

Yesterday these were individuals, to day they are component parts of a great machine, will, action, motion, absorbed in the great business of discipline, these are they who make the glory of heroes, who fill up with big words, despatches, who figure in the lists of killed, wounded, and missing, or who, escaping a thousand varied modes of death, return shattered and out-worn, in the decline of life, to find themselves strangers in their own land.

CHAPTER XXVI

A DISSERTATION OF THE SPECIES COCKNEY

GENUS—Homo

SPECIES—Cockneius

HABITAT—Urbs Londinensis

Transactions of the Sillilological Society

WE borrow the above definition from that erudite body, the Sillilological Society, of which we are an unworthy member—though we confess it modestly, not altogether unknown to fame—having read a paper upon a new rat we had the good fortune to discover in the mud at low water—the specimen was unluckily a dead one, which prevents our referring the reader to the animal itself for further particulars, we can only direct his attention to the transactions, Vol cccxvi p 784, where he will find a full description of the *mus rattus Puddledockianus*, with a figure of the animal, its measurements, a cross section of its skull, and a microscopic examination, by Professor SWIVELYE, of the structure of the scales upon its tail.

Our dissertation upon that canine variety of the genus HOMO, commonly and vulgarly called COCKNEY, was intended to have been read before the learned Society aforementioned, and was prepared for that purpose, but was unfortunately objected to by the Committee of Publication, on the ground of not being sufficiently dull, a decision to which we submitted without a murmur, satisfied of the discretion and ability of that Committee in determining upon the value of all papers in which dulness is a necessary ingredient.

It is to say that our paper was rejected—one on “the variety

of colours in a tom-tit's egg being substituted for it, and, such as it is, the reader will have an opportunity of reading it, if he chooses, from beginning to end, or letting it alone

We omit, in this place, the preamble, or philological inquiry into the origin of the word COCKNEY, which has divided with the equally obscure root, FUDGE, for many years, the labours of the *Jawbological Society*. Whether the term is derived from the well-known anecdote of the Londoner, who, hearing a horse neigh, enquired, what noise was that, and, being told, applied the term usually used to designate equine, vocal sounds, to a cock, exclaiming, *How that cock neighs!* or, whether it is derivable from the Greek, *oikogenes*, or a diminution of *coke* or *cook*, or from the Italian *cocagna*, which is possible, as, indeed, are all the other roots, if not true, I shall decline entering upon, only stating, that this particular part of our dissertation the learned Committee above referred to did not so much object to, on the score of want of dulness, as to that which follows —

I shall only remark, in connexion with the antiquity of the term, that the earliest known example is from Chaucer,

And when this jape is told another day,
I shall be holden a daffe (fool) or a *cockenay*

The father of English poetry leaves us, however, in the dark, as to the exact import of the term, but, from its connexion with the preceding word *daffe*, the *Jawbological Society* are of opinion (see their *Transactions* Vols cccv, ccvi, and xviii, passim) that its meaning was the reverse of complimentary

A cockney is vulgarly supposed to be any person born within the sound of Bow bells, but this opinion we scout altogether, as it is not to a distinction of race, but of manners, that the force of the word, as at present in use, is applicable. Every city of great size, as well as London, has its cockneys of one sort or another, who form a peculiarly distinctive race, easily marked and recognized by their characteristic habits and appearance. It is not where he is born, whether within or without the sound of Bow bells, that in our opinion stamps the character of the COCKNEY, but whether he remains in that particular part of London all his life, or in some other part of it, it is his untravelled character that marks him distinctively, for, if a cockney travels, he is no longer a cockney. Cockneys leave London, but no cockneys come back. I do not include a trip to Margate in the geography of a travelled cockney, nor a visit to the Eel-pie House at Twickenham. I talk of travel in its extended sense, as for example, a trip to Paris, the Rhine, America, Ireland, or other foreign parts.

The little cockney is carefully trained in the way he should go, so that when he becomes a big cockney he may not depart from it. His first ideas are of luxury in eating and drinking, his mother's milk is no "sky-blue," I can assure you. He is fed and fattened like a little pig, and he lies in the best of straw, he never knows what it is to want any toy he cries for, or to be without twopence a week, at least, for sweet stuff, he refuses point blank to go to school under a halfpenny, and will not look at the inside of a church unless paid beforehand.

As he progresses towards boyhood the characters of the cockney

develop themselves more and more, he learns at school all the cruelty towards other boys, devilment, and scapegraceism,—for which the apology is, that it makes boys “*sharp*,” and which, if not directly encouraged in our schools, are at least tolerated in a manner most effectual for turning out case-hardened little blackguards into that world, which, it must needs be confessed, this sort of education is best suited to. Our youth plays cricket, spins cockchafers, impales frogs, beats other boys, and is beaten, learns to be “*game*,” and have “*pluck*,” and other polite literature, he angles for tittlebats in Highgate Ponds, plays truant through the courts and alleys of Cheapside, plays at “pitch and toss” for halfpence, buttons, marbles, and others his personal property, and thus acquires the first rudiments of that commercial education which so greatly distinguishes him in after-life.

At what time he begins to smoke and drink gin and brandy-and-water, is uncertain, the former accomplishment is greatly promoted by the profusion of shops where a preparation of rhubarb, yellow ochre, and olive oil is vended, under the tantalizing incog of penny cheroots, the latter he usually acquires, rather by example than precept, of his respected father, in the course of the Sunday evening service.

The youthful cockney is wonderfully precocious in love, being seldom without a young woman “what he keeps company with,” after fourteen or fifteen he is the young woman’s “young man,” and she is the “young man’s” “young woman.”

With his young woman, neatly dressed, arm in-arm, the amorous cockney essays the steep of Hampstead, and from the summit of the Highgate Alps surveys a region which is *not* London, on the other side, with his young woman he makes his *entree* into fashionable life, spending an evening at Vite Condick (White Conduit) House, or indulging in a gala at the Eagle, the former representing the cockney Whitehall, the latter doing duty for the Italian and English opera of that enlightened and distinguished nation.

THE HEAGLE

I will go to the Heagle!—I must go to the Heagle!
I won't be kept from the Heagle

Chorus of Juvenile Cockneys

Few travellers of any note, who have made the grand tour from Paddington to the Bank, are allowed to pass without notice a large, and by no means undistinguished edifice, somewhat resembling a town-hall, or chamber of commerce, hard by the sweet waters of the Regent's canal, and within view of the ground made classic by the parcel-warehouses of Pickford—that man of mighty fame, in one of whose north-country waggons we had the honour to make our first appearance in this vast metropolis. This classic structure—we do not allude to the waggon,—is graced with mighty columns supporting a pediment, the pediment supporting the identical “*HEAGLE*” which gives name to the temple of Bacchus, Clio, and Terpsichore, for to all these deities is this structure dedicated, being at one and the same time a tavern, an opera-house, and a ball room. Not being conversant with architecture, and having little opportunity to draw comparisons between the interior decorations of great

houses, we cannot give the curious reader a detailed description of this delightful place—our own private opinion is, that Devonshire House and Chatsworth are fools to it.

Plate-glass folding doors, Spanish mahogany bar-fittings, noble coffee-room, for *gents* only, ball-room, with mirrors extending from floor to ceiling, *imposing*-looking waiters running to and fro, 'pon my word and honour, reader, it is the grandest place I ever was in in my life.

Out of doors it is all the finer, merrier, and more exhilarating. It is a Saturday afternoon in summer, all the way from St Mary Axe, Houndsditch, and Petticoat Lane, troop the pretty Jewesses,

- Jewesses sunny bright,
With shining gold, and jewels sparkling clere,

as old Ned Spenser has it, who no doubt was many a time and oft at the Eagle in his day. There they come, with their family-like-ness noses, their deep flashing oriental eye, their lustrous black hair, their huge ear-drops, necklaces and brooches, their screwed-up waists, then long dresses sweeping the ground, all silks, satins, and lutestrings, none of your printed cottons, or eleven-and-sixpenny *mousselines de laine*, every stitch the silk-worms have sweated for. With these come the young Moseses, Solomons, Levis, all in the genteelst of black, with waistcoats of velvet, and cataracts of black satin, not to speak of gold chains, rings, and trinketry, in which these young gentlemen greatly delight. These are going to their ball, but, as they are very exclusive, we prefer to follow the Christian population now swarming into the garden.

We stop at the pay-office, where with great propriety the door-keeper insists on every churlish cockney, who, neglecting his "young woman," comes to see the fun in cheerless celibacy, paying double, while the free-hearted young fellow, who trips along with his sweet-heart,—doubling his enjoyment by dividing it—is admitted with strict poetical justice, at half-price.

You enter with your young woman—for I don't take the trouble of writing this description for fellows who go by themselves,—and the full glories of the Heagle burst upon your and your young woman's admiring visual orb. It is a gala night—the little firmament of many-coloured lamps is disposed in twinkling constellations, the little fountains sputter out of the mouths of little Cupids their half-pint of water per hour, the little gold fishes swim at top of the ten gallon ponds, o' purpose that your young woman may see them, and *flirt* their little tails, as much as to say, "we knows what you two are arter." The little shells glitter like bits of silver among the little ferns and water-lilies, that look like little topazes and emeralds, the little trees put the best side of their little leaves foremost, and the little sparrows, not to be outdone by the orchestra, chirrup, chirrup among the little trees.

The statues, or, as your young woman chooses to call them, "*statures*," shine all bright and lively in the open air, and though but plaster of Paris, are as much admired as if they were real Canova, your young woman, peeping with the curiosity of her sex into a little hole in the wall, cries "Crikey," and calls out, "Joe, look here, how beautiful!" Joe has a peep, beholding his phiz much broader than long, his mouth drawn o' one side, and his eyes

“leering opposite ways, your young woman peeping over your shoulder, laughs, crying, “Well, I never!—What a Guy!”

You by no means omit a peep at the “Dissolving Views” in a dark corner, nor a scrutiny of the “statues,” upon which a wag has chalked such names as happen to suit his fancy, by this time the musicians make their appearance in the orchestra—a sort of Chinese edifice—and entertain you with the overture, merrily scraped, to *Fra Diavolo*

Now a gent, dressed like a high-sheriff, with a tremendous cocked hat—they wear cocked hats at Vauxhall, and why not at the *Heagle*?—comes to the front, and favours you with a sentimental ditty, then you have a glee for two cocked hats and a chip-bonnet, then a duet for two gipsy hats, and, to conclude this part of the entertainment, a grand chorus by “the strength of the company”

Long ere this, if you have been as attentive as you ought to the comforts of your young woman, you will have edged away to the door of the theatre, now closely blockaded by an eager crowd of applicants for front seats. The door opens, you tumble in, get a comfortable seat, with a bench before, and a high back behind, exchange your refreshment-ticket for whatever your young woman fancies—rum shrub, probably, the waiter, eagerly anticipating your eleemosynary penny, places the sweetly, spirituously, acidulously intermingling beverage before you. You light your cigar, and having taken into custody your young woman’s bonnet and pocket-handkerchief, patiently await the opening of *LA SOMNAMBULA*

My blessings on the man that invented this pretty little story of woman’s trusting love, suspected, flung away like a faded flower, lamented with the agony of a broken heart, and recovered, restored, triumphant, by the same mysterious means that led to suspicion, jealousy, and despair. Although Frazer is not exactly Rubini, and Miss Forde would not, perhaps, compare herself to Grisi, yet, let me tell you, they play and sing in a style that would not discredit any provincial theatre, the orchestra is very fair, and the little opera well got up, always considering the moderate price you pay for it.

The opera and rum shrub being finished, a glass of something “short” is necessary to cheer up your young woman’s heart, a comic song concerning that favourite housewife’s assistant, “*hearth-stone*,” to a popular air in *Fra Diavolo* contributing thereto. Then you have a *pas de-deux*, or perhaps a ballet, after which you return to the garden, where fireworks, and “God save the Queen, by all the cocked and gipsy hats, terminate the gala at the *Heagle*”

HORNSEY WOOD

WITH his young woman, too, does the cockney explore the rural retreats of Highbury Barn and Hornsey Wood, nay, he has been known to penetrate as far as the Seven Sisters in a fair summer’s evening. Any of these retreats are well worth the attention of the student in human nature, but our own especial choice is Hornsey Wood, the most tea-drinkingest place north of the Metropolis. We like Hornsey Wood for reasons weighty and sundry, first, all the roads leading to it are pretty, whether we travel north by Islington, Highbury, the Sluice House, and by the banks of the pleasant New River, not forgetting to tumble over every haystack in the season;

or whether we come west by the Brecknock Arms, and along that pleasant, billiard-table-like turnpike-road, that kisseth the feet of the Hampstead and Highgate Hills, or whether we reach it from the north, over Highgate Archway, as through the jocund village of Muswell, *vulgo* *Mussel Hill*, or from the east, all our lines lie in pleasant places. Rights of way abound, and stiles—*humane* stiles, fit, as old Judge Foster said, for very old women, and very young children,—stiles, which crossing, you invoke a blessing upon the worthy tenant, who respects the convenience of age, and the modesty of sex, and putteth the steps close together,—nor is our visual orb degraded, as old Beckford of Fonthill used to say, by “trespassers will be prosecuted, or ‘No thoroughfare’ We ramble along, passing the Sluice House, famous for eel-pies, not without stopping to put half a dozen in our pocket, nor omitting to have a good laugh at the dozen of cockney anglers locked up in a kind of hen-coop, ten yards long by three wide, abutting upon the New River, for which these patient disciples of Walton pay a shilling a head, hoping therefore to captivate one or two tittlebats, roach, or gudgeons, allured to this *preserve* by the offal of the Sluice House larder. A pleasant pathway leadeth us gently up the swelling hill, upon which stands, in all its licensed dignity, Hornsey Wood House, a stately mansion. Beyond on the very summit of the eminence, is the wood itself, a little scrubby patch of some dozen acres, not cut, carved, and dissected, by the hand of landscape or other gardener, but left in its natural boskiness, brushiness, wilderness,—and that is why we like it. For you must know, the gardens of most of the tea-drinking establishments about London consist merely of so many dozen arbours, as like as eggs to eggs, sheltered by honey-suckle, or hop, or alder, with beer-bemused bench in the middle, and sparrow besmirched form on either side, with no other perfumes than stale tobacco, no other sound than the clinking of pots of beer, and no more picturesque view than pot boy hurrying to and fro with the same.

But at Hornsey Wood there is a little meadow, a little lake, with little boats on it, and instead of arbours ready cut and dry for you, you have only to select your own, under the shade of spreading hawthorn in the little wood, and then and there you may kick up heels, and enjoy yourself, reposing on the bosom of your mother earth. You have views, too, from Hornsey Wood, that anywhere would be accounted fine, to the north-east a long, dense, horizontal line of deepest green points out the site of Epping Forest, and nearer you have the sweet verdant meadows of the flowery vale of Lea—Walton’s own pleasant vale, where angling, he caught the hearts of men, and basketed them to all ages, with the bait of his happy humour, natural piety, and sweet sensibility to the loveliness of all created things.

In the north-west the sun is sinking in all his glory behind the massive woods of Caen, flinging broad deep shadows over the subja-cent vale, while his departing ray glints upon the summit of the Kentish hills, and tips the giant dome of St. Paul’s with a speck of golden fire. To the south, west, and east extends the long line of cloud that hovers over murky London, whose towers and pinnacles vainly seek to penetrate the unobscured ether where reigns the crescent moon, and her lady in waiting, one fair star of evening.

Around, about, and on every side, is the hum of happy human

voice, the smile of happy human face, the merry, musical laugh of childhood, mad with its escape from town, revelling in wild flowers, rejoicing in the luxury of life. The tender mother is there, with studious care watching over the little life at her breast, the buxom maid, with her watchful lover, jealous, attentive, and observant, the contented father, smiling inwardly at the freaks of his frolicsome little ones, age does not disdain to look on, rejoicing in the general joy or to receive from little hands the proffered wild flower or the ravished hawthorn bough.

This is what we like best of all. We like to see nature take men and bind them in her flowery chains, and make them feel that there are fairer things than money, and sweeter toils than work, and nobler cares than gain. Shall we be laughed at because nature is found in a cockney tea garden, or because cockneys love the few and far between approaches to her that their pent-up lot admits? Laugh then, and grow fat, we are a cockney, we love a bit of anything green, we love Stationers' Hall Court, with its one green plat, and its one green tree, we love our own geranium in our own pot, and our own mignonette in our own broken jug, we love our neighbour in the back attic, who has a Southern aspect, and who gets out his crocuses a fortnight before the second floor, we love Hornsey Wood, and everybody that goes there!

There is a ball-room in Hornsey Wood House, with an orchestra, and so forth, but balls are uncommon events, your cockney is not a saltatory animal. Besides, we honestly confess we don't much relish ball-rooms, they remind us forcibly of ten-and-sixpenny tickets, and King Street, St James's, the demon of gentility hovers over them and demands that everybody should do their best to freeze everybody. Why should we not, at Hornsey Wood, have a dancing green as well as a bowling green? why should not the master of the ceremonies, as in merry France, come round, hat in hand, to arrange the quadrille, give partners, and collect coppers for the fiddlers? why should not you or I lead a lady forth to the dance without the ceremony of a previous introduction? why should cockneys not be light-heeled as well as light-hearted? and why should our souls be disquieted within us, because we only earn thirty shillings a week, and Snooks, of Clapham Common, our employer, is worth a hundred thousand pounds?

The cockney goes to Margate, Ramsgate, and Boulogne, the great end of his travel is to accumulate materials for that contempt with which he regards the great desert outside London Wall, including, of course, the West End of Town. One or two cockneys have gone as far as Ireland, for the purpose of writing books upon that unfortunate country, and which, to do them no less than justice, are as good books as could possibly be written about any country,—by men who knew nothing about it. All nations have their particular prejudices, they are mad upon some point, and hate all other nations for not being as mad as they on the same point, and on the same side, and you will observe that the prejudice of one nation creeps out most strongly in animadverting upon the prejudice of another. It is the same with individuals, being atoms of the great family of nations, whenever you see a man *down* upon the bigotry or intolerance of another man, you may be sure the former is intolerant, or a bigot on the opposite side. The bigotry of the cockney nation is

most striking with respect to *cooking* and *cuddling*, the cockney is cooked and cuddled, and has the most lively contempt for nations in which cooking and cuddling are not the great objects of life. Margate is damned for not knowing how to cook a beef-steak London fashion, and Boulogne is consigned to perdition for not having carpets on every floor, and curtains on every window. At the same time, we must do the cockney the justice to confess, that, if he is fond to excess of comfort, he is very willing to pay the market price for it. He loves his home, and delights in seeing it tidy, but he also loves *work*, and will struggle to the death to make himself comfortable. The cockney is an independent man, he will not live upon anybody, he will not be under a compliment to any body, he smokes his cigar, and drinks his brandy and water, but he works for them, and would not relish them if they were to be obtained at the cost of any one else. Liberty with him is synonymous with having plenty of money, and he knows very well that plenty of money is only to be bought with plenty of work. Accordingly, he labours at his business or avocation whatever it may be, with great assiduity, and works out his independence, by toil and perseverance.

The cockney is not overburdened with learning, yet he is learned in the best sense, he is learned in his trade, business, profession, this he knows well, and what he engages to do he can do. The dead languages he knows very well will never get him credit for a beef-steak, nor the mathematics procure him a pot of beer. He minds some business connected with productive industry, and leaves learning to fools who have no taste for victuals. He knows very well that knowledge is *not* power, except so much of it as may be *applied*, the cockney learns just as much as he can apply. He is a man of one idea, but that is a good one.

Although fond of work, as we have said, yet our cockney is not a mean fellow, he hates mean fellows, and thinks nothing of leaving his employment for no other reason than that his master is a mean fellow, he likes to live up to his income, when he is of a saving turn he is generally a crew, but generally he is a liberal, though not generous fellow—we say, not *generous*, for he will not deny himself anything to give to others. When he has enough for himself, and to spare, then he is liberal.

He has no sentiment, perhaps not even the illustrious Yankee Doodle nation—of which we can never think with sufficient awe and admiration, has less of the ideal than our cockney, he is never touched with tender pity. If his acquaintance die he generally consoles him by inquiring how they will “cut up,” and they are happy in his remembrance if he does not refer to their exit simply as “a good job, too.” He has no more feeling than a post-boy’s leather breeches, everything that touches the heart with him is “stuff,” “gammon,” “walker,” or “Martin,” he delights in a prize-fight, and does not think himself in the least degraded by encouraging two unfortunate Englishmen to pound themselves into a jelly, for hire. He thinks hanging “a good job too,” and argues stoutly in favour of capital punishments and every kind of cruelty. He regrets the cessation of bull-baiting and cockfighting, and calls humanity Martin a humbug. He asserts that barbarous and cruel sports and pastimes are good old English customs, and thinks it necessary, to the maintenance of these, that a man should be a little of a brute.

He affects the sporting character, as far as betting for goes of gin and brandy-and water, and never fails to be in a Derby sweepstake

In politics he is usually a liberal, if poor, and a conservative if rich, but in either case he is loyalty mad. He loves every crowned head to adoration, cannot express the intense affection he has for the Emperor of anywhere, or the King of anywhere-else, he will, at any time, lose a day running after them, and thinks himself the luckiest dog alive in having an opportunity of huzzaing at their heels. He always gets up a splendid "spread" for these sort of people at the Mansion House, and would extend his hospitality alike to the Pope, the Autocrat, the Dictator, or the Cham of Tartary. Republicans he does not like, and takes no notice of Presidents, though, in everything except his adoration of royalty, he is independent in talk and action. He never speaks of the late Duke of York without veneration, and is sure to remind you that George the Fourth was the "finest gentleman in Europe." He divides his heart between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, but every other little Prince and Princess comes in for a share of his affection.

For his part he thinks there never can be taxation enough, he delights in an additional impost, and praises the skill of every successive Chancellor of the Exchequer. He growls and grumbles to be sure, because that is his privilege—value received for taxes, but he thinks it glorious to have to pay so many taxes, and that he is a glorious fellow to be able to pay them. He growls at a coffee house, abusing the government over five glasses of brandy-and-water, and the government he has been growling at takes its revenge by putting three out of the five shillings he has paid for his liquor, into its pocket. He cannot moisten his throat, inveighing against men in power, without *paying for*, while he *wets*, his whistle. Every new tax is, in his opinion, a compliment to his industry and skill, as well as to the great resources of his country, putting his hand in his pocket, he returns the compliment in hard dollars.

He sees nothing wrong in the doings of men in power, or, if a doubt ever does cross his mind about the honesty or propriety of their goings-on, he consoles himself with thinking that any other ministry would be just as bad, and that Wellington and Peel are as good as any of "the lot." He quite approves of the uttermost extravagance in all public departments, and hates an economical administration for being "mean fellows." He wonders how you can expect any gentleman to do nothing under five thousand a year, and insists that the bishops and judges *ought* to be well paid, meaning, that they never can have enough. He vindicates the pension-list on the ground that at the present "lot" didn't have his money, his money would be spent upon some other "lot," he also approves of ambassadors having each eleven thousand pounds a year, because it is an honour to him to have to pay it, and is in raptures with the appointment of lords and lords' sons, nephews, and dependants to every office, because it gives him the pleasure of supporting his betters.

The cockney has little humour and no wit, he is too practical for wit, which does not pay, and his genius is not turned to the humorous. The mob of cockneys generally trade in wit upon a succession of slang phrases, borrowed from some of the minor theatres, and which answer in their turn to the "Since when, I

pray,' or the "much" of Mrs Quickly, and the "humours" of Corporal Nym

All in my eye '
 D'ye see anything green ?
 Flare up and sport your ochre '
 Does your mother know you 're out ?
 Has your mother sold her mangle ?
 What a shocking bad hat '
 All very well, Mr Ferguson but you don't lodge here
 Who stole the donkey ?
 There you go with your eye out '
 Over the left
 Damme ' whose afraid ?

And other concise witticisms of this very threadbare quality The latest we have been able to collect of these sentences, which represent the wit of the cockney nation, is,

What a sight for a father !

Professor Snufflebotham, of the Jawbological Society, assures us that the above quoted sentences are by no means vulgarisms, as might be supposed, and in a very erudite paper the Professor gives us classic authority for every one of them, of which we regret our limited space precludes inserting more than those that follow

"All in my eye "

Shenstone's pleasure was *all in his eye*

JOHNSON, *Lives of the Poets*

"D ye see anything green ?"

Sweet Cythrea sitting by a brook,
 With young Adonis lovely, fresh, and green

SHAKSPEARE, *Passionate Pilgrim*

"Hookey Walker!"

"Whose are these fine lines?"—*Hookey Walker* Our own
Recreations of Christopher North

STARLIGHT

WHAT are ye ? gems of living light,
 Which deck the vestal brow of night
 With coronet so fair,
 That nought of earth's most valu'd show,
 The diamond's blaze, the ruby's glow,
 Can with your charms compare

Why do your trembling beams impart
 A soften'd influence to the heart,
 That yet in grief must dwell ?
 Why do we gaze on yon blue sky,
 As though our fates were link'd on high
 With yours, by magic spell ?

Say ! are ye worlds where pleasure reigns,
 Where spirits freed from mortal pains
 Enwreath the unfading flowers ?

And, drinking from the fount of life
 Oblivion of all mortal strife,
 Beguile the blissful hours ?

Or, are ye orbs where spirits pure
 Have, since creation, dwelt secure
 In innocence and love ?
 Where, echoing to the silver lyre
 The voices of a seraph choir,
 In softest cadence move ?

Oh ! for the hour when leaving earth,
 In the first dawn of heavenly birth
 My soul shall wing her flight,
 Released for aye from earthly care,
 From guilt, from darkness, from despair
 To your far realms of light

THE TWO FORTUNE HUNTERS OF GALWAY

BY DOCTOR MILLINGEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE ADVENTURES OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN,
"STORIES OF TORRES VEDRAS," &c

IN the palmy days of the town of Galway, celebrated for its manufacture of whiskey punch, its quarrels, duels, and rows — royal — no gentleman could vie in notoriety and in all the qualifications required for a "Gentleman from Ireland," with Captain Patrick Burke, vulgarly, or rather familiarly, called Pat Burke, or Paddy Burke. He was an independent man, for he contrived to make a very small income sufficient to pay one per cent on the bills which tradesmen had the impertinence to submit to his consideration.

Captain Burke's education had been neglected, for in childhood his eyes were extremely weak, an affection that was considered hereditary, as his father was in general blind drunk. However, he could spell tolerably well hard words of four, and even five syllables. He could sign his name in a manner quite of his own, and, with some application, could copy a letter. Moreover, as our hero was a *gentleman born*, he could not brook the degradation of having a master, or being taught anything, therefore his attainments, which mainly consisted in riding, shooting, dog-breaking, pistol firing, hunting, and drinking, were instinctive and intuitive. In fine, he was what was usually called in the country, "a broth of a boy." His disposition was tolerably good-natured, although rather peppery when "egged up" to a quarrel, and, indeed, he had attained his twentieth year without having fought more than five duels, and killed one man.

His parents had not the means of purchasing a commission for their darling boy, and therefore put him in the North Mayo Militia, as the Lord Lieutenant of that county owed them certain sums, of very uncertain payment, which were liquidated by an ensigncy. The Peninsular war was then waxing warm, and Patrick Burke having persuaded a sufficient number of his men to volunteer into the line, obtained a commission in an infantry regiment, and soon embarked for service. They sailed from the Cove of Cork for Lisbon, after laying in an *illigant* *say* stock, which he paid for by kicking the man who brought him the bill into the sea, by accident entirely.

Our Ensign had not been long in Lisbon when he was ordered to join the army — He now fell to making love and living in free quarters on his line of march, a custom which he maintained was prescriptive amongst troops of the *line*, for when he was quartered in a house it was quite clear that the landlord or landlady should halve their substance with him and his servant, which was just "a quarter a piece." Pat Burke's notion of logic and arithmetic was most instinctive, and he generally found, that what he called the *rule of five* was far more easy than the rule of three. It may be, perhaps, necessary to state that his rule of five meant subtraction and addition with the four fingers and thumb.

Ensign Burke just arrived in time for the desperate battle of Albuera, and one would have imagined that his pugnacious propen-

sities would have been amply indulged in this awful conflict, but, strange to say, whether it proceeded from the dampness of the weather or the bad quality of ration rum—our hero, accustomed all his life to *fall out* with somebody, *fell out* of the ranks and dropped to the rear, complaining of “an all-overness,” “a mighty impression on the heart,” and “the devil’s own pain in the stomach.” One of the surgeons, who was busily occupied in cutting off limbs and extracting bullets, told him that nothing ailed him, and our hero, highly offended at his word being doubted, demanded his card. The doctor replied calmly, that he would give him satisfaction when he had recovered from his desperate wounds. Stung at this reproach, Ensign Burke ventured to return towards the fight, when a shell burst close to him, and he was struck down with what he called the “wind of the ball.” Again the unmerciful son of Esculapius went up to him, fancying that he was severely hurt, but on being acquainted with the nature of the injury that had produced a severe affection of the bowels, he merely recommended him to take a drop of brandy.

Our invalid contrived to get to the rear, as far as *Oliveira*, with the wounded, and here, being quartered in the house of a hospitable Spaniard, he followed the Doctor’s advice, drank plenty of *Aguardiente*, wanted to kiss his landlady, and thrashed his landlord for having the impudence to interfere.

It may appear strange that a person thus circumstanced, who had unfortunately been taken ill at a moment when every one around him was displaying the most undaunted courage and soldier-like steadiness, in the midst of an unparalleled havoc, could so far have reconciled himself to his situation, without some feelings of shame and degradation. This was not the case with our Galway fire-eater. He did not think that a battle was fair play. A duel was a conflict between man and man, and as he was an unerring shot, the chances were that he would, at any rate, “pink” his antagonist.

He was meditating on his situation, and wandering about the town, not knowing exactly what course to pursue, feeling, strange to say, some qualms in returning to his regiment, when fortunately for him, as he was turning round a corner, the Spaniard, whose wife he had insulted and whom he had thrashed (for the Don was a poor weak creature of about five foot nothing, and our Hibernian measured six foot two), had waylaid him, struck him with a stiletto, and left him for dead in the street.

A party of British soldiers picked him up and carried him to one of the field hospitals. On recovering his senses, the first answer he made to the questions put to him by the surgeon, was, that he had been desperately wounded at Albuera, with a bayonet of a French grenadier, whom he had “*chimed*” in twain.

The next morning he was transported, with other wounded, to the Hospitals at Elvas, whence his name was, of course, transmitted to his corps. He had been returned absent, but was now included in the list of wounded, and gazetted as such. The surgeon who had first seen him did not belong to his regiment, and had something else to think of at the time.

The stab Pat Burke received had been severe, his recovery was slow, and his general health, by intemperate living, was so much impaired, that he was ordered to Lisbon by a medical board. However,

before starting, he went to the top of his house, fired two balls through his cap, and hacked with his sword at an iron bar until it was as gapped as a hand-saw. He then most anatomically described to all the youngsters he met on the road, his operation of *chining* the French grenadier, who was roaring out for quarter while he halved him, and showed what a hard skull the fellow must have had, by the deep indentation in his trusty toledo, although he vowed, with a big oath, that the skull was quite soft, compared to the *vagabone's* midriff, a proof that these *Monseers* could stomach anything.

Arrived at Lisbon, he was attached to the depot and the heavy baggage of his regiment, together with the wives and children of the officers and soldiers at Belem, and although he was not in a flank company, he voted himself a grenadier, and sported an enormous pair of epaulettes, with thundering grenades on his riddled cap, his breast-plate, and skirt ornaments.

At this period, Lisbon and Belem were crowded with poor disconsolate officer's wives, who knew not, while dancing, flirting, or card playing, but what they were lonely widows. Many of these afflicted ladies were country women of Mr Burke's, choice specimen of "garrison hacks" from Limerick, Cork, and his own beautiful place—sweet Galway—and in a short time he was comforter general and body guard to a host of them. He would eat and drink with them, walk with them, fight for them if necessary, and Desdemona never listened more attentively to the Moor's seductive recital of his escapes in field and flood, than did our faithful dames to the account of his prowess and his *chining* French grenadiers, a process which he would demonstrate at dinner or supper by splitting up a duck or a goose. This mode of living he found both pleasant and economical, for he contrived to pay for his maintenance by retailing scandal, and mixing in incessant quarrels and squabbles.

It may be easily imagined, that although Mr Burke fulfilled these duties with due exactitude and diligence, his military ones were sadly neglected. Contrary to Belém orders, he often slept out of quarters, was not unfrequently drunk on guard, and was perpetually embroiled in quarrels, which were brought on by the ladies under his protection. In short, the handsome Irish grenadier, as he was called, figured constantly in the orderly book, admonished and reprimanded, until at last he was brought to a court martial, and cashiered for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

The crest-fallen hero of Albuera had not even time to take leave of his fair friends and *protégées*, he was removed to a frigate by the Provost Marshal, and safely conveyed to England, where, however, that part of his sentence which referred to imprisonment was remitted by the Commander-in-Chief, who, Mr Burke stoutly asserted, had not dared to carry it into execution, lest there should be a rebellion in Ireland.

During his short stay in London our unfortunate warrior met, at a chop-house, an old acquaintance and townsman, who was reporter and purveyor to an opposition newspaper, he related to him all his misadventures, and the infamous treatment he had experienced, after his heroic conduct at Albuera. Not only did the papers team with a flaming account of his valour and infamous usage, but his friend introduced him to an Irish artist, who drew him in the act of *chining* the grena-

dier, and in a few days, in every print shop, this glorious achievement was exhibited, with the inscription, "*The gallant Ensign Burke, of — Regiment, CHINING a French grenadier at Albuera*"

Captain Burke considered himself, and was considered, a victim of tyranny nay, a Kerry man of his coterie, declared that he was a *heratomb* sacrificed to the aristocracy of England, and they swore unutterable oaths on gin-toddy and half-and-half, that since their noble countryman, Patrick Burke, the hero, the conqueror of Albuera, befoie whose prowess the star of French glory grew dim, trembled, and disappeared — had been shamefully and infamously obliged to *resign* — Wellington would be driven into the yawning ocean, and his legions swallowed up in the green deep

It was on one of these *SOIRÉES DANSANTES*, for such indeed they might have been called, for the glasses, mugs, bottles, and pots were incessantly dancing a hoy on the table, that our persecuted hero met with an old acquaintance, a Galway man, and another victim of military oppression. This personage was a cashiered hospital mate, of the name of Wriggle Wrench. Now the Doctor, as he called himself, had been broken by a court-martial in the most unjust and arbitrary manner. It appears that he had been attached to the general Hospital at Leira, during the prevalence of great mortality, good wine was scarce, good food equally of difficult attainment, therefore did our Doctor, conjointly with the deputy purveyor, with whom he *chummed*, indulge in the good port-wine prescribed for the sick, and make *spitch-cocks* of the poultry intended and drawn for *ditto*. This system could not last long without detection, and various *medicos*, who were kept on King's own, and not allowed to have a finger in the pie—peached. The result was a court-martial on our epicure. The deputy purveyor had balanced his accounts.

The defence of Dr Wriggle Wrench was most curious, in the first place he endeavoured to prove that his health was bad, his duties most fatiguing, sickness considerable, and mortality dreadful, therefore, as a useful officer, he endeavoured, for the sake of his patients, to take care of himself, and as no good wines could be procured for money, he looked upon hospital wine as medicine. He brought the hospital sergeant to prove that all the *cocks* being considered more nutritious, were invariably served out to the patients, and that it was only with *hens* that the doctor made his spitched cocks, and as a cock could not be made out of a hen, he sought to prove an *alibi* for the cocks. But military men are strangers to all these niceties of the laws, by which Johnson may commit murder, and be acquitted — if he was indicted as Johnston, and any John escape the halter if he had been christened Jack. The court, therefore, while admiring the defence of hospital mate Wriggle Wrench, dismissed him from his Majesty's service.

Our Galway worthies experienced a great sympathy for each other, both were the victims of oppression, both had experienced wrongs that called aloud for national vengeance, but, as both were somewhat hard pushed for cash, they determined to set out together for Ireland.

About the period when the event we are about to record took place, the captain and the doctor had resided for some years in their native town, but neither of them had been very successful in his

career It is true that the fame of Captain Burke had preceded him, that he had become the lion of the place, but his parents had died, his revenue was very scanty, and, as the tradesmen of the place would give no credit, he found it a matter of some difficulty to minister to his manifold animal necessities. A good marriage had been his constant aim, but the Irish ladies, although not very particular in throwing themselves at the head of Englishmen, or strangers, are not so well disposed to bestow their fair hand and fortune on their countrymen, therefore did our hero make love and court in vain. It is certainly true, that necessity made him string so many cords to his long bow, that he was justly considered a male *coquette*,—a character which the fair sex generally avoid. Besides, he was out of the army, had neither fortune, nor chance of promotion. It therefore happened that, although the Galway young ladies had not the slightest objection to involve him in a duel, to add to their many attractions, they would not have grieved had they seen the corpse of their champion brought home on a door. Yet was our captain always making fierce love, whether drunk or sober, and piously expressing his hope that the "Lord would, look down upon any spalpeen who dared to cut him out.

Dr Wriggle Wrench was not much more prosperous in his undertakings. Although his friend, the captain, recommended him, with might and main, as a wonderful physician, who had cured thousands of incurables, his practice was very much circumscribed. The doctor, thus disappointed in a professional point of view, turned his eyes also to some suitable marriage, and perhaps, had he not been a "'pothecary,' he had better chance than his friend Captain Burke. He was a small, thin, spare man, it is true, but pleasing in his manners, had read a multitude of novels and amatory effusions, possessed a retentive memory, could scrape a few notes on the guitar, and sing with tolerable ear and taste some Portuguese *modinhas* and Spanish *regudillas*, and certainly, if he had not obtained any medical experience during his short service in the Peninsula, he had acquired great proficiency in the art of cookery. This science—for such in reality it was—had proved of good service to him, by getting him often asked out to dinner, when his advice was asked and heeded when his professional opinions would have been slighted. Then, he was a skilled angler, and presented his friends occasionally with trout and pike, it being clearly understood that he was to partake of the present, with "trimmings." If his management of solids was thus distinguished, his skill in brewing whiskey punch was spread far and near. It so happened, that amongst the very few persons who called him in was a Dr Foggy, a man of great learning, and who had been a Fellow of Trinity College, and having inherited a very handsome property, and looking upon marriage as the probable source of much comfort, had thrown up his fellowship, and espoused the comely daughter of a pastrycook in Dame Street, whose shop was the general resort of collegians, young lawyers, and officers of the garrison of Dublin, who ate with much *gusto* the pies and puffs, the jellies and syllabubs of Mr Puffins, and flirted *con amore* with his fair daughter, a fine showy girl of about eighteen, with fair hair, rosy cheeks, and with a cheerful and healthy appearance, giving positive contradiction to the medical opinion that pastry was unwholesome.

Now there was as great a difference between Dr and Mrs Fogy as between a plumcake and a sea-biscuit, a glass of cherry brandy, and pump water. She was young, handsome, merry, he was a smoke-dried, spare lath of a man, with a hook nose and cocked-up chin, that nearly met each other, and his hatchet face was so sharp that it was more likely to cut the wind than be cut by it. His jaws were what are commonly called "lanthorn," and his small, round, grey eyes, were so weak from intense study that he constantly wore green convex spectacles. Yet, notwithstanding this great disparity, both as to years and attractions, between the husband and wife, her conduct was most exemplary. She had the sole management of his affairs, was of a domestic turn, and preferred a good breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, to balls, rides, pic-nics, and parade walking.

Now Dr Wriggle Wrench was not only the physician, but the intimate friend of the doctor. He would listen for hours most patiently (over his punch, of course,) to an account of his discoveries in science, and when Mrs Fogy awoke from her sleep, he would plan with her various dishes and *ragouts* that would have puzzled or done honour to Kitchener himself.

Although the discoveries of Dr Fogy are well known in Dublin, and are inserted in the transactions of many learned societies, yet it may be necessary to give some notion of them to the unread reader. He first had discovered that tides were created by the benevolent and all-wise Creator, for the purpose of bringing vessels in and out of harbour. Then, having observed that individuals with prominent noses are in general more near-sighted, or short-sighted, than persons born without noses, or who may have lost that useful handle of their physiognomy by various and sundry accidents, he came to the conclusion that noses were created for the purpose of wearing spectacles. Then he distinguished himself amongst zoologists by discovering that it was only those animals who could raise their hands or paws to the mouth, such as men and monkeys, that were intended to drink wine, quadrupeds who can lap water on the surface of the earth being destined to use it as their common beverage. In this discovery, however, it appears that he was anticipated by Dr Franklin. He then submitted to the Royal Irish Academy a paper to show that it required a force of fifty horse power to break an Irishman's head, whereas a six horse power was sufficient to break his shins, or, to use the vulgar expression, to "peel their bark off."

Dr Wriggle Wrench continued to listen to our philosopher's dissertation on these subjects with great attention, till, somehow or other a marked alteration took place in Dr Fogy's manner. He became more taciturn than usual, would often heave a deep sigh, and a tear might be seen trickling from under his green spectacles as he gazed on Mr Fogy while enjoying some savoury *ragout*. Dr Wrench knew not to what he could attribute this sudden change, but fancied that it might be jealousy. At last he was relieved from all doubt by a confidential conversation with the worthy man.

"Wrench, my good friend," he said to him, with a deep sigh, as he wiped off the dew from his green spectacles,—“Wrench, I feel that I am getting old and infirm, and I now verily believe that I committed a rash act—a very rash act, in entering the holy state of matrimony.”

Wriggle Wrench was silent, for he knew not what to say

After a short pause, and another sigh or two, his friend continued, "I am not blind, my good fellow, to my deficiencies. My ~~hand~~ may be ornamented—highly ornamented, it may please the learned—the wise, but women, alas! are rarely the one or the other, and what chance has an intellectual being with them, when compared to a fine animal. Now, my Molly is young, and beautiful, and attractive—she is rather silly, but men admire her the more for that, as the silliness of women fools imagine sets off their own stupidity."

"I am sure, Doctor, Wrench now ventured to say, "that Mrs Fogy was everything a man could wish in a wife."

"No doubt—no doubt, my young friend—but it is that very *everything* which makes me miserable. The fact is, a sad accident has befallen me, and here the poor man sobbed aloud. "When I say an accident has befallen me, I mean to say a sad accident has befallen my wife," he added.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Dr Wrench, "what can have happened to Mrs Fogy?"

"Happened, sir!—that villain—that dishonourable scoundrel—that privileged assassin, and qualified murderer, Captain Patrick Burke, has dared to write her an amorous epistle!"

"Captain Burke!" exclaimed Wrench,—"impossible! the man can scarcely write his own name."

"It is true that his letter is in hieroglyphics, in pot-hooks," murmured the Doctor.

Wriggle Wrench could not check an inward smile at the last expression, as pot-hooks were so applicable to the lady's propensities.

"Yes, it is a base scrawl, but the intention—the *animus*, is worse ten thousand times than the handwriting. Read it, if you can. Here it is, read it, peruse it."

Thus saying, the poor Doctor handed over the following effusion, written in a hand scarcely legible.

"Oh, ye darling! by the powers, since I clapt my two eyes on you I cannot sleep night or day! what business had you to bestow such a lump of loveliness on that bostoon of a fellow, old rusty, fusty Fogy, instead of a taking a chap like I. I'm the lad for the ladies, and shall be quite convaniant to prove it anyhow. Only say the word, and I'll twirl his ould head round, that he shall see the *karbes** on his own hoofs. Tip us a bit of an answer, if it was only the size of a bee's knee, (in large letters, if it's all the same to you,) and give life or death—Och, murder! and millia murder!—to your ever loving,

"PATRICK BURKE, of Albuera."

"Well! sir," replied Dr Wrench, with a smile.

"Well, sir!—it is not well, sir!—it is infamous!—I will be revenged, sir!"

"But, my dear sir, this is a drunken rhapsody, not worth your notice, and how did you find it?"

"Mrs Fogy herself gave it to me."

"There, sir, you perceive that she treated it with contempt, with ridicule."

"No, sir, she was trying to hide it, to conceal it in her bosom,"

* *Anglice*, chilblains on the heels

when I demanded it, and she is always at the window looking at the caiff, at the cannibal, the troglodite, as he goes by, whistling some rubbish or other' Here the poor old man wept bitterly, and added, "I know it, my friend,—I did a very foolish thing,—but I love Molly dearly I will leave her all I am worth, yes, although she might be base enough, ungrateful enough to marry her poor husband's murderer He would soon ill use her, make her miserable, abandon her She shall never want—never—never!"

"And, in mercy's name, what do you intend to do?"

"Fight him!—fight him!" answered the old Doctor, with a furious thump on the table

"But do you know he is the best shot in Galway?"

"I know it!—I know it! So, if you are my friend, carry him the message My will is made Molly shall have every shilling I possess, between you and me, sir, £1500 a year, besides houses, plate, my books, but what is still more precious than all, my manuscripts, the particulars of my great discoveries So, Doctor, see him, I am inflexible To-morrow morning, sir, he or I must be a corpse"

It was in vain that Dr Wrench sought to pacify the indignant old man, he seemed determined, and, therefore, Wrench lost no time in seeking Burke, fully convinced that he would be able to settle the absurd business without bloodshed He found him at his usual haunt, the billiard room

Dr Wrench informed him that he had matter of importance to communicate, and the pair sallied out together, when the following edifying conversation took place—

"Well, Master Burke, your galawanting has brought you into a pretty mess!"

"What are you after, Mr Doctor?"

"Could no one do for you but my friend's wife, Mrs Fogy,—you must be making love to her?"

"I here you labour under a trifling bit of mistake, it was she that was making fierce love to me, by the powers!"

"All that may be mighty well," replied the Doctor, "but, I'm sorry to say that I am the bearer of a message"

"Is it satisfaction he wants? By heaven! he shall have it in the twist of a cow's thumb! Satisfaction! thunder and turf! Is that should ask for satisfaction, slip an action of damages at her for seduction Is the bostoon tired of life? Tell him he'd better make his will first—the silly old frump!"

"That he has done already, Burke, and as he knows your skill as a dead shot, he has left all he possesses to his wife,—near two thousand a year"

"Two thousand!—urrah! be asy!—two thousand a year!"

"Every tenpenny of it"

Here the Captain paused, and after a few minutes silence, he added, "Do you know, Wrench, I think it would be a devilish unfair thing of me, after all, to shoot the poor gentleman To fight an old man is beyond the beyonds"

"As for the matter of that, replied the Doctor, "it's no great matter, for the poor man has not long to live Heigho!" and here the arch knave heaved a deep sigh

"Why, what ails him?"

"Hav'n't you eyes in your head? Don't you see he's in the last stage of a galloping consumption?"

"Tare and ages! you don't say so!"

"It's but too true. Tubercles in both lobes, vomica in the left, adhesions of the pleura, and hepatised lobe in the right."

"Which manes, I suppose, that he's undone, like a butter-firkin without a hoop?"

"Exactly so, my dear fellow! name your time and place, and, after all, as I just now said, if the poor man falls you will only abridge his sufferings, besides, it will be a great relief to his poor wife, who has a sad job, sitting up and nursing him every night, like a *babby*."

Here Captain Burke stopped short in their walk, and, looking the Doctor full in the face, exclaimed, "And arn't you a nice fellow, to bring me a message from a poor gentleman in *such* a state,—to make a murtheier of me! Ar n't you ashamed of yourself? But I see how it is, you selfish Mohawk! you'd rather the world should say that I killed him than that you did it. Blessed hour! for a man for'to come, for to go, for to say that I, a soldier, should raise my hand on a poor broken down old man! *Harra mon dian!* I've a mind to call you out yourself, Mister Doctor. To saddle your jobs on my shoulders! No, sir. Go to the Doctor, tell him that I humbly ask his pardon. Wouldn't grieve him, or bother him, poor soul! for all the Wicklow mines, with Kilkenny coals and a Kinsale hooker to boot."

Dr Wrench, who was chuckling with delight at the success of his stratagem, now shook his head, and added, "I fear all this will not do—he is determined—and nothing less than an ample written apology——"

"A written apology! Why, man alive, I'm ready to prick my thumb to write one with my own heart's blood, that's what I am, poor dear man!"

This point being settled, Wrench found no difficulty in getting our hero to copy out an apology, which he framed for him.

The friends now parted, Burke, no doubt, to reflect upon his chances of marrying a widow of £2000 a year, and who, he was satisfied, was desperately in love with him; and Wrench, to tranquillize the Doctor, and carry on a plan, which, to his credit be it said, he had only contemplated during his recent conversation with the Captain.

Dr Foggy, as may well be imagined, was fully satisfied with the apology made to him, which he communicated to his wife, who said that she was quite certain that it must have been a mistake, that the Captain was an *shyant* man, and she was sure never could have behaved in such a manner unless he had been the worse for liquor.

Wrench was now determined to pursue the project he had conceived, and commenced his attack on that very evening over a bowl of bishop, which he had concocted for his host, in lieu of whiskey punch.

"I think, my dear friend," said Wrench, "that bishop will prove a much healthier beverage for you than punch, for I have observed of late that after a glass or two your cheeks become flushed and your breathing rather laborious."

"Do you know, Wrench, I have remarked the same thing, and

moreover, of late, my respiration has not been as easy as usual, but possibly it might have arisen from this unpleasant affair, which, thank God, is ended without the necessity of exposing my life and that of a fellow creature I have also observed," added Dr Fogy, "that of late, after eating pea-soup, and drinking bottled beer, I feel a sort of tumefaction, a sense of fulness and puffiness—"

"That disturbs your breathing?"

"Exactly, at any rate it makes me breathe short, so much so, indeed, that I sometimes fancy that I am getting pulmonary."

"Nonsense, replied Wiench, with a forced smile, the artificial nature of which must have been evident to the most unobservant, "why should you fancy such a thing? Surely none of your family were consumptive."

"Pardon me, my good friend, I lost an uncle and a brother by a disease of the lungs."

Wiench was silent, but looked very grave.

"Have you faith in the stethoscope," continued Dr Fogy, "tell me frankly, do you think that it affords any satisfactory results?"

"In my opinion, when used by an experienced practitioner, it is infallible in detecting bronchophony, pectoriloquy, and ægophony. Even in the arteries we can ascertain the *bruit du soufflet*, or, bellows puffing, the *bruit du diable*, or, the devil to pay, and *le chant des oiseaux*, or, the cawing of crows."

"Marvellous, indeed!" replied the Doctor, endeavouring to draw a deep respiration with his mouth full of sponge cake, "and are you expert in the use of this instrument?"

"In our hospitals, in the Peninsula, at Lisbon, at Oporto, Coimbra, Abrantes, Santarém, and a thousand other places, I was considered as unerring in my diagnostic."

"Well, my good friend, I do really think, especially after pea-soup, cabbage, and turnips, that I hear a devilish sort of a rumbling about me, which is, perhaps, this *bruit du diable* that you have been speaking of, and I shall not feel comfortable until you have examined me. To-morrow morning, perhaps, you will bring the stethoscope with you?"

"I never move without it," replied Dr Wiench, "I should as soon think of going without my lunch."

"Then suppose you try it now. There—there,—do you hear a noise, a rumbling, grumbling sound? Egad, I feel a stitch in my side,—ay,—there,—I can scarcely catch my breath."

"Where do you feel the stitch?" asked Wrench, who in reality was so little acquainted with the use of the stethoscope that a penny trumpet would have answered just as well. Here, Doctor, here," replied Fogy, putting his hand on his stomach.

"There, shut your mouth and hold your breath," said the Doctor, who, at first, put the wrong end of the instrument to his ear, "now cough,—harder—harder,—as hard as you can."

The poor old man began to cough so hard that he soon was breathless, and the Doctor having practised what he called auscultation, proceeded to percussion, and with four of his fingers began thumping and banging Doctor Fogy's thorax, which sounded like a kettle-drum, until he was fairly pummelled, and sat down exhausted by the experiment, scarcely able to speak.

When Dr Togy had partly recovered from this percussion, he exclaimed, "I cannot tell you, my dear fellow, how sore I feel, and now tell me, with candour, and let not any idle fear, or false delicacy, prevent you from being explicit, what do you think of my case? Is there any hope?"

"As I am a Christian, and hope to be saved," replied the apothecary, "there is not the slightest reason to entertain any serious apprehension."

"What have you discovered?"

"Why, merely what we call a cavernous respiration."

"Mercy on me!" ejaculated the poor patient, "you call all that no serious ground for apprehension, when my lungs are converted into a cavern!"

"We think nothing of it at all, at all, when compared to the crepitous respiration, or *râle*."

"What is that, in pity's name?"

"Why, its when the lungs crackle like salt in the fire."

"Body o'me!—why, my friend, do you know, I often perceive a saltish taste in my mouth. What sign is that?"

"Oh! that is merely a forerunner of spitting blood."

"My brother used to spit blood by the gallons before he was shipped off for Madeira. And now, my dear Wrench, that you have set my mind at ease—or pretty nearly so—I place myself entirely in your hands, and, if you think a change of climate likely to benefit me, at this period of the disease, I am ready and prepared to make any sacrifice."

"I assure you, at present I do not see anything particularly urgent."

"Particularly urgent—perhaps not, but why not take the malady in time?"

"Well, well, we shall talk more of it another time, you seem a little fatigued."

"Most confoundedly."

"Then retire to rest, and I'll send you a composing draught, and as you are a man of sense, and judgment, and science, I shall bring you a little work which treats on pulmonary disease and the use of auscultation and percussion most amply, but do not conjure up idle fears from its perusal."

"Never fear, never fear, bring me the book,—of all things, I like medical books."

"But they are dangerous—at least, with persons of a weak mind, who indulge in a thousand fancies and chimeras."

"My mind is of cast iron, as regards myself, my good friend. But, pray do not alarm Molly. Poor thing! I should be sorry to make her unhappy. I should have wished to have left my fortune to an heir! but it has been otherwise decreed."

Here the old man wiped off a tear, and shaking his tormentor most cordially by the hand, wished him a good night, and retired to bed, swallowed his draught to the last drop, like a good patient, but still he could not sleep without the most fearful visions of consumption, in all its horrible phases, and, in his chest, back, and sides, were so bruised by *percussion*, that he might have lain more comfortably in a furze bush.

It may be easily imagined that our patient was not much better the following morning, when he was put in early possession of the treatise Dr Wrench had promised him. This he actually devoured until he came to the conclusion that he laboured under *Pleuritis*, *Empyema*, *Hydrothorax*, *Emphysema*, *Pneumothorax*, *Vomica*, and *Phthisis*. He had until then eaten his four meals in the day with good appetite, assisting their digestion with good wine, and a reasonable proportion of punch. He was now put upon milk diet, and bade fair to lodge shortly in his skeleton, until he was lodged in mother earth.

Dr Wriggle Wrench, however, soon perceived that he had over-shot his mark, for, as the dangerous condition of his patient went abroad, Captain Burke redoubled his attentions to the Doctor's wife.

Wrench now only thought of his patient's removal, and meeting Burke, he started the subject, by stating that, although a change of climate afforded the only chance left, yet there was but little hope.

"Then, why not let him stop and die here, like a man?" replied Burke.

"While there is life—even a spark of the vital flame, we must do our duty."

Burke scratched his bushy head, and twirled his moustaches in deep thought, at last he observed,

"But, tell me, old fellow, how long do you think will he hang on the hooks?"

"Why, with proper treatment, I think he may jog on till next March."

"Light months—God! is he as tough as that?"

"It's amazing how these wiry people hold together," replied Wrench. "And do you see, when a man has one foot in the grave, he finds it so cold and uncomfortable, that he is a plaguy long while before he thrusts in the other."

"Whisper now, Wriggle, my boy, you have always found me a warm friend of yours, devil a lie in it. I have recommended you through thick and thin, but your hand has been rather unlucky of late,—can't be helped,—no offence,—you see the best whist players beaten with bad cards and worse luck. Now, if you would do me a bit of a service, and at the same time serve yourself too, perhaps, you would not lose sight of this poor old gentleman, and travel with him. Do, like a good fellow, stick to him like brick and mortar."

"I certainly should have no objections to the journey, on the score of friendship, but then my practice—"

"Blood and ouns! man alive, that's neither here nor there, and I'll tell you what, when you have buried the old fellow *dacently*, and I marry the widow, I'll make up your loss."

"Why, my dear Burke, you speak of the lady as if you were sure and certain of her."

"Cock sure, my lad,—booked her,—didn't I clap my 'comether' upon her at the very first wink. I'm the lad of mettle—cast iron soldered with brass,—by the powers, thick as *pase* in a pod. I met her coming from church—I was coming from chapel,—she smiled at me—och! like the sun on a May-day morning. 'Good mornin' to you, Mrs Fogy,' says I, 'The same to you, Captain Burke,' says

she 'I hope the doctor is better than worse,' says I 'Oh! you wicked man,' says she, 'when I think that you wanted to fight the dear man' I've a mind not to open my lips to you — 'Is it me fight your worthy husband?' says I 'bad luck to me, but I'd rather go to my grave without another fight at all in the world, than say white was the black of his eye — 'Now, that's noble and generous,' says she 'What a pity you're a crow thumper,' says she again, meaning my being a holy Roman 'Och! what a hint, my boy,—what a confession!'

"I do not exactly see that," replied the Doctor, not a little annoyed by this information

"You don't see it? why, you couldn't see a burnt hole in a blanket! Why, she meant to *insinuate*, 'if you're a holy Roman, while I am a Protestant, of what religion shall be our *children*,—now do you take? And so saying, he gave a poke in the side of the Doctor, that was as effective as his own method of percussion, in stopping both breath and utterance

A conversation of a similar description and tendency was kept up between the two worthies for a short time longer, when they separated, no doubt to carry their plans into execution, in the most feasible and prudent manner Dr Wrench found his patient in the same miserable condition, and after some short discussion, in which the Apothecary "used his technical vocabulary" to the best advantage, NICE was fixed upon as his winter residence Wrench consented to accompany the party, a very handsome compensation for his professional *sacrifices* having been agreed on

Our cunning Apothecary was not idle in reconciling Mrs Fogy to the journey, which, he clearly perceived, much to his annoyance, was contrary to her wishes He described the climate of Nice as heavenly, with orange and myrtle groves and bowers, but the markets and good things he extolled to the skies Peaches and apricots and nectarines as profuse as potatoes,—pine-apples and melons as large as pumpkins,—champagne and claret cheaper than small beer,—ottolans and beccafigos as large as partridges, with French cooks, Italian confectioners, and ices, sherbets, and sweetmeats all the day!

A vessel was sailing for Marseilles from the Cove of Cork, and our travellers proceeded on their journey, Dr Fogy, convinced that the climate would prolong his days to perfect his discoveries, Mrs Fogy in the expectation of every enjoyment that a good kitchen could afford, and Dr Wriggle Wrench,—we must leave the parties on their voyage, and venture on a little digression regarding this worthy

The weather was propitious to his operations, it blew rather fresh, and Dr Fogy was confined to his berth, while his fair lady was constantly kept in hers by sea-sickness Nothing could exceed the attention that our doctor showed her In short, Wrench became so necessary to the fair sufferer, that she felt miserable without the dear little Doctor It must, however, be acknowledged, that he was equally attentive to her husband, in administering pills or powders, and in endeavouring to amuse him by medical conversation on consumption, *post-mortem* observations, and curious specimens of diseased lungs, which he had bottled up

The voyage to Nice was long and tedious On their arrival, the

travellers put up at the best hotel, or rather, where Wrench found that the best cook was supposed to be employed

Poor Doctor Fogy's debility was daily increasing, and at length a consultation was held. However, the Physicians disagreed, one maintained that the disease was in the right lung, the other swore it was in the left, until they were made to agree by a third practitioner, who insisted that both were "gone," but all assured him that Dr Wrench, who had called them in, had done all that could be done. Of course, as the malady increased, Wrench's consolations were redoubled. He heard occasionally from his friend Burke, who informed him that his affairs were every day getting more embarrassed, and begged of him to *make haste*. Whether he followed his advice or not, we cannot pretend to say, indeed, it would be difficult to give an opinion on the subject, as the patient was attended by three physicians, until at last, as might have been anticipated, his poor wife became a disconsolate widow. She would have left Nice immediately after the funeral, but her own health was delicate, the climate was favourable, and the cookery was excellent

Captain Burke rarely read the newspapers, but what was his surprise, his indignation, when a kind friend handed him one day a newspaper in which he read, under the head of marriages, the following astounding paragraph

"At Nice, on the 16th May, Wriddle Wrench, Esq M D to Mary, the relict of the late Ferdinand Fogy, LL D and formerly a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin"

No tigress whose whelp had been torn from her, no hyena whose dinner has been snatched from him, no damned dramatist, no hissed and pelted actor, no old maid who has lost her last chance,—could possibly have felt more furious, more enraged, than did our hero at this horrific intelligence. He smashed a tumbler (strange to say, half full of punch), he broke an eye tooth in gnashing its neighbours, he kicked, foamed, and swore such fearful oaths, that the waiters crossed themselves, and muttered an *Ave Maria*, and at last he took the rock of Cashel to witness, that he would tear the rascally 'pothecary to *lubby rags*, turn his *soul* inside out, and kick him from Cork to Connamara, within an inch of his life. He would no doubt have written all this, and more also, had he known how, moreover, he feared that a threatening letter might terrify Wrench, and prevent his return to Ireland, and thereby deprive him of his just revenge. Days appeared weeks, weeks months, and months years, until the return of the new married couple. During this time, Burke, although one of the best shots in Galway, kept himself in practice, by firing at aces of spades, knife edges, and chalked lines, until he deemed it certain that he would treat the late Mrs Fogy to a second widowhood.

At last the day of vengeance dawned. A post-chaise and four stopped at the former residence of the Doctor, and Burke, after throwing off a noggin or two of the *cratur*, set out on his dire purpose. A crowd had assembled round the door, to witness the long expected arrival of the happy pair. Captain Burke made his way through the throng, and asked for Dr Wrench. The unsuspecting little man immediately made his appearance, when the Captain, without uttering a syllable, struck at him with the loaded but-end of

a hunting-whip, which would have infallibly fractured his skull, had it been hit, but the Doctor, with the agility of an eel, bobbed under the weapon, and butted his head, like a ram goat, in the pit of the Captain's stomach, with a violence which would have done honour to any Welchman, and sent him spinning among the astonished crowd, whose shouts and yells now rent the air. After this prowess, the Doctor very wisely ran in and shut his door.

Now the Doctor had butted his head in the Captain's stomach in a most anatomical and workmanlike style, hitting plump what he called the *cæcæ plexus* which did so *perplex* his antagonist that he became "mortal sick." This resistance to what had, indeed, been a most brutal and ruffian assault, would have been amply satisfactory to Wrench, who felt more disposed to appeal to a magistrate than to the laws of honour, but the opinion of his wife, who seemed to think that "none but the brave deserved the fair," overruled him, and although he knew he had but little chance of escaping a ball from his antagonist, yet he felt the dire necessity of sending him a message as soon as he was recovered, and in this determination he was encouraged by his wife and her friends.

Our expectant duellist, in the mean time, formed many projects. He doubted the true courage of Burke, and thought of proposing a duel across a handkerchief.

One morning, early, as he was thus meditating on saving his honour without risking his bones, he was startled from his reverie by the sounds of martial music! Wrench had been in the army. The merry drums and shrill fife aroused him—he went to the window—it was a regiment marching in to do garrison duty—he thought he recognised the uniform, it was like that of the old and gallant 48th, that had distinguished itself in so many actions. He looked again as the colours passed by—it was the 48th. Was Jem Burnes, his old comrade, and an assistant surgeon in that corps, with it? What a comfort it would be to him to meet his once merry, rollicking companion, in his present hour of need! The regiment had passed several mounted officers were in the rear, and, on a sorry gallop, he recognized Jem Burnes. He actually gave a scream of joy—he rushed down stairs, and in a moment his hand was clasped in the rough grasp of his old school-fellow.

It is customary for officers on a march to dine together—but Jem Burnes was easily persuaded to take his pot luck with Wrench, the more cheerfully when he told him he was in the very "centie of a hobble." It is needless to add, that the very best dinner and the most approved wines and whiskeys were brought out on the occasion. Mrs. Wrench was delighted with Jemmy Burnes, who, with all due respect to Maurice Quills' memory, was one of the most amusing wags that ever beguiled the tedium of camp or bivouac. After dinner, and over a jug of punch of Mrs. Wrench's composition, Wrench opened his heart to his brother chip, but he had scarcely pronounced the name of Burke, when Burnes asked him to describe the fellow, and whether he had not been in the regiment at Albuera. On receiving an answer in the affirmative, he gave a shout, swallowed a scalding bumper of liquor, and exclaimed, "By the piper that played before Moses, my boy, I'll do that chap as brown as a berry," and it now came out that Jem Burnes was the very surgeon who had seen

Burke in the field at Albuera, when he had fallen out of the ranks and pretended to be wounded

This was a glorious piece of intelligence to Wrench, but his delight was damped by the reflection, that he might have been wounded after his friend had seen him, but Burnes cheered him once more by swearing—"Not a bit of it" I know all about his wound, too I can say no more at present, my lad of wax, but, to-morrow morning, by cock shout, I'll be with him, and show all Galway that the fellow's white feather is as long as I could spin a Welsh rabbit of Malohane cheese—Hurrah!—your sowl! Another jug, my boy we'll have rare delight! Ah! Mister Pat Burke, the grenadier *chinei*, you'll never clap your croobeen under any gentleman's *oxter** again The big blackguard! the thief of the world! Fight him, my boy! Soria! taste of a fight he'll have, if he waits for you, Wriggle, my lad! I'll make the spalpeen shake like a jelly-bag, like a dog in a wet sack

Much more did Mr James Burnes say on the occasion, and with increasing national eloquence, until he could not exactly explain himself very clearly, and his host conducted him to the hotel And so pregnant was he with wrath, that his very last ejaculation on tumbling into bed was, "By the powder of war, I'll turn his sowl topsy-turvy, like a beggiman's breeches"

What his vindictive dreams might have been, it is difficult to say, but at "hanging and hot-roll time," † as he called it, Mr Burnes was up and dressed, and after indicting a protocol, he sallied forth on his negotiation

Captain Burke lodged on a third floor in the back of a tailor's house, and his apartment was in keeping with his character The room was small, and its only furniture consisted of a bed, a rickety table, a three-legged chair, and a cut down office stool, on the table were fragments of bread and cheese, eggshells, and cigar stumps, an empty whiskey decanter, two or three tumblers, an end of "mutton light," stuck by way of save all in the neck of a broken bottle, and the chamber was redolent with the fumes of punch, tobacco, and cheese The only ornament that decorated it, was a coloured engraving of its tenant chining "The French Grenadier," and a number of cards pasted on the wall, with an ace shot out or the mark of a bullet close to the centre On a little shelf was a case containing the Captain's "marking nions," or pistols, which were in fact the only article of any value in his kennel He was in bed, rolled up in dirty blankets, and his head-dress, rather picturesque and *à la Rembrandt*, consisted of a napkin smeared with yolk of egg, which served him in the triple capacity of towel, table-cloth, and nightcap The visit was unexpected, and he rose on his couch to receive the interloper—

"It's Captain Patrick Burke, no doubt, that I have the honour of addressing?" said Burnes

"The very man," replied Burke, "but I haven't the advantage of acknowledging your acquaintance," and he beckoned him to a seat

"Are you quite sure and certain that you never saw the like o me before?" said Mr Burnes, with a sarcastic look and a wink

"As to the matter of that, I've seen your head on somebody's

* *Anglice*, walk arm in arm

† Eight in the morning

shoulders, but when and where, *sais*, I can't exactly say,' replied the Captain

"Well, I'll refresh your memory — as the man said when he trod on his neighbour's corn, and maybe it 's not the field of Albuera that you recollect, on the 16th May 1811, on a beautiful rainy morning, when a man couldn't see a stim for the fog'

Here the Captain gazed upon the unwelcome stranger, and appeared much agitated

"If you remember, Captain, I was the surgeon you came to, to dress your desperate wounds, and when I told you that the devil a thing ailed you, you seemed quite offended. Now, I'm come to give you satisfaction"

"What do you mane, sir?" answered Burke, looking very fierce

"I mane, that I am glad to see you recovered from your illness, it must have been a mighty indigestion when you swallowed the bear-skin cap of the grenadier you chined like an orange"

"Do you pretend to say, sir, that I was not wounded?" replied Burke, looking more fiercely

"Arrah! pray, Captain, dear, don't look so mighty angry, I'm before breakfast, and quite *frightful*. You look as fierce as a turkey-cock with one eye"

"I don't understand your jokes, sir! Do you mane to insult me?"

"Then, 'pon my word, Captain, you're mighty 'cute at guessing a body's meaning!"

"Do you presume to say, sir," rejoined the Captain, somewhat softened down, "that I was not desperately wounded in that battle?"

"Arrah! be azy, Captain," calmly answered Burnes. "I have brought you the compliments of Senhor Don Pedro d Arevedo, at whose house you were quartered at Olivença, when your desperate wounds compelled you to go to the rear"

Burke's lips quivered

"And wasn't she a nice body, the Senora Maria, the Don's wife? and mighty fond of an Irishman? And didn't the darling boy of an Irishman give the Don a right good lambasting? — devil mend him for his jealousy, and didn't the Don waylay the *cooleen*, and tip him a touch of cold iron, just under the brisket, and left him, as he thought, for dead and, like a good Christian that he was, had masses said for his poor soul? And wa'n't that Irishman a Mr Patrick Burke, from Galway, as great a bully and a coward as ever pulled foot before an enemy?"

"Blood and ouns, sir!" roared out Burke

"Keep your temper, jewel, or you may break a blood-vessel — Unfortunately for Captain Burke, he left his kit in his quarters, with his name on the trunk, — and a mighty nice kit it was — one shirt and a half, twenty four shirt-collars, and twelve wristbands, three woollen socks, and half a pair of woollen drawers, the entire of which the provost sold by auction for a tenpenny bit — But he had also left his silver watch, which I kept until I could find the Captain, and the case of which served me in the meantime to poach eggs in. Here it is, Captain, as good as new, only the guts are all knocked out"

So saying, he presented the horror struck Captain with an old

silver watch, of the value of about five shillings, with the arms of his family engraved on the case

The Captain looked aghast, as his tormentor laid the watch on his bed, adding "It's no doubt a family heir-loom, for, I understand you are *descended* from a mighty ancient race,—by the powers! I don't think that you could *descend* much lower than you are!"

Burke was quivering with rage, and at last burst forth—"You shall give me satisfaction for this, sir! Leave my room—and to-morrow—"

"To-morrow! Mr Captain Burke, the following little bit of information shall be stuck up in the coffee-room, but, as I believe your spelling is indifferent, I'll assist you,"—and Burnes read the following—

"Whereas, a fellow, of the name of Patrick Burke, formerly an ensign in the ——— regiment from which he was dismissed for ungentlemanly and unofficerlike conduct by a court-martial, has thought proper to assume the appellation of Captain, and to boast of various feats of arms at the battle of Albuera, We, the indignant Officers of his Majesty's ——— regiment, do hereby declare, for the purpose of undeceiving the public in regard to this bare-faced impostor, that the said Patrick Burke deserted his colours during that glorious action in the most cowardly and dastardly manner, dropping to the rear, and pretending to be wounded, that he fled as far as Olivença, where, instead of concealing his disgrace, he insulted in the most ruffianlike manner the wife of his hospitable host, a weak and debilitated man, whom he maltreated in the most brutal and base manner, in consequence of which the said host, whose name was Don Pedro d'Arvedo, stabbed the ruffian, who, when carried to the hospital of Elvas, falsely and infamously declared that the wound he had received had been inflicted by a French grenadier in the battle of Albuera, whom he had *chined* and the said Burke has subsequently continued to maintain this infamous falsehood. Therefore, We, the undersigned, to prevent a hostile meeting which was about to take place between this blackguard and a gentleman of the town, who is no doubt unacquainted with his character, do hereby declare him to be a coward, a liar, and a slanderer, unfit to move in the society of gentlemen, and have no hesitation in saying, that any person who would condescend to meet him, would sink himself to his degraded and contemptible level—And here, Mr Captain Burke,' added his visitor, follow the signatures of eight officers, who, like myself, witnessed your gallant conduct on the occasion. And now, sir, that I have convinced you that the greatest blackguard can pass for a gentleman, and the most dastardly coward fight a duel, and kill his man, I wish you a good morning."

Mr Patrick Burke was an ingenious man, and a great admirer of the great Napoleon, and as that hero invariably ran away when he got into scrapes—from Egypt, Russia, and Waterloo, Burke did not consider it derogatory to his dignity to *levant*, or, as it is genteelly called in Ireland, "*tip his rags a gallop*"—That very night he left his key under his door and departed, owing a twelvemonth's *rent* to his landlord, besides a suit of clothes, and various artistic renovations. Thus did Dr Wriggle Wrench find himself the tranquil possessor of a handsome wife, and a property of upwards of

fifteen hundred pounds per annum, which, fortunately for the town of Galway, enabled him to live without practice, having verified by his marriage the old *Irish* saying—YOU MIGHT AS WELL KILL A MAN AS FRIGHTEN HIM TO DEATH

It is customary for all writers of romances and stories to inform the gentle and curious reader, that the hero and heroine of his tale led a long and a happy life—but, alas! as we are historians, we have not such a favourable issue to record. We lament to say, that a gallant and gay lieutenant-colonel of dragoons smote the lady's too-susceptible heart, and she proved faithless to the little Doctor. A trial ensued, and, strange to say, twelve true men, who no doubt were bachelors, brought in a verdict of *One shilling damages!*

Her fortune was at her own disposal, and the last time we heard of Dr Wrench, he was surgeon of a convict ship.

Burke was more lucky. He had taken his departure with several adventurers, for South America, where he really did screw his courage to the sticking point—the more readily, as the mode of warfare was just calculated to suit him—fighting for three days in the week, running away the three days following, and resting to repose on his laurels every Sunday. Thus, he actually rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. The story of “The French Grenadier of Albuera,” he would still relate, but as a *hoax* that he had practised on national gullability. He returned to England covered with glory, and succeeded in marrying a rich old maid at Brighton, who amply rewarded him for his hard services.

Were we editing another series of “Sayings and Doings,” this happy union might have illustrated a proverb much used in the Emerald Isle, IT IS A LONG LANE THAT HAS NO TURN.

THE QUILT HOUR

BY T. J. OUSELEY

LISTEN, listen! sounds are stealing
Tiptoe on the balmy air,
Eve, her rainbow robe revealing,
Blushes through the twilight fair
Whilst dreamy voices, touch'd with Pleasure's pain,
Hum their sweet incense through the yearning brain

Listen listen! hearts are beating
To a soft yet dulcet tone,
Speak not—breathe not,—eyes are meeting,
Rich in light as jewell'd zone
Echo enchanted sleeps—the fragrant breeze
Just fans the leaflets on the em'rald trees

Listen, listen! streams are singing
Down amid the amber glade
Fairies perfumed bells are ringing,
The night bird trills from out the shade
Shall not our silent souls awake to move
In unison, when all around is love?

THE GAOL CHAPLAIN

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME

CHAPTER XLIII

THE ROYAL FAVOURITE AND HER VICTIM

There is the moral of all human tales,
'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past
First freedom, and then glory—when th it fails
Wealth, vice, corruption

BYRON

It would be difficult to over estimate the influence of personal appearance. The masses rarely look below the surface. and Madame Lauricourt, the Bath milliner, had lived with her eyes open when she left this as her dying charge to the niece who watched her last hours,—“Laura, if you wish to thrive, study, my child, study the—*exterior*!”

In the last months of my chaplaincy an old man was brought into the gaol,—a very crafty old man he was said to be, a very knowing old man he unquestionably was—who attracted considerable attention. He had a profusion of long, glossy hair, perfectly white, fine clear complexion, bright blue eye, and frank, soldiery address.

On visiting round the prison—my invariable custom on a Thursday,—I noticed the venerable octogenarian with his usual companion, a book, and looking as tranquil, smiling, and self-possessed as if he had been a voluntary visitor, and not a compulsory inmate.

“Is your sight so strong at eighty as to enable you, unassisted, to read that close print?”

“More than that, said he, briskly, “it enables me to see my way out of this dreary prison, and through the mesh of difficulties which my enemies have twined around me. Meanwhile this gives wings to many a heavy hour. He pointed as he spoke to a little devotional manual that lay beside him. “It was the present of my old master, the rector of H——ll. I was his secretary and steward. He little thought his gift would one day console me in a prison. So much for acquaintance with the great! And, above all, for running on the Duke of York’s confidential errands!”

“Hark ee, my man! Don’t introduce idly into your conversation names like those. It will not serve your purpose. Quite the contrary. In your circumstances the freedom is manifestly improper.”

“Why?”

“Because you could have known such parties only by hearsay.”

“I saw his Royal Highness, returned the old man firmly, but without the slightest tinge of irritation, “every day of my life at one time. Had he lived, he would—even now—have befriended me. But God has willed it otherwise—and—I must befriend myself.”

“But the clergyman alluded to—of him what have you to say?”

“That he was murdered by the great—murdered,—I can give it no other term. Wonderful! that he who was so compassionate and generous to others should have perished so fearfully and so sadly.” The old man brushed away a tear, and then continued, “but I don’t blame him,—but I do *her*, the cockatrice! and the great still more, who encouraged him in his extravagance, and then—deserted him.”

“A country clergyman,” said I, calmly, “should have known the peril of such associates.”

"But he was *not* a country clergyman, at least *his* could hardly be called other than a town living, and the friends—the summer friends,—which his various popular qualities collected round him, were persons of the highest rank. His society was sought by more than one member of the royal family. This very circumstance fed his ambitious hopes, and hastened his downfall."

"Not if he was a man of principle."

"He was such at one period—strictly so—but principle, sir, sometimes totters under the pressure of debt and difficulty, and a man's sense of right and wrong fades before the howl of clamorous creditors. But for this, my poor master would never have been so infatuated as to think of buying his way to a bishoprick."

"Buying it?"

"A nobleman's nephew, who had obtained a commission through her means in a 'crack' cavalry regiment, suggested to the rector the policy of *making a friend* of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke."

"Doubtful policy, I should say."

"Doubtful?" cried the old man,—"it was fatal. The advocacy of this woman was to be secured by gold, and the incumbent of H—, already in difficulties, and beset by a crowd of creditors, was driven to various, and not very becoming expedients to raise the sum which this harpy, in the *first* instance, demanded. He borrowed right and left, and at length, with infinite difficulty, completed the amount. It was one thousand pounds. During the progress of the affair—ah! I little knew my errand—would to God I had! my confiding and generous benefactor should not have been so grossly duped,—it was my duty more than once to wait the leisure of the royal favourite, and I well remember the splendour in which this lively, vain, extravagant, and, after all, not particularly handsome woman, lived. But I recollected her long, long before she had attracted the notice of the Duke of York. I remembered her at Exmouth, when she resided at Manchester House, in those days a noble dwelling, adjoining that belonging to Mr. Russell, the Exeter banker, and when she had neither bishopricks, commissions, nor clerkships in the ordnance, to dispose of to the highest bidder. Sad! sad! that he, who must have known the nature of her claims on the Duke of York, and whose very calling should have made him reject advancement through such a medium, should have ever trusted fame, fortune, character, all, to the keeping of an unscrupulous woman!"

"And was there no friend,—no connection,—none to warn him?"

"He had no confidant! Secrecy the most rigid was imposed upon him, and such was his faith in the favourite's assurances, and such the trust he reposed in her oft-repeated declarations, that to the very first vacancy on the bishop's bench he would, by the Duke of York's influence, inevitably succeed, that instead of having any fears about the future, and prudently curtailing his expenditure, his guests became more numerous, and his mode of living more lavish than ever. It was an agreeable position while the delusion lasted. Much was his society courted, and many were the gay carriages that rattled down to H—ll, and 'a most entertaining, intelligent, well-informed host,' was the description given of the rector by his various, and well-informed guests. All went merrily till the House of Commons smashed him—utterly and irretrievably. Bishoprick, rectory, royal chaplaincy, all vanished. In twelve hours he was a ruined man!"

"The House of Commons! There you must be in error. No decision of that house could so affect him?"

"But evidence given at its bar did. There was at that time of day a mischievous, restless being, named Colonel Wardle, and he coupled together, in a very ominous way, the names of the Duke of York and Mrs Clarke. Some truly awkward disclosures were made as to the extent in which the lady had turned to pecuniary account her influence over her royal lover. Among other lamentable exposures was that of the rector's negotiation for a bishoprick, the sum he had paid the lady for her good offices, and the eagerness and pertinacity with which he had urged her to fulfil her promises. All became public, and you know, sir, how furious John Bull is during his periodical fits of morality, and with what determination he clamours for a victim. In truth *a victim he will have*. The floodgates of popular indignation were all open on my unfortunate master. The press denounced him. The bench of bishops cried "fie!" and were immeasurably shocked at him. Worst of all, his creditors cried 'pay' and closed their ledgers against him. Look where he would, he was a ruined man. Flight was inevitable, and, to avail, it must be *immediate*. Every shilling he could raise in any direction, and from any source, was collected together, and at dusk, alone, and by stealth, he quitted H——ll for ever. His destination in the first instance was Hatchett's Hotel, where he was to sleep, and whence he was to proceed at early dawn the next morning, to a foreign hiding-place. It was an hour full of anguish for one so caressed and followed as he had been, and keen was the self reproach which at that moment stung him. No marvel, then, that recollection and self-control utterly failed! His purse, containing all that he had in the world,—every facility he possessed for flight,—his sole friend at that crisis, was left, in the hurry and agitation of the moment, in the hackney-coach which brought him to Hatchett's, of this carriage he had not taken the number nor, in hourly dread of arrest, did he dare to adopt means to ascertain it. He retired to his sleeping-room, but it is imagined that the desperation of his fortunes, and his forlorn position, and his dread of the world's scorn, overpowered his reason. He hung himself during the night! The water found him the following morning cold and lifeless. He was suspended from the bed-post, and had been dead some hours! All attempt, therefore, to restore him was hopeless. Said I not rightly, sir, that he was a victim—a victim to a sordid and heartless woman?"

"And the Duke—did he show no feeling?"

"Great—great—but he was himself the dupe of the most finished craft, as was, ere long, admitted by his sworn foes."

"A melancholy close, said I, "to an unusual and unjustifiable speculation!"

"Ay! and one of its most extraordinary features was this,—that with ample opportunities of ascertaining personally from the Duke himself whether the lady's representations were true, and that his Royal Highness had taken, and was taking still, the active part which she alleged, in the rector's advancement, he never adverted to the subject, nor made the slightest inquiry, an omission the more incomprehensible, since after his death it was found he had been thrice warned anonymously of the folly of placing any reliance on the lady's promises. One of these letters, from its style, the hand-

writing, and, above all, from its *positive* tenor, was thought by many to have been penned by the Duke himself. But, be that as it may, the warning was unavailing. Poor fellow! I well remember one of his remarks in his last ministerial effort in H——ll church. He was alluding to the rapidity with which events chased each other, and drove their moral and meaning from man's memory. He divided time into the past, the present, and the future, and contended that true wisdom consisted in *giving up the past to oblivion*, the present to duty, and the future to Providence. 'The past to *oblivion*! Does he hold to that estimate now?'

CHAPTER XIIV

THE SPECULATOR

To the man who does not understand high principles who at best calls them convenient prejudices, there is always one left in the book of knowledge shut, there are motives that are unknown to him, there are actions which he cannot comprehend—G. P. R. JAMES

"AND now," said I, taking advantage of a pause in the old man's narrative, "let me direct your attention to matters of personal import. You, who have so much to say relative to another, can, doubtless, explain thoroughly your own position. What misdemeanor brings you here?"

"Oh! one quite out of the common course! I am brought here for stealing *my own property*!"

"Don't trifle," said I sternly.

"Nothing further from my intention. Nothing more unbecoming my years. I state the simple truth. Nay, sir, do not turn away as if you suspected I was misleading you.

"I more than suspected it. My impression amounts to conviction."

"Then listen, and admit that first impressions constantly require correction. I am confined here on a charge of felony,—purling, they term it, certain deeds and documents, which deeds and documents *happen to be my own*! and relate to my own property?"

"How so?"

"I am a speculator, and a bold one. I married, six weeks since, an old lady of seventy."

"Man—be serious!"

"Can I be otherwise after an exploit of that nature?" I turned away. "Nay, sir, pray listen, the subject is tempting, but I will *not* be jocular. This marriage, which none could say was *premature*, my friends regarded as insane. Myself as politic. The lady, I grant, was somewhat open to remark. She had been in difficulties, was still slightly embarrassed, and her name not altogether new in the Insolvent Court. I own—these points are best admitted in the outset—that her estates lay in the county of *Ayr*, and that her assets were represented by those figures called by mathematicians '*unknown quantities*,' still I contend it was a prudent marriage!"

The tone, the look, the gesture with which this avowal was made, were so droll as to divert me from my settled purpose of severely censuring him.

"You see, sir," he continued, "when I made the acquaintance of this ill advised and unfortunate woman, she was a widow, having a life-interest in the handsome property left by her husband. She

relished change of air, and was much given to locomotion, liked to spend the winter at Bath, and the summer at Southampton, the autumn at Paris, and the spring at Cheltenham. The pastime proved expensive, and so she fell first into the clutches of the Jews, then into the hands of beings infinitely more merciless—London attorneys, and was politely introduced by these latter to the polished courtesies of the Insolvent Court. Thence, after a desperate battle, she made her escape, and found to her cost that she was penniless, or nearly so, her life income being assigned over to the use and benefit of her creditors. Children, it is true, she had, who were lavish of—their critiques and counsel. The eldest hopeful remarked,—‘This comes of your rambling propensities!’ So much for having a taste for nature! What occasion had you to see a sunset on the Rhine, or the Bay of Naples by moonlight? You should have remained at home, and have taken things for granted. *I feel for you!* Jane feels for you! We all feel for you, and our united advice is—*assistance from us you, of course, do not expect*,—our united and decided advice is—keep it home for the rest of your days, and leave foreign sights to foreign people! What an agreeable announcement! and how consolatory, under the circumstances!

The bushy eyebrows of the speaker rose, the corners of his mouth fell, his comical eyes rolled round and round, and again I determined to interrupt and chide him, and, as before, the drollery of his aspect rendered my resolution abortive.

“I heard, continued he, “of the poor woman’s trouble, and made it my business to look carefully through her late husband’s will. It was a long-winded document, but at length I lighted on a clause which would, I saw, damage her enemies, the solicitors—Heaven’s blessings on Lord Brougham for his cordial hatred of these vipers!—hopelessly and irretrievably. The old distiller’s will gave his locomotion-loving relict the interest of all his property during her life or, as a subsequent sentence slyly stated, ‘till she remarried. On the occurrence of that certainly somewhat improbable contingency her life interest ceased and the property became vested wholly and absolutely in her children!’ ‘Don’t you see said I addressing her affectionate offspring, ‘the amazing importance of this clause? Marry your mother, marry her forthwith, marry her, I say, at the earliest possible moment, and so get to windward most effectually of these legal blood-suckers.

“‘But who will marry, was the answer, such an ailing, decrepid, asthmatical old woman?’

‘I, was the reply,—‘I, on any sunshiny morning she may please to name!’

“The idea was approved, the marriage decided on, and the ceremony performed. The lawyers looked grim, and relaxed, slowly and unwillingly enough, their gripe of the property. But the lady’s life-interest was at an end. The property had passed to her children, and her creditors and then law-advisers prayed for patience, and whistled. Thus deliverance effected, I demanded my share of the spoil, and received for answer that I was a disinterested person, and should look, like all disinterested men, for my reward in heaven. I demurred to so distant a date, and retaliated. Every deed belonging to the property I took into *my most careful custody*. My opponents could neither sell, nor mortgage, nor transfer, nor—what

was worst of all — *receive* Their better judgment deserted them They grew furious, and instead of trying one or more of the provisions of the ‘conciliation act,’ brought a charge of felony against me and here I am But it’s all moonshine! They can make nothing of it! They thought to intimidate me Bah! bah! There is some blood in these old veins yet I’m an honest man, sir and so I shall prove!

I had my doubts of this from his own statements, but there was no time to argue the point, and we parted The assizes came on, and at their close I missed my old acquaintance To my inquiries for him—

“Oh! the white-headed old gentleman!” replied the grocer “I remember him *He’s all right!* He left this morning He doubled up the lawyers, as he said he should

“How so? What became of the indictment?”

“No BILL!”

What a candid, clear-complexioned, venerable looking old *un-trigant* he was!

THE WATERS OF BABYLON

BY W. G. J. BARKER, ESQ.

Psalm cxxxvii — *Super flumina Babylonis*

How hush was that request, which Israel heard,
From scornful lips to aching hearts preferred,
When where Euphrates waters slowly glide
Weeping they sat in the sweet eventide

“Strike the neglected harp, and wake those lays
Your mounds were wont beneath Judah’s vines to raise!
Cruel demand! how may the captive sing?
How shall the mourner touch joy’s golden string?”

Our harps hang on the willow’s withered bough,
Broken is every wire — or tuneless, now
The songs that pealed through Salem’s holy towers
We must not — cannot, breathe in Gentile bowers!

“City of Solomon, thy pomp has fled
Thy halls lie desolate, thy princes dead,
And where the glory of our God once shone
There stands a crumbling ruin, void and lone

“Though doom’d to wander in ungenial climes,
A race of exiles for our fathers’ crimes,
Never, whilst through our veins life’s current flows
Will we forget, Jerusalem thy woes!”

“How long O Lord! shall Israel’s foes possess
Thy chosen seat making it wilderness?
How long, a weary remnant sad and lone,
Must Israel’s children dwell in lands unknown?”

“Our home is distant far, yet Fancy’s dream
Seats us again by Jordan’s sacred stream
And willowy banks, but ah! they are not nigh,
It is Euphrates wave that murmurs by!”

So sang a dark-eyed choir of Hebrew maids
Their latest song, beneath night’s falling shades,
E’en the dark river, pausing seem’d to heal,
And the pale willows gleam’d with many a tear!

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD

BY H. R. ADPISON

OF all the agreeable, of all the fascinating creatures in existence, none can equal "the real woman of the world." Of all the cold, stiff, and repulsive characters that frequent society, none can vie with "the woman of the world." Opposites may sometimes be true, the contradictory account here given of the same individual is strictly correct. To the rich, to the great, to the influential, the female we describe is the most agreeable companion that ever won golden opinions. To the poor relative, to the fallen friend, or the person above whom she has risen, none can be so haughty, so insulting. Thank Heaven! we seldom find spinsters enlisted in this class, and rarely persons during their first marriage, but in a well-seasoned widowhood, in a state of second connubial bliss, the vampire lady has full scope to play off the knowledge, the intrigue, which debased moments have instilled into her. To trample on those who have served her, to cut those who can no longer pander to her ambition or her pleasure, to spurn her equals, and to make use of her superiors, are the only objects in life which the hackneyed and often deceived female of this class endeavours to accomplish. The long-cheated gambler frequently ends in becoming a sharper, considering it but fair to retaliate on the less experienced those evils which he himself has endured. On the same principle, the well-worn matron of deeply-acquired knowledge, seeks to deceive those who have already but too often succeeded in misleading her. If you are of a reckless disposition you may encounter a tiger single-handed, and, by a miracle, come off victorious. Avoid, however, a "woman of the world." Satan himself is no match for her.

When a woman of this stamp smiles, be sure that deceit lurks under the seeming good-nature. It is true that she will occasionally, in passing in her carriage, or even in speaking to her servant, thus indulge, these bland looks, however, are meant to show her teeth, half of which are false. If she really and palpably smiles upon you, there is a latent motive, which has called up the look. Some scheme is about to be built on your credulity. When she frowns she is less dangerous, you have foiled her, you have thwarted her in some of her plans, you have gained her eternal enmity, so much the better. The open hatred of such a being is far preferable to her hollow, and upas-breathing friendship.

If a widow, she is mild, extremely ready to oblige, anxious to promote the pleasures of "young people," desirous of showing attention to the old and the infirm. Bashful of her own accomplishments, she seems anxious to draw out those of others, warm in her regards, careful in her advice, and general conversation.

If married, she publicly makes much of her husband, because she knows it raises herself. A tyrant at home, she is all amiability abroad, wedded to an old man, she pretends to be jealous of him, in order to tickle his vanity. Espoused to a young one, she continually affords him a round of pleasure, to prevent his thoughts recurring to the match he has made. Overbearing to her dependant relatives, obsequious to her betters, knowing and alert towards her tradespeople, apparently innocent and simple in general society, the woman of the world has accumulated a nice little sum, amassed what is vulgarly called "a long stocking," in case of her husband's death, for, be it well understood,

this regular church-goer has taken her own reading of the parable of the "unjust steward," and wisely determined to make friends of the "mammon of unrighteousness," in order that worldly friends may receive her into their "habitations."

No circumstance can throw the well-tutored "woman of the world" off her guard. It is true she has her *company* manner and voice, her *domestic* rule and tone, yet so perfectly *au fait* is she, so continually prepared for every event, that I am confident, in case of a fire occurring, or a storm beating in the roof of her house, she would, previously to flying from the premises, secure her jewel-box, throw off her curl-papers, and put on a *little rouge*.

These persons like characters in a masquerade, are often of the amusing sort. The key of their actions, once in your possession, like the manœuvres of a snake, their tortuous movements are an amusing study. They can never seek their object in a direct line, the very act of shaking your hand is with them a subject of speculation. If they have children, they only look upon them as the probable means of future aggrandizement. If they have only step-children, they manage to sow dissension between them and their actual parent, and turn them out of doors. Fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, are all very well as long as they can be of use. When they cease to be so, they are incumbrances, of which the well-versed dame soon manages to get rid.

The great aim of a worldly woman is to assume an easy, good-natured, and friendly manner towards those whom she has long looked down upon and insulted, when she happens to find they can be of use to her. In ten minutes her apparent candour and warm-heartedness have eradicated the sting her former unkindness had inflicted. Again, her dupe believes, and confides in her sincerity, gives up the point which the designing female is anxious to gain, and is once more, this point acquired, treated with scorn by her who was only amiable for a while, in order to effect her purpose.

Avarice is a sure concomitant with a knowledge of the world. The far-seeing female is always preparing for a winter's day. While young and handsome, she can gain much by leading on admirers by artful smiles, and implied encouragement, but well she knows a time must come when these dangles will fall away. To lay up a store against these chances is, consequently, her every-day aim.

It would take too much time to study deeply any question, practical knowledge is all she wants. It is true, she intersperses her conversation with foreign quotations, a few sentences of this kind (thanks to Maunders's "Treasury of Knowledge," and similar works,) are easily acquired. If she is to meet a Baron Rothschild at dinner, she learns from the Morning Post the price of the funds by heart. If she is to sit next to an admiral, she spells over the engagements he has borne a part in, and delights him by her seeming extraordinary knowledge of nautical events. He little dreams that she has acquired all this information from three pages of James's "Naval History." Napier tells her the feats of the generals she is likely to talk to, while the morning journals fill up the rest of her stock of knowledge.

In society she is gay, apparently artless, deferential, and agreeable, at home she is stingy, cross, seemingly fatigued, and slovenly. There are, however, so many classes of this character, that I shall here conclude my paper, only warning you rather to take a serpent to your bosom than make a friend of a "woman of the world."

BENTLEY'S

MISCELLANY.

SEPTEMBER, 1844

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The undernamed Contributions are declined, with thanks, and lie at the Publisher s —

“Doctors and Patients’ “Stanzas D” “The Servants Ball,
G “Job-Comforters, H T’ “M’ “The Goblin Lady of
Carisbrooke, M “Doings at Portsmouth “The Curt of Ste
Croix, P’ “Lines by T S’ “The Swallow” “A Vision in La
Morgue, S’ “The Sisters” “M M S”

PADDY FLYNN,

OR, THE MISERIES OF DINING OUT

BY JOHN SHEEHAN

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now"

"ALL the world knows the beautiful city of Cork, where they make long *drisheens** and the best of porter," said our worthy and revered Vice-president Jonathan Buckthorn, winking knowingly at a promising young limb of the law from the second city of Ireland, and a namesake of the present "frost and fair" prophet of the skies and clerk of the weather

"And the man who has been in Cork has something to boast of," dryly observed our one-eyed and thirsty poet-laureat, Pat Kelly, who sat *vis-à-vis* to Jonathan's gouty leg stirring a replenished jorum of real Ennishowen, whilst his widowed luminary, at an angle of forty-five, was watching, with more of a paternal than a mere chemical regard, the separation of the little particles of sugar from the parent lump, and the consequent amalgamation of the *utile dulci*, "and the gentleman," continued this monocular personage, "who has rioted in delight over a yard of *drisheen*, and having diluted it with a foaming pot of Beamish and Crawford's best, can say of himself,

'ille impiger hausit

Spumantem pewteram et potto se proluit *allo* "†

has a delicious recollection which he never can forget whilst memory holds her empire, and he himself can intellectually enjoy the pleasures of mastication and deglutition

Though the bard at cleaner shops, I own,‡
May take his meal,
And with champagne may wash it down,
And—pay a deal,
He'll never meet
A treat so sweet
From Clane to Derrynane,
As when first he supp'd at Molly's crib
In Blarney Lane
And at every pause that nymph so glib
Cried '*Hot again!*' "

This impudent impromptu, parodying so grossly one of the Little Bard of Erin's prettiest and purest, at once "set the table in a roar," not of laughter, but indignation, producing something like the strange effect of a hand-grenade thrown into the centre of a town-council under the new Corporation Act. It was quelled, however, after the lapse of some minutes, by the paramount voice of the president, PHIL, (which name, by the bye, he always used to sign to all important documents connected with the club "Philander,") at whose command Father O'Leary, the chaplain, delivered, in Pat Kelly's regard, such a lecture on the impiety of parodying the national bard,

* *Drisheen*, the pink of European sausages, "quo non præstantior alter," &c
† 'Twere vain to attempt its description, it must be tasted

‡ "Spumantem pateram et pleno se proluit auro"—VIRGIL.

‡ "Though the bard to purer fame may soar," &c —LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

as very few after-dinner assemblies had ever yet the good fortune to be edified with. That he produced little or no effect upon the irreclaimable heretic to whom he addressed himself, more in sorrow than in anger, by no means took away from the prælectional merits of the excellent divine, which were observed to ascend invariably towards the sublime of eloquence as the proceedings of the evening advanced towards the small hours.

Of his reverence's character and history, as well as of those of the president, vice-president, poet-laureat, and others, who combined to form the far-famed Comet Club of the Sister Island, we shall have more to say, as circumstances and a historical regard to its transactions shall introduce them into our series. But at present to our tale, which is the vice-president's, and which he resumed as Father O'Leary resumed his seat, mightily pleased with himself and all the world, not even excluding Pat Kelly, whom he loved for the reason that he chastised him, and who was at the moment making a silent appeal to the only friend whom he himself considered he had in the room,—namely, the bottle.

"In the beautiful city of Cork," said Jonathan, "as I said before, there lived, about forty years ago, a very respectable retailer of snuff and tobacco, Pat Flynn by name, but, for shortness' sake, called Paddy Flynn, who had but recently turned to that occupation, having descended too far into the vale of years to follow his former trade or "profession," as he himself always and most studiously designated it, of "taylor of dancing, good manners, and all other kinds of music, in which he had gained a goodly celebrity. Paul was a plain homely man of the good old school, portly in his person, and eccentric in his dress, and so wedded to old times and old manners, that it was impossible to get him to "look like a Christian," as poor Mrs. Flynn—the heavens be her bed and the clouds her blankets!—used to say, when she would tease him to lay aside his bushed wig, and his ruffles, and three-cornered hat, all of which contributed in a great degree to the grotesqueness of his appearance. But these little oddities had pleasing associations for Mr. Flynn's recollections. He put them on religiously every day, and seating himself after breakfast on the pipe-chest opposite the shop-door, he commenced humming '*Nora Creina*, in a self-pleasing, drone-like under-growl, while he kept anything but time with his heels swinging against the side of the chest as they hung down, but reached not the flags of the shop floor.

"Mrs. Flynn, good soul, minded the shop, scolded the kitchen-wench, abused the cow-boy, mended the stockings, kept the day-book, saved the dripping and the candle-ends, in short, did everything to render her dear spouse comfortable and good-humoured, who scarcely minded anything but his corns and his customers, when any such dropped in.

"One forenoon, as Paddy was seated on his well-beloved elevation, and Mrs. Flynn was washing up the breakfast tackle in a little 'glory hole' off the shop, a tall distinguished-looking personage entered, and asked to see Mr. Flynn.

"Well, sir, says Paddy, stopping short his *Nora Creina* with a sudden grunt, as he turned his head sideways, and cocked his near eye at the customer, 'and so you do want to see Mr. Flynn, sir?'—'Yes, sir, was the reply—'It's likely you don't know him, thin,

sir,' said Paddy—'I have not that pleasure yet,' answered the stranger—'Pleasure! Oh, aisy, now! Pleasure, avich, did you say? Sure and isn't it myself that's spayking to you all the time—'Oh, indeed! Then are you really the Mr Flynn whom I am seeking?'—'I don't know, falks, whether you re seeking me or not, for you know your own business best, sir, but my name is Pat Flynn, an' nobody else, barring that they changed me at nurse'—'Then, Mr Flynn, you *are* the man I have been seeking I am happy to see you, and to make your acquaintance My name is Beamish * I live on the Parade'

"PADDY 'I am mighty proud of it, sir, and it's often I heard tell of your great family and your porther, but may I be so bowld as to ax you, sir, just for information, what business you have wid your humble sarvint?'

"MR BEAMISH 'Business?—oh, nothing of what is called business whatever You mistake me, Mr Flynn, I am merely come to pay my respects to you

"PADDY 'Oh, indeed! Why, then, that s very odd—isn't it, though?'

"MR BEAMISH 'Oh dear, no The fact is, I am under a deep and lasting obligation to a son of yours, whom I had the happiness—I should say the extreme good fortune—of meeting in Paris'

"PADDY 'Ah-ha! Is it our Tom, sir, in Paris? Aisy, aisy—that's impossible Sure it's in France he is, my darling

"MR BEAMISH 'Well, well, my dear sir, it's all the same'

"PADDY 'How the devil, sir, saving your presence, could it be the same? Paris and France the same thing! If it is, it s mighty odd entirely But here s Tom s jo-graphy in the drawer under the counter next the till Ou-wow! as the fox said to the hen-roost, maybe I haven't travelled all the way from Bristol to Waterford without knowing something about latitude and longitude

"MR BEAMISH 'Well, well, we shall not fall out about geography. The point in question is, have you not a son?'

"PADDY 'Mrs Flynn says I have, sir

"MR BEAMISH 'And his name Thomas?'

"PADDY 'The priest christened him Thomas, but we always called him Tom for convaynience, and his mother's brother—the Lord rest his soul in glory!—was called Tom for shortness'

"MR BEAMISH 'Then I have had the pleasure of meeting him abroad, where he saved my life, and was so kind and attentive to me, that he has bound me in gratitude to him for ever It is my wish to return the compliment to him and to you by every means in my power'

"PADDY 'Eh! he! he! ha! ha! ha! h1! h1! h1! The heavens above be praised and blessed for all their bounties and blessings!—And so you saw poor Tom abroad, sir? (Aside) Arrah, Betty, jewel, throw a one side those kimmeens of crockery, and come and spayke to the jntleman sure he seen Tom abroad (To Mr Beamish) Is Tom as fat and as healthy as when he left ould Ireland, sir?'

"MR BEAMISH 'I really cannot say, as I did not see him when

* Mr Beamish, the father of the present member for Cork This it is necessary to state for the sake of historical justice, as well as to assure the reader that the story from beginning to end is a true one

he quitted his native country, but I am happy to assure you that he looked very well when I took my leave of him a short time back

"PADDY 'Well, the Lord be praised' I'll be bound he was axing you about the beautiful crop of praties he sowed in the field by the brook afore he wint away, sir?"

"MR BEAMISH 'No, I rather think he *did not* mention that circumstance. It was as my physician he attended me

"PADDY 'Oh, I daar say, sir. Tom's a clever chap, and a great physicianer. He'd pick up anything, sir, from tare and trett to trigonometry, and as for Latin and Greek, he'd bother the bishop at them before he was bigger than a huxter's pint. Betty, darling, dust the ould chair there for the jintleman. Oh, she'll never come sit down, sir, if you playse. And so Tom is grown clever and lusty?"

"MR BEAMISH 'Why, he really looks the picture of rude health

"PADDY 'Rude'—rude, did you say, sir? He was rared clane and daycent, and—

"MR BEAMISH 'Oh, really, Mr Flynn, you mistake my meaning. I merely wished to say that he was in excellent health

"PADDY 'Ay, ay, it's quite sartin that he'll fall into flesh, he takes afther his mother, sir. (Aside) Arrah blur-an-ouns, Betty, come out of that glory-hole, your ould face is clane enough. One would think that you'd never have done scrubbing it. (To Mr Beamish) Sit down, sir, sit down, if you playse

"MR BEAMISH 'Excuse me, I had rather not at present, for I have some calls to make, and my time is somewhat limited. I shall be delighted to tell you some pleasing news about your son, if you will do me the favour of dining with me to-day

"PADDY 'Oh, Mr Baymish, is it in airnest you are, or making fun of me?"

"MR BEAMISH 'By no means, my dear sir, I shall be delighted if you dine with me, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to Mrs Beamish

"PADDY 'In troth, sir, to be plain wid you, I'd rather dine at home

"MR BEAMISH 'Oh, come, come, Mr Flynn, you must make yourself at home with me. Upon my honour you shall—indeed you must, dine with me to-day'

"PADDY 'And what time *do* you dine, sir?"

"MR BEAMISH 'At six o'clock'

"PADDY 'Oh, murder! I'd never be able to howld out till six. I couldn't go, sir. I never get my dinner later than two o'clock. Sure, sir, a man ought to have a couple of tumblers of punch and his tay under his waistcoat at six. Does Tom keep such bad hours?—though I daar say he does. When he was at home he was just as outlandish, for he wouldn't be done his breakfast till he'd be near going to bed, though he used to begin it when he'd get up, and he made but the one meal in the day, but it lasted from morning till night'

"MR BEAMISH 'But about dinner to-day, Mr Flynn?' I really will take no excuse. You must dine with us at six

"PADDY 'Arrah, Betty, jewel, d'ye hear all this?"

"BETTY 'You can't refuse the jintleman's politeness, Pat (aside in a whisper), go, Paddy, mavourneen, it may sarve Tom'

"PADDY 'Faith, and may be so Well, sir, as you won't be put off, I'll go dine with you at six

"MR BEAMISH 'Agreed, then, Mr Flynn At six, remember, we shall expect you Good bye'

"And here Mr Beamish made his bow and withdrew As the subsequent part, however, of my narration cannot be well given in the third person, I must leave it to Mr Flynn himself to describe the memorable events of the evening His own account of the dining-out part of the affair was after the following fashion

"Whin Mistor Baymish left the shop, by gor, I wint and brushed up my duds, and polished my pumps, and brightened my buckles, and thun, when at last I put them on, didn't I look clane and dacent "You're looking young again, Paddy dear, says Betty, wid a tear in her eye as big as a gooseberry But when two o'clock came, I felt something inside of me cying, 'cupboard At three, I felt morthil hungry At four, I couldn't stand it out much longer, but at five, I thought the bowels would fall out of me Howsomdever, says I to myself, 'Paddy Flynn, avich, you must bear it all, for the sake of your son Tom and his mother so I passed over the mighty inconvenience as well as I could, although I thought it was a week long, till Betty told me that it was a quarter to six Thin I jumped up off the chest, and says I to myself, 'Paddy Flynn, it's time for you to be off, for you have a good mile of ground to walk to the Parade Well, then, I took my cane in my fist, and rowled up my bran new pair of gloves in the other for fear of dirtying them, and I sauntered along quite leisurely, that I mightn't get into a sweat, until I came to the Parade 'Now, Paddy, says I, 'you're just going for to make your first step into high life, the Lord send you safe over the throuble, says I, looking about for Mr Baymish's doore I had the number of the house reckoned on my fingers, so I couldn't be mistaken At last I made it out, and the divil a finer house I ever laid my two morthal eyes upon than that same, wid its beautiful clane steps, that you could take your tay off, and its elegant hall-doore, big enough for an archbishop, and the full of your fist of a brass rapper upon it, not to say nothing at all of a purty little plate that was on it, with a beautiful printed B, and an E, and an A, *agus* an M, says I, 'and that makes BEAM, all the world over, and thun an I, and an S, *agus* an H—'right, says I, '*agus* a BEAM, *agus* an ISH,—BEAMISH, to be sure Whack wint the rapper in a minute, wid a single pelt that would astonish a twintypenny nail, if it only got it fair on the head The doore flew open before you could bless yourself 'D ye mayne to knock down the house, Mistor Impudence?' said a mighty fine-looking gentleman, wid a green coat and red breeches, popping out his powdered pate, and putting his fat chops close up to my face 'No, sir, I don't, says I, quite pohtely 'I wouldn't hurt a hair of its head, honey, nor a dog belonging to it'—'Thin what do you want, says he to myself, quite snappishly intirely 'I want Mr Baymish, says I, just as independantly 'You can't see him, says *Saucepan*, slapping the doore in my face 'Blur an' turf" says I, 'and may be so Isn't this purty tratement I'm suffering for *you*, Tom, avich?' Well, I scratched my head, and waited a bit, and rapped again for Tom's sake The same nice man opened it in a gifey 'You're a smart chap, I don't think,' says I, winking at him good-humour dly, and

in spite of his angry looks, I made bowld just to step past him into the hall 'I believe this is the house, says I, 'and this is the right side of the doore'—'D ye think so?' says he 'You'd better get out again, thin, as quick as you came in,' says he—'Not immaydiately,' says I, and then I ris my voice like a counsellor's, and says I, 'I'm come to dine wid Mr and Mrs Baymish at six, and, begging your pardon, sir, I think this is a mighty quare welcome—' 'What's your name?' says he—'Pat Flynn,' says I—'Beg your pardon, sir,' says he—'No offence, says I, as I thought he looked frightened—' 'Walk this way,' says he, bowing and scraping towards the stairs like a Frenchman at a fiddle 'Will you show me your hat, sir?' says he—'And welcome, sir,' says I 'it was made by my own cousin jarmin, Pat Beaghan, of Patrick Street, and cost but twelve and sixpence, ralt bayver, your sowl, and as honest a man as ever you deult with—indeed he is a mighty dacent man—' 'Oh, sir, I beg your honours pardon, says he, tittering wid the laughing, 'you mistake me, sir, intirely, says he 'playse to give me your hat—' 'For what?' Would you have me go home in the night air to Betty without a hat?' says I—'Oh, no, sir, you dont understand me,' says he, 'I merely want to put by your hat for you till you are going home'—'The devil trust your rogue's face!' says I, 'how mighty polite you are Can't I take care of it myself?'—'Oh, sir,' says he, thrusting his hand out for it, 'every gentleman that dines here layves his hat wid me'—'Then if I must, I must,' says I, 'there it's for you, and my blessing wid it, but by the holy poker, if you dont put it by in a clane place, I'll give you the length and breadth of this,' says I, shaking my cane, which was whipt out of my hand by another powdered gentleman, and before I could say *trapstick*, it was in safe keeping 'Take care of it for you, sir,' says he, grinning at me 'Thank ee, sir,' says I, grinning back at him 'Your gloves, sir,' says the black foot-boy 'Oh Lord!' says I, 'has your mother many more of you, Snowball?' Can't I put my own gloves in my own pocket, you baste?' says I—'Oh no, sir,' says the naygur, 'dat's not de way in dis house, massa' Well, I gave him my gloves, and the first chap,—he that opened the doore and looked like a drum-major, beckoned me after him up the stairs, wid a shamrogue carpet on them as green as nature's own petticoat of a May-day morning, and as soft as the daisies, and so delicate and elegant that you wouldn't hear a robin's foot if he hopped on it, much less the sound of your own Up thin I climbed for high life and for Tom's sake, and when I got to the top step, I pulled up the waist-band of my breeches to give myself ayse, for I was desperately out of breath The dirty blackguard in the red breeches afore me never minded me at all, but flung open a shining mahogany doore, and shouted out as loud as a tinker at a fair, 'Mr Flynn' says he—'Here I am, sir,' says I, quite angry, 'and what the devil do you want wid me in such a hurry?' But he never minded me a pin's point, only stepped into the room another step or two, and roared out as if there was an evil sperrit in his stomach, 'Mr Flynn'—'Och then, sweet bad luck to your assurance,' says I, 'is it for this that yes made me lave my cane below stairs, for fear I'd make you know your distance, you set of spalpeens?' says I, looking about me to try was there any more of them at my heels But the fellow was only laughing at me in his cheek, when out

walked Mr Baymish himself 'Mr Flynn, you're welcome, sir,' says he — 'Thank 'ee, sir,' says I — 'I hope there's nothing the matter with you, sir?' says he — 'Nothing particklar, sir,' says I, 'barring the liberty that gentleman in the red breeches is taking wid my name —' 'Pooh, pooh, Mr Flynn,' says he, 'we must only laugh at those trifles,' says he, taking me under the arm and gently shoving me in before a whole lot of beautiful ladies, who sat tittering and laughing, and stuffing their little mushin aprons and redicules into their mouths the moment they put their eyes upon poor Paddy Flynn. 'Your sarvint, ginteels,' says I in rale quality form, bowing down to the ground. 'My dear,' says Mr Baymish to the mistress, who stood up, 'God bless her purty face' to meet us, 'this is Mr Thomas Flynn's worthy father, and my very particular friend, allow me to introduce him to you, and to all of you, ladies and gentlemen,' says he, taking me by the hand and bowing with me. Well, d ye see, they all rose like a congregation to get the priest's blessing after mass, and kept bowing at me till they nearly bothered me. So says I in return, 'God save all here, barring the cat not forgetting my manners. But the quality said nothing but nodded at me, which I thought was anything but ginteel or dycent. 'Well,' says I to myself, 'the poor crathers may be rich and proud, but good manners is another thing, and I don't think they are so much to be blamed, seeing that they never took lessons from Pat Flynn, tacher of dancing, good manners, and all other kinds of music.

" 'Mi Beamish at last made me sit down, and I thin began to admire at the beautiful picturs, and the mighty big looking-glasses, and the varnished tables, that you could see your phiz-mahogany in, and the foreign tay-pots full of floweis, and the carpets that you d sink up to your hamstrings in, and oh, the darlings—the ladies! But the sorra sign of dinner myself saw, although I thought all is one as if the Frinch and English were fighting in my bowels, wid the downright famishing hunger. 'Oh, Tom, Tom, *avich ma chree*,' says I, giving them a squeeze for every twist they gave myself, 'isn't this cruel tratement intirely? I'm suffering for your sake.' But there was no use in complaining, so I turned up my phiz-mahogany to look at the beautiful window-curtains, and there were two beautiful goolden sarpints over them peeping out at us, and ready to pounce down on us, when all of a sudden in pops my gentleman in the red breeches, and roars out, to my great joy, 'Dinner's on the table.' Thin it was that they took a start out of Paddy Flynn, for on looking about, the divil a sign of a wall was there but what was whipt away by enchantment, and there stood the dinner on the bran new table-cloth, as white and as beautiful as a corpse at a wake. All the ladies and gentlemen stood up, and of coorse so did myself. 'Mr Flynn,' says Mr Beamish — 'Sir?' says I — 'Will you take Mrs Beamish's hand?' says he — 'For what, sir?' says I, 'what call have I to Mrs Beamish's hand?' It s yourself that s her husband has the best right to it, sir,' says I — 'Oh do, Mr Flynn, be good enough to take Mrs Beamish's hand, we are only going to dinner, and it is merely to lead her to her chair,' says he — 'Indeed, faith, sir,' says I, 'if it wasn't to oblige your honour, it would be contray to my religion to do the likes wid any man's wife, while Betty s alive and kicking — But they all fell a-laughing at me, while I took Mrs Beamish's hand an' led her to her sate. When

everybody had taken their places, Mr Beamish said to me, 'Mr Flynn, will you sit next me?' says he—'Thankee, sur,' says I, quite glad to be axed, for I was afeard of my life to sit among the young divils in the petticoats, that were all tittering and bursting their sides at me—'Let me give you some soup, says he—'Broth, if you please,' says I, winking at him—'Well, no matter, Mr Flynn,' says he, smiling at myself, and he helped me to two big spoonfuls of the turreen that was afore him. The first sup I tuck scalded my mouth, until I thought my two eyes would leap out of my head, so I blew into the remainder, and then made it lave that. When Mr Beamish saw that my hollow plate was empty, 'Mrs Beamish is looking at you, Mr Flynn,' says he—'For what, sir?' says I—'She's looking at you,' says he, laying his hand on a decanter—'She's welcome, sir,' says I, 'but, blur an ouns, I hope I'm all right,' looking at myself all over to see if my buttons were fast—'Oh, she only wants you to pledge her. Tim, says he, 'help the wine'—'Thank you and her a thousand times, sir,' says I, but the stingy fellow in the red breeches only helped us each to a thimble-full—'Blur and ouns, says I to myself, 'the mather, I suppose, orders her to be helped, *as he likes her*. So I was determined to watch my opportunity, and when I thought no one was looking, I nodded to the mistress, and pointed to a decanter that stood near her, and lifted my glass at the same time, which she understood, for *the women always understand you*, and she smiled and nodded to me in return. But she was so much afeard of him, that the divil a toothful she put into it, in spite of all my nods and winks, and shugging my showlders, and pointing to my full glass, that I could throw at her 'Tundher and turf,' says I to myself, 'hasn't he her under great controwl?' and I thought of *somebody* who used to clap her wings and crow at home—'What fish do you choose, Mr Flynn?' says his honour—'I never take none but on Fridays, and then bekaise I can't help it, sir,' says I—'You'll find that turbot delicious, sir,' says Mrs Beamish—'I prefer mate, ma'am, says I—'Well, look round the table, Mr Flynn, and say what you will have,' says Mr Beamish—'Some of that pork, sir, forrent that gentleman in the specs, says I—'It's ham, sir,' says ould Goggles, quite snappish—'Ham's pork, Mr Fore-sight, says I, and the whole company roared out laughing, and, as I didn't like them to have all the laugh to themselves, I laughed louder and longer than any of them—'You're quite right, says he, making the best of what he didn't bargain for, and sending me a plate full well bowlstered on cabbage, and, faith, I stuck into it like a hungry hawk—'Mr Flynn,' says his honour—'Sir,' says I, laying down my knife and fork quite ginteely on my plate and looking him full in the face—'I hope you are helped to your liking,' says he—'Mighty well, I thank you,'—but the divil a plate I had, for the thief in the red breeches had whipt it away while I was talking to his mather—'Oh, murther, murther, says I to myself, 'isn't this purty thratement I am suffering, and all for your sake, Tom, avick! But before I could say another word, the ugly black-faced fellow popped down afore me a dish of chopped nettles, so, seeing I could do no better, I began bowlting them, when he runs back and whipt it again from afore me, and said, 'The missus wants some spinich, says he—'Oh, Tom, Tom,' says I again, 'isn't this too bad?' Well, they gave me some-

thing else, which was so hot with red pepper that I couldn't eat three bits of it, and afther that a bit of sweet starch, so that I was as hungry as whin I sat down. It would vex a saint out of heaven all the while to see the fellows in the red breeches whipping and snapping everything, while my guts were pinching me with hunger and vexation. 'Oh ye blackguards' says I in my teeth, 'you murdering villains, if I had ye at home under my tobacky press, wouldn't I make you remember Paddy Flynn?' But there was no use in talking, for up they came as impudent as ever, and put before every lady and gentleman, including myself, a glass bowl of cowl'd water. Not knowing what the divil to do with such cowl'd comfort, I was looking about for the first move, when Mr Beamish said to me, 'Mr Flynn,' says he, 'make use of that water, we'll have the claret immediately'—'Yes, sir,' says I, thinking of Tom, so I took up the bowl betwene my two hands, and threw myself back in the chair with my mouth wide open, and gulped the water down in one big swallow, till I thought there was two feet of it in my stomach, and I felt myself as full as the tick of a bed, although there was not the bigness of an egg in my body afore. But oh—och mavourneen! the cowl'd wather began to give me such an—oh—oh—och!—it almost gives me the colick now to think of it—such a rumbling, an grumbling, an tumbling, an shivering, an quaking, an shaking, that heartily as Mr Beamish an the ladies laughed at me, the divil a wrinkle was on my face or my stomach in two minutes. 'Nahana-man-dhoul,' says I to the masther in a pig's whisper, 'I'm fairly flummoxed and done over'—'Oh, I hope you're not unwell, Mr Flynn,' says Mrs Beamish, wid the soft sweet voice of an angel—'Oh no, avouirneen machree,' says I, 'but something mighty quare's the matter wid me. Mr Beamish, jewel, I'm in a morthal hurry intirely, you must excuse me, for I can't stay. Oh, Tom, Tom,' says I, 'what cruel usage I'm suffering for your sake'—'Mr Flynn,' says his honour, whispering something behind his hand to me—'Oh no, mavourneen,' says I, slinking out of the room, and squeezing my bowels as if I hadn't a moment to live. I don't know how I got down the stairs, but when I did, a fellow at the foot says to me 'Your hat, sir, giving it a nate touch wid his sleeve—'Thank you for my own,' says I, taking it from him—'Hope you won't forget me, sir, always get a tinpenny or two,' says the spalpeen—'Oh, murther,' says I, drawing forth a tinpenny picee like a tooth from my breeches-pocket, 'what I suffer for your sake, Tom, honey'—'Your gloves, sir,' says another gentleman, 'nicely aired, hope you won't forget me, sir'—'Oh, Tom, Tom' says I, pulling out another tinpenny—'Your cane, sir,' says Snowball, who robbed me of the dish of spinnich, 'took great care of it, hope you won't forget me, sir'—'Indeed and I won't,' says I, laying it across his showlders an' his shins, until I astonished his wake intellect so much that he screeched with the pain, 'forget ye, indeed, faith! I'll never forget ye, ye set of thieving, whipping, snapping villains! Let me out' says I, roaring out like a lion, for I felt my stick in my fist,—so they bowed and scraped, and kept their distance till I got into the street. So as soon as I heard them shut the door, I said to myself, 'The divil burn you, Paddy Flynn,' says I, 'if ever you give two tinpennies again for a mouthful of chopped nettles an a bellyful of cowl'd wather''

UNCLE SAM'S PECULIARITIES

A JOURNEY FROM NEW YORK TO PHILADELPHIA AND BACK

AFTER remaining during a summer and autumn in New York, business induced me to make Philadelphia my winter quarters. A steam-boat carried me on the route to Newark in New Jersey, a town of some manufacturing importance in the coach-building and shoe-making trades. From Newark I proceeded in a stage to Elizabeth-town-point, where I took a steamer to New Brunswick, stopping there the second night. This is an ancient town of some extent, but I did not learn that any particular branch of manufacturing was carried on in it. There was a very large travelling menagerie here, besides other exhibitions, one of which I was induced to visit, as it was stated there was an "exact likeness" of the celebrated Mrs. Trollope, in wax-work, to be seen within. My surprise and risible emotion may be imagined, when this exact likeness turned out to be the figure of a fat, red-faced *trollop*, smoking a short pipe, and dressed in dirty flannel and worsted, and a ragged slouched hat. "This," said the showman, "is the purty Mrs. Trollope, who was sent over to the United States by the British lords, to write libels against the free-born Americans." The figure excited a good deal of attention, and was abused in no measured terms. "Impudent crittur!" said one female, "she write of American manners indeed!" It would be better for her to smoke her pipe in her own country, than to come here. How can she understand our manners?" "I expect," said another, "that them lords are the most imperent critturs on this tarnal earth. They won't be quiet, even after the licking we gave 'em." "Very true," said a third, "but we must make some allowance for their feelings. You know they beat all the world before we beat them, and of course they are very angry." Another man took hold of the figure by the nose, and left a mark on each side of a tobacco-juice colour.

The next morning I got into the regular "Citizens' line" route to Philadelphia, first travelling in a stage-coach, then by canal-boat, and lastly by a steamer, which took us down the river Delaware to the Philadelphia wharfs. The coach had but one outside place, which was by the side of the driver, and this place was mine by compulsion, as I came last on the person's book who "fixed" the passengers. This was not to be regretted on my part, as I was soon convinced the inside passengers were not conversational, and the major, who drove the coach, was very communicative.

"Come from York, Colonel?" said my friend on the right, at the same time looking at me to give a guess, while he bit a piece from some Cavendish tobacco.

"Yes, I left York two days ago."

"And what's the news there, sir? Any private letters from France on the payment question? I expect if they don't come down with the dollars soon, Jackson will be a leetle maddish. He an't slow, no ways—that's a fact."

"Livingston, the ambassador, has arrived, and explained his conduct to the citizens in Greenwich, New York, previous to starting for Washington"

"Then by the living Jingo, there's no two ways about the war! We shall have to give the French pepper, as sure as Uncle Sam ain't too old to fight like them in Europe. Are you in the military,* colonel? I'm a major in the Forty-second Delaware Section"

"No. I am only a private in the militia, and Captain Dowbiggin, the tailor, fined me two dollars the other day, for not standing out. †

"French is French certain, and no mistake, and they have fought a leetle, I expect, but Uncle Sam grins agin when he fights two to one. He likes to give the odds to the enemy, and beat 'em slick right away, as we did the British. Yes, two to one is just the ticket for us. we go a-head at it, as a bear can hug two monkeys, both biting him hard. But strength is everything, and if we weren't so tarnation strong we'd have no chance with the French, I guess, except with the rifle in bush-ranging"

"You may say that

"Well, I expect politics will run purty smart at Washington. I go the whole ticket ag in Jackson, but yit I calcy late he an't no sneezer, he is a real screamer, *he* is. Though he is a tyrant, yet he's eternal at fighting. Old Hickory‡ is so hard he likes blows, they keep him warm. Yahow! clear it smartly. That's a bad turn, no such bad lump on this pike§ as that there"

"For a Macadamised pike, it certainly is too high out of the ground. It could be cleared off in a few days"

"That's a fact. But the railway will ease this road in a few months, and there ain't many accidents on it. That stone takes all that is, but it's a bad un to tumble on. I cut myself considerable the last as we overset this here Citizens line, but Leefteenant Tompkins as driv the Commercial line, was killed last fall|| on it. He came on awkward with his head, ag in a piece on it shaped like a hatchet. But he had not critturs like these. Yahow! go a-head, tchee!"

"Do you call these first-rate horses?"

"Yes, I do. I'd bet a span¶ on 'em to a span of blind donkeys, you never seed any better"

"I think I have, major"

"Where, Colonel, if I may be so bold? Was it in this here State?"

"No, but in New York"

"I expect that makes some difference. But if there's better critturs than these here in New Jersey or Delaware, let me only see 'em, and I promise to eat 'em tee-totally, or if I can't, I know pretty near who can"

"Who may that be?"

"Why, I guess it's the owner and keeper of these critturs."

* Volunteers

† Waiting in the street to be reviewed, while lining the parapet, on *field* days

‡ A nick name given to General Jackson

§ Turnpike road

|| Autumn

¶ Pan

Some are good uns to look at, but bring 'em on a crooked cutting, with the stones out right and left, and they an't nowhere to be found. Give me the critturs that'll be good at being whipped round a stone like that we've passed, without letting the wheel touch."

"But much of that cleverness in the horses depends on the driver's hand."

"So it does, Colonel, so it does, that's a fact. A good whip'll teach a crittur 'rithmetic no ways slow."

"How so?"

"I calculate you haven't travelled much in the midst of hoss-flesh. We know a thing or two about it in Delaware. I've two lads, they beats everything at it as ever I seed. I've hard of a mother as said her children were so cûte, that if she locked 'em up in a room, they'd make two dollars a-day by swapping their jackets to each other. Mine doesn't barter so strong in old clothes as that, I guess, but they shows more cuteness considerable in swapping stray hosses, knowing the minds of the critturs as are breaking in, and hunting the varmint in the patches of trees out here."

"But how can your whip teach a hoise arithmetic?"

"Why, the critturs make numbers on the road with their feet. When they goes a trot, you'll hear 1, 2, 3, 4, *one, two, three, four*, as plain as the echo in Sleepy Hollow, but when they gallop outright, a thing which the whip will teach 'em, then you hear 1, 2, *one, two*, and no more. Now, if the whip'll teach 'em the difference 'tween two and four, they learn as much as a babby first counting, and that's 'rithmetic."

"Does the Commercial line fill as well as this Citizens' line?"

"No, by no means, they're second-rate. Our stages is the best as well as the critturs. Look at this here stage, stronger as a steam-engine, and a leetle tougher, and yet all spring, like ~~rubber~~ Uncle Sam's mails ain't anything to it. It goes so well it drives the critturs along considerable, particular going down a slope. We stop here, sir, to have a wet. We treats the critturs here, and the strangers inside can have some purty good at three cents. Hollo! Jim, where did you come from? What do you eat when you're at home that you get so fat? I never seed a nigger so fat afore, or behind. I was calculating on owing you a York shilling, but somehow you're fat enough without."

"Allaws joking, capum."

"Don't stand in front of the critturs, or you'll frighten 'em. The prop-prietor of the Citizens line holds with white stable-boys, he does. Give the water in three sups. We're arly to-day, and can spare time."

We now went into the road-side tavern, which had a room in it called the "state house" for the district, and a closet called a prison for criminals, (generally niggers,) when the "squires" (magistrates) sit to "fix" the justice. There were three farmers in the bar-room taking their morning sling, (spirits and water,) and reading the newspapers, of which there was a plentiful supply, and as the air was cold the passengers by the Citizens' line stage, were glad to have a peep at the blazing tree roots and timbers on the brick hearth. The three farmers, however, kept the best of the

fire to themselves, and stirred not to accommodate, being, most likely, great observers of republican etiquette

We must here digress from our immediate subject, for the purpose of properly introducing one of the most celebrated characters now talked of. This personage, *Major Jack Downing* by name, is in everybody's notice as a great American jester, but, like *Uncle Sam*, is but a name. There may originally have been a Major Jack Downing, a comical "military officer, and there may also have been an Uncle Sam in Boston, whose initials happening to be the same as the initial letters of the United States was, from a postmaster, or government contractor of Massachusetts Bay, converted into the impersonation, or great federal representative of the twenty-six States, including Jonathan's own five particular States, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New England, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. But Major Jack and Uncle Sam of Boston (*mortal Sam*) both sleep with their forefathers, if they ever had any, leaving only their names behind, glorious Jack being famous in story, and Uncle Sam's initials, U.S., being wedded to *E Pluribus unum*, for better or worse, until the twenty-six stars of North America shall be separated by some violent effort of nature, or a general convulsion of Yankee Republicanism. But if *Major Jack* is never seen *in propria persona*, he is sometimes represented by others, who prefer his name to their own. One of Mister Joseph Miller's jokes is of a fanatic, who gave thanks for being shown some relicts in a monastery, and added, "This is the sixteenth head of John the Baptist I have seen in Italy." A traveller in the United States is reminded of this Joe, and of King Dick's "six Richmonds in the field," by hearing of Major Jack Downing of American ubiquity, who is spread abroad and met with as a resident in most of the large towns and many of the quiet villages, and is, moreover, one of the most witty correspondents of that many-headed monster, the Public Press.

"The place where the Citizens line stage halted had its own Major Jack, a loitering character who, as the Citizens line driver informed me, was clerk to the state-house, postmaster, auctioneer, hair-cutter, and general dealer. This Major Jack always took his sling* when the stage stopped at his friend the tavern-keeper's door, and the passengers had not been in the bar-room a minute, before the Major called in to take a "chumblefull, and see who the strangers were. As soon as my friend, the driver, informed me of the presence of Major Jack Downing, who at first looked but little inclined to open his mouth, I was determined, short as the interview must be, to have some conversation with him, so I made known my wish in the established American form

"Major, I'm just going to have some cider and a drop of brandy in it. Join me in something. Our York fashion is never to drink alone. Captain, a biscuit if you please, and some cider with a dash of brandy in it. What will you take, Major?"

"Why, I guess, Yankee rum I like pretty near best, for it's my favorite liquor, besides, it's good for digestion."

"Indeed! then it must be quite a medicine."

"Why, you see, Yankee rum is powerful warm, it's about the sinartest liquor we have in these parts, except Apple Jack, and

* Spirits and water

when you pours it down it bites all the way like a real good saw So when you find a sling that cuts in that manner you may be sure to have an appetite Well, here s d—n General Andrew Jackson, and no mistake! That's good, powerful warm, that drop 'will take water like a red-hot iron Captain, a sprinkling of water, if you please Rum first and water after, is manners Now some people scotch a sup before the dinner meal, but I never do "

"What do you mean by scotch a sup?

"Don't you know? Why, it's good English Scotch is to half do a thing—Shekspur invented the word He was out one day in the woods in England, as there was when *he* lived,—though I expect they ve cut em down for firing since,—and he saw a rattle-snake, a good large un, and he had only a little switch in his hand of hickory or maple, but he cuts at it considerable, and pokes at it, so that present-ly off went the crittur about half-and-half, that is, part alive with a gentle sprinkling of death over him Well then, the next time Shekspur writs a play he says, 'I scotched the snake, not killed him, meaning that he only half fixed the business "

"Very good I see you ve read something in your time, Major "

"You *may* say that, Colonel I read nearly as much every day as all the editors in Phillydelphy, Newark, and 'Lisbethtown write, and they are not at all slow, I calylate, and I driv Uncle Sam's mail-cart six miles besides T other day I was taking a julep* at Colonel Marvelho's grocery when in comes Major Noah the editor, 'Major,' says I, 'I walks over you like a dead horse every day' 'Do you?' says he, 'then I expect I m asleep, and thinking of nothing, for I dont know as I h-rd of it before But, major,' says he, 'tell me how you fix it, and I ll wear cautious in-course "

"What did he mean by that?

"Why, that he would be cautious, I calylate, while I was walking over him slick

"Oh! keeping his eye open?"

"Exact 'Well,' says he, 'I ll be cautious in course,' and says I, 'I ll tell you how I fix it, Major When I sits down to read your *Evening Star*, I looks first at the letter from Washington, then I slides into the *adver tisements*, reads the Bowery play-bill and *criticisements*, all the internal improvement notes, Bicknell's forgery report, price of land, and French question, also the *Indine* war if there is any frolicking going on that way, and when I comes to your articles, I looks at the first and last lines to make sure of the size, and over I goes without taking breath till I m fixed farther off And no offence either I'd serve out any Jackson article, or Jackson himself, in the same way no ways slow Pre-haps my father weren't in the revolution, and I don't know the constitution "

"What did Major Noah say?"

"Oh! he turns his large nose all a one side like the tower of Babel on a slope, and says to me, 'Major,' says he, 'so you read the "*Evening Star*," somehow, I don't care three cents whether you read the *leaders*, or not Your opinion on politics may be as good as any one man's in this here free country, and pre-haps better than some of them opposition editors, and I admire you considerable for

* Spirits and water, with sugar and fresh mint

going the whole ticket some way' 'Ah' says I, 'I m none of them half-and-half fellers that picks and chuses a ticket* as if they were picking stones out of currants, but I takes the caucus ticket of my party more or less, just as it is, red or blue' "

"That's a good way, Major, it saves trouble'

"That's a fact"

The Citizens line driver here intimated that the horses had finished their "sup," and that he had to keep good time in arriving at the canal. We therefore regained the coach, leaving Major Jack Downing to discuss politics with the farmers.

"Major Jack is cruel smart sometimes, said my friend, the driver, "though I expect there's a Major Jack at Jeffersonville that's 'cuter' far, and makes more laughing considerable, cos he can grind his teeth together so powerful you'd think his head would come off at the jaws, he's real clever at it, he is. Now you want the whip, eh? Jow-up! yho!"

"A good whip this, sir. Look at that knot in the middle. I call that the remembrancer. It has a piece of patent nail in it, and when the critters forget to move, this noddles em. Three niggers lying in the sun, and holding on together with all their might, *must* git up and go a-head if they felt this twice pretty smart. Any tight niggers in York, Colonel?"

"Some of all sorts, Major."

"We had a powerful fellow here some time ago, but his spirit was too great, and it killed him."

"How so?"

"Why, he was elegant powerful at jobbing."

"What do you call jobbing?"

"Why, sir, the niggers in these parts take great pride in their heads. Since gouging was put down by the squires, the niggers have taken to jobbing, or butting their fore'ds agin each other like rams, and, when they does it, they have their hands tied behind 'em, and keep jobbing till one on 'em drops down, when the other stands on him, (if he can,) and crows like a cock, which ends the game. But the great art is to mind what part of the fore'd they get hit, and the one that's fell must try to bite the other's toe off when he stands on him. If you'd stop in these parts we'd get up a jobbing."

"Thank you. So one of these jobbing niggers was killed?"

"Why, I expect it was in the newspapers. didn't you read it? Colly was the nigger's name, and he was so tarnation powerful at jobbing that at last none o' the others would hold their fore'ds while he did, and the game was given up. So then he was considerable down-hearted, and says he, 'If there isn't a nigger as will stand me, I'll get a goat as will.' So, one day when there was a land-auction, and a powerful number of people out, Colly wagered half a dollar to job with the goat, and to it they sets. The goat didn't like it first, and many bet as he'd make the goat clear out, but, at last, as Colly was grinning instead of minding his aim, the goat began to be smart and rakish, and came in with a blow that won the wager, for the nigger was killed. A smart fellow, but couldn't stand a goat no ways, on account of the horns."

* An entire or "whole ticket" is a list of between thirty or forty names of candidates for different situations in the state and general governments—all of pecuniary value.

"Jobbing, then, is one of the rural sports in this state?"

"You may call it rural if you like, but it's always done here by the field-niggers, that live in the country entire-ly

"Is there much gouging here now?"

"No, that's put down pretty considerable, and there's no pride taken in it as there used to be. The young fellers carry knives now, and rip each other a slice or so when they're maddish, and no more said it's very seldom as they kill each other outright. An Englisher got sliced tarnally here a leetle while since cos he d—d the Yankees. When the knives was out he tuk a *cheer*, and says he, 'Come on' holding em off all the time with the legs of it, but he didn't calcy late exact, for one on 'em came behind, and ripped him over the shoulders and back considerable smart. Poor devil! he wanted a new coat after the doctor had cured him. Thirty dollars for a new coat, and twenty for the doctor, made his d——g the Yankees come curious warm on him. It'll teach him manners, I reckon. We Yankees ant a-going to be d—d, I gues, no ways. That's a fact. If we ant free and independent, then that's not the canal-boat as you must go in. Let the Englisher go back, and say what he seen here and take a steamer with him. It'll do the other Englishers good to look at."

The country, until we came to the Delaware river, was level and uninteresting, and the pike (road) so straight that we could sometimes see ten or fifteen miles a-head. On the canal there was only one lock in ten or twelve miles, and but few embankments. Some of the land had only recently been obtained from the primeval woods, and the stumps of trees were blackening the surface of thousands of acres which afford but small chance of profit to the agriculturist for many years to come. A machine has been invented on the screw principle for removing the stumps, instead of allowing them to rot in the ground, but the application is expensive, and is only resorted to in peculiar cases. Sometimes the stumps are blown up with gunpowder, but this is only a partial remedy, the fragments being left in the earth to rot for some years, when they are burnt off the ground. The banks of the broad Delaware, down which we proceeded in a steam-boat, were extremely beautiful, innumerable lofty trees and the magnificent autumn foliage giving me for the first time a view of American scenery such as it was when the red man held undisputed sway, and Europe was ignorant of the existence of a continent devoted to the hunter.

On board the steamer I entered into a conversation with a native, whose father had been an Englishman, and who had not forgotten that his parent had regretted leaving the country of his birth. Yet the native, John Bull's cousin only once removed, was a complete American, and asked, with the usual air of one, whether America were not the most glorious country in the world, and the people the "best educated, most ingenious, bravest, &c and *beat the British*?"* I told him I thought the Americans were decidedly degenerated from their European forefathers, were far from being well educated, and, as to their ingenuity and bravery, the world had yet to learn some proofs of the assertion. The immigration must be dis-

* This is a phrase used on every possible and almost every *improbable* occasion. Morning, noon, and night, do the words ring from the pulpit, the bar, the senate, and the stage — "*Beat the British*!"

continued *one full generation*, at least, before any calculation could be made on the subject. At present the country is more English than American.

He asked me if I thought there were more British in 'the States than Americans?' I answered, *no*, but that I thought there were decidedly more *British, and their immediate descendants*, than natives who could trace American parents for two generations. The population of the United States after the revolution was but three or four millions, it is now upwards of twelve, and the increase has been caused chiefly by immigrants, nine-tenths of whom have emigrated from the British Islands.

"To what cause," said he, "do you attribute this degeneracy? We have the best climate in the world, and the aborigines of the country are the finest race of people in a state of nature in the world."

"I cannot allow," I replied, "that the climate is as good as you think, and no man who has seen with an unprejudiced eye the population of America at the close of a hot summer, can say that the climate agrees either with Europeans, or their descendants, down to the third generation. And how is it that the Europeans generally stand the climate *better than the natives*? A native female, thirty years of age, looks old and haggard, although the mother of but three or four children; an Englishwoman may be in America twenty years, and with six or eight children not look as old at the age of forty-five. And, although the aborigines of the country are a fine race of men as hunters on their native prairies, we have absolute proof that their adoption of European habits, and an abandonment of their roving life, tend to the decrease of their numbers and their gradual extinction."

"And you really think the climate of America not suited to the production of a hardy, highly-civilised, and intelligent race of men?"

"I do, if the comparison be made between the English and the natives of the most healthy climate of America, New York, and the Eastern States."

"Well, I expect you English are the most prejudiced people in the world."

"The English and the Americans may find a strong family likeness to each other in this particular. But it is getting cold and dark, suppose we descend to the cabin."

We had been talking on deck until we had the gang-way to ourselves, the other passengers having all retired to the stoves in the cabin, or to the bar-room, where ale-cocktail (ale with ginger and pepper in it), sangaree (spirits and sugar), and Monongahela (whisky-punch) were in great demand. The stoves were literally covered with the feet of those who had obtained the nearest places, and having in vain endeavoured to obtain a share of the warmth, I lighted a cigar, and returned to the deck just in time to catch the first glimpse at the Philadelphia lamps.

Here was the city of Penn! What an ambitious old Quaker he must have been! To cancel a debt owed him by a king he obtained a tract of country larger than England, and gave his name to it, became a viceroy, and founded one of the largest and finest cities of the new world, which up to the present time has been built accord-

ing to the plan he laid down On one of the banks of the Delaware, near where we were passing, the Quaker sovereign purchased with a few blankets and tin-ware the peaceable possession of his territory from the Indian warriors He expected his city would be peopled with Quakers, but the calculation was a failure, the world being either not wise enough, or not eccentric enough, to furnish a city with a population mute and outwardly indifferent to the pleasures of life Perhaps, too, as the "Friends" are not very partial to the use of the trowel, the shuttle, and the spade, and would prefer being scalped to killing an Indian, some difficulty would have occurred in building the city, keeping off the Indians, and maintaining the inhabitants in food and clothing, if Philadelphia had attracted none but the real Simon Pures, Obadiah Broadbrims, and Grey Susannahs

We soon reached the place of debarkation at the bottom of a street so quiet (although it was only half-past nine o'clock) as to afford a curious contrast to the bustle and noise of the empire city † It was with some difficulty we could all obtain hackney-coaches the boat having arrived later than usual, many of the free and independent hackney-coachmen had vacated the stand

"How much is the fare?" said I when one came up

"*Two lewes and a fip*," answered the man

Now these were coins I had never previously heard of, and I was accordingly puzzled as to the mode of payment In an after-explanation I found that a New York shilling (twelve and a half cents) is in Pennsylvania an elevenpenny bit, or *levy*, and a silver sixpence (six and a quarter cents) is a fivepenny bit, or *fip*, there being in the old currency *nine* shillings to the dollar in the one, and *eight* in the other place.

* * * * *

† New York is so called

THE HEATHER FOR ME[†]

BONNY 's the blushing rose at t'en ,
 Bonny 's the violet blue ,
 Noble 's the oak wi' its acorns green ,
 And broad leaves tipp'd wi' dew
 But autumn's chill the rose will fade,
 And fell'd the oak may be ,
 I'd gie ye both for one single blade
 Of heather,—the heather for me[†]

'Tis bonny to sit in leafy bower
 When song delights the ear ,
 To feel the odour of every flower
 Blend wi' music near ,
 But I'm for a seat on my hunter's back,
 And then, for melody,
 One blast of the bugle to follow his track
 O'er the heather!—the heather for me[†]

MAC GRAS

THE INN OF WOLFSWALD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A WINTER IN THE FAR WEST"

Tramp—tramp on the oaken floor !
 Heard ye the spectre's hollow tread ?
 He marches along the corridor,
 And the wainscot cracks beside thy bed
 As he tracks his way through the jarring door
 Which the wild night-blast has opened

The Yankee Rhymers

My horse had cast a shoe, and, stopping about sunset at a blacksmith's cabin in one of the most savage passes of the Alleghanies, a smutty-faced, leather-aproned fellow, was soon engaged in enabling me again to encounter the flinty roads of the mountains, when the operation was interrupted in the manner here related —

"Pardon me, sir," cried a middle-aged traveller, riding up to the smithy, and throwing himself from his horse just as the shaggy-headed Vulcan, having taken the heels of my nag in his lap, was proceeding to pare off the hoof preparatory to fitting the shoe, which he had hammered into shape, and thrown on the black soil beside him "Pardon me, sir," repeated the stranger, raising his broad-brimmed beaver from a head remarkable for what the phrenologist would call the uncommon developement of "ideality," revealed by the short locks which parted over a pair of melancholy grey eyes, "matters of moment make it important for me to be a dozen miles hence before nightfall; and you will place me, sir, under singular obligations by allowing this good fellow to attend to my lame beast instantly

The confident and not ungraceful manner in which the stranger threw himself upon my courtesy sufficiently marked him as a man of breeding, and I, of course, complied at once with his request by giving the necessary order to the blacksmith. His horse was soon put in travelling trim, and, leaping actively into the saddle, he regained the highway at a bound, checking his course then a moment, he turned in his stirrups to thank me for the slight service I had rendered him, and, giving an address which I have now forgotten, he added that if ever I should enter ——'s valley, I might be sure of a cordial welcome from the proprietor

An hour afterward I was pursuing the same road, and rapidly approaching the end of my day's journey. The immediate district through which I was travelling had been settled by Germans in the early days of Pennsylvania — a scattered community that had been thrown somewhat in advance of the more slowly-extended settlements. In populousness and fertility it could not be compared with the regions on the eastern side of the mountains, but the immense stone barns, which, though few and far between, occasionally met the eye, not less than the language spoken around me, indicated that the inhabitants were of the same origin with the ignorant but industrious denizens of the lower country

One of these stone buildings, an enormous and ungainly edifice, stood upon a hill immediately at the back of the Wolfswald Hotel, — a miserable wooden hovel, where I expected to pass the night, — and,

while descending the hill in rear of the village, I had leisure to observe that it presented a somewhat different appearance from the other agricultural establishments of the kind which I had met with during the day. The massive walls were pierced here and there with narrow windows, which looked like loop-holes, and a clumsy chimney had been fitted up by some unskilful mechanic against one of the gables, with a prodigality of materials which made its jagged top show like some old turret in the growing twilight. The history of this grotesque mansion, as I subsequently learned it, was that of a hundred others scattered over our country, and known generally in the neighbourhood as "Smith's," or "Thompson's Folly." It had been commenced upon an ambitious scale by a person whose means were inadequate to its completion, and had been sacrificed at a public sale when half-finished, in order to liquidate the claims of the mechanics employed upon it. After that it had been used as a granary for a while, and subsequently, being rudely completed without any reference to the original plan, it had been occupied as a hotel for a few years. The ruinous inn had, however, for a long period been abandoned, and now enjoyed the general reputation in the neighbourhood of being haunted, for ghosts and goblins are always sure to take a big house off a landlord's hands when he can get no other tenant.

"We havt no room pfor mynheer, said mine host, laying his hand on my bridle as I rode up to the door of a cabaret near this old building, while three or four waggoners, smoking their pipes upon a bench in front of the house, gave a grunt of confirmation to the ungracious avowal of the German landlord. I was too old a stager, however, to be so summarily turned away from an inn at such an hour, and, throwing myself from my horse without further parley, I told the landlord to get me some supper, and we would talk about lodging afterwards.

It matters not how I got through the evening until the hour of bedtime arrived. I had soon ascertained that every bed in the hostelry was really taken up, and that unless I chose to share his straw with one of the waggoners, who are accustomed to sleep in their lumbering vehicles, there was no resource for me except to occupy the lonely building which had first caught my eye on entering the hamlet. Upon inquiring as to the accommodation it afforded, I learned that, though long deserted by any permanent occupants, it was still occasionally, notwithstanding its evil reputation, resorted to by the passing traveller, and that one or two of the rooms were yet in good repair, and partially furnished. The good woman of the house, however, looked very portentous when I expressed my determination to take up my abode for the night in the haunted ruin, though she tried ineffectually to rouse her sleeping husband to guide me thither. Mine host had been luxuriating too freely in some old whiskey brought by a return waggon from the Monongahela to heed the jogging of his spouse, and I was obliged to act as my own gentleman-usher.

The night was raw and gusty as with my saddle-bags in one hand, and a stable-lantern in the other, I sallied from the door of the cabaret, and struggled up the broken hill in its rear to gain my uninviting place of rest. A rude porch, which seemed to have been long unconscious of a door, admitted me into the building, and

tracking my way with some difficulty through a long corridor, of which the floor appeared to have been ripped open here and there in order to apply the boards to some other purpose, I came to a steep and narrow staircase without any balusters. Cautiously ascending, I found myself in a large hall which opened on the hill-side, against which the house was built. It appeared to be lighted by a couple of windows only, which were partially glazed in some places, and closed up in others by rough boards nailed across in lieu of shutters. It had evidently, however, judging from two or three ruinous pieces of furniture, been inhabited. A heavy door, whose oaken latch and hinges, being incapable of rust, were still in good repair, admitted me into an adjoining chamber. This had evidently been the dormitory of the establishment, where the guests, after the gregarious and most disagreeable fashion of our country, were wont to be huddled together in one large room. The waning moon, whose bright autumnal crescent was just beginning to rise above the hills, shone through a high circular window full into this apartment, and indicated a comfortable-looking truckle-bed at the further end before the rays of my miserable lantern had shot beyond the threshold.

Upon approaching the pallet I observed some indications of that end of the apartment being still occasionally occupied. The heavy beams which traversed the ceiling appeared to have been recently whitewashed. There was a small piece of carpet on the floor beside the bed, and a decrepit table, and an arm-chair, whose burly body was precariously supported upon three legs, were holding an innocent *l'ête-à-l'ête* in the corner adjacent.

"I've had a rougher roosting-place than this," thought I, as I placed my lantern upon the table, and depositing my saddle-bags beneath it, began to prepare myself for rest.

My light having now burned low, I was compelled to expedite the operation of undressing, which prevented me from examining the rest of the apartment, and, indeed, although I had, when first welcoming with some pleasure the idea of sleeping in a haunted house, determined fully to explore it for my own satisfaction before retiring for the night, yet fatigue or caprice made me now readily abandon the intention just when my means for carrying it into execution were being withdrawn, for the candle expired while I was opening the door of the lantern to throw its light more fully upon a mass of drapery which seemed to be suspended across the further end of the chamber. The total darkness that momentarily ensued blinded me completely, but in the course of a few moments the shadows became more distinct, and gradually, by the light of the moon, I was able to make out that the object opposite me was only a large old-fashioned bedstead prodigally hung with tattered curtains. I gave no farther thought to the subject, but turning over, composed myself to rest.

Sleep, however, whom Shakspeare alone has had the sense to personify as a woman, was coy in coming to my couch. The old man-sion wheezed and groaned like a broken-winded buffalo hard pressed by the hunter. The wind, which had been high, became soon more boisterous than ever, and the clouds hurried so rapidly over the face of the moon that her beams were as broken as the crevices of the ruined building through which they fell. A sudden gust would every now and then sweep through the long corridor below,

and make the ricketty staircase crack as if it yielded to the feet of some portly passenger. Again the blast would die away in a sullen moan, as if baffled on some wild night-errand, while anon it would swell in monotonous surges, which came booming upon the ear like the roar of a distant ocean.

I am not easily discomposed, and perhaps none of these uncouth sounds would have given annoyance if the clanging of a window-shutter had not been added to the general chorus, and effectually kept me from sleeping. My nerves were at last becoming sensibly affected by its ceaseless din, and, wishing to cut short the fit of restlessness which I found growing upon me, I determined to rise, and descend the stairs at the risk of my neck, to try and secure the shutter so as to put an end to the nuisance.

But now, as I rose from my bed for this purpose I found myself subjected to a new source of annoyance. The mocking wind, which had appeared to me more than once to syllable human sounds, came at length upon my ear distinctly charged with tones which could not be mistaken. It was the hard-suppressed breathing of a man. I listened, and it ceased with a slight gasp, like that of one labouring under suffocation. I listened still, and it came anew, stronger and more fully upon my ear. It was like the thick suspirations of an apoplectic. Whence it proceeded I knew not, but that it was near me I was certain. A suspicion of robbery—possibly assassination—flashed upon me, but was instantly discarded as foreign to the character of the people among whom I was travelling.

The moonlight now fell full upon the curtained bed opposite to me, and I saw the tattered drapery move, as if the frame upon which it was suspended were agitated. I watched, I confess, with some peculiar feelings of interest. I was not alarmed, but an unaccountable anxiety crept over me. At length the curtain parted, and a naked human leg was protruded through its folds, the foot came with a numb, dead-like sound to the floor, resting there, it seemed to me at least half a minute before the body to which it belonged was disclosed to my view.

Slowly, then, a pallid and unearthly-looking figure emerged from the couch, and stood with its stark lineaments clearly drawn against the dingy curtain beside it. It appeared to be balancing itself for a moment, and then began to move along from the bed. But there was something horribly unnatural in its motions. Its feet came to the floor with a dull heavy sound, as if there were no vitality in them. Its arms hung, apparently, paralysed by its side, and the only nerve or rigidity in its frame appeared about its head, the hair, which was thin and scattered, stood out in rigid tufts from its brow, the eyes were dilated and fixed with an expression of ghastly horror, and the petrified lips moved not, as the hideous moaning which came from the bottom of its chest escaped them.

It began to move across the floor in the direction of my bed, its knees at every step being drawn up with a sudden jerk nearly to its body, and its feet coming to the ground as if they were moved by some mechanical impulse, and were wholly wanting in the elasticity of living members. It approached my bed, and mingled horror and curiosity kept me still. It came and stood beside it, and, child-like, I still clung to my couch, moving only to the farther side. Slowly, and with the same unnatural foot-falls, it pursued me thi-

ther, and again I changed my position. It placed itself then at the foot of my bedstead, and, moved by its piteous groans, I tried to look calmly at it,—I endeavoured to rally my thoughts, to reason with myself, and even to speculate upon the nature of the object before me. One idea that went through my brain was too extravagant not to remember. I thought, among other things, that the phantom was a corpse, animated for the moment by some galvanic process in order to terrify me. Then, as I recollected that there was no one in the village to carry such a trick into effect—supposing even the experiment possible—I rejected the supposition. How, too, could those awful moans be produced from an inanimate being? And yet it seemed as if everything about it were dead, except the mere capability of moving its feet, and uttering those unearthly expressions of suffering. The spectre, however, if so it may be called, gave me but little opportunity for reflection. Its ghastly limbs were raised anew with the same automaton movement, and, placing one of its feet upon the bottom of my bed, while its glassy eyes were fixed steadfastly upon me, it began stalking towards my pillow.

I confess that I was now in an agony of terror.

I leaped from the couch and fled the apartment. The keen-sightedness of fear enabled me to discover an open closet upon the other side of the hall. Springing through the threshold, I closed the door quickly after me. It had neither lock nor bolt, but the closet was so narrow, that by placing my feet upon the opposite wall, I could brace my back against the door so as to hold it against any human assailant who had only his arms for a lever.

The sweat of mortal fear started thick upon my forehead as I heard the supernatural tread of that strange visitant approaching the spot. It seemed an age before his measured steps brought him to the door. He struck,—the blow was sullen and hollow, as if dealt by the hand of a corpse—it was like the dull sound of his own feet upon the floor. He struck the door again, and the blow was more feeble, and the sound duller than before. Surely, I thought, the hand of no living man could produce such a sound.

I know not whether it struck again, for now its thick breathing became so loud, that even the moanings which were mingled with every suspiration became inaudible. At last they subsided entirely, becoming at first gradually weaker, and then audible only in harsh, sudden sobs, whose duration I could not estimate, from their mingling with the blast which still swept the hill-side.

The long, long night had at last an end, and the cheering sounds of the awakening farm-yard told me that the sun was up, and that I might venture from my blind retreat. But if it were still with a slight feeling of trepidation that I opened the door of the closet, what was my horror when a human body fell inward upon me, even as I unclosed it. The weakness, however, left me the moment I had sprung from that hideous embrace. I stood for an instant in the fresh air and reviving light of the hall, and then proceeded to move the body to a place where I could examine its features more favourably. Great heaven! what was my horror upon discovering that they were those of the interesting stranger whom I had met on the road the evening before.

The rest of my story is soon told. The household of the inn were rapidly collected, and half the inhabitants of the hamlet iden-

tified the body as that of a gentleman well known in the country. But even after the coroner's inquest was summoned, there was no light thrown upon his fate, until my drunken landlord was brought before the jury. His own testimony would have gone for little, but he produced a document which in a few words told the whole story. It was a note left with him the evening before by Mr —, to be handed to me as soon as I should arrive at the inn. In it the stranger briefly thanked me for the slight courtesy rendered him at the blacksmith's, and mentioning that, notwithstanding all precaution, his horse had fallen dead lame, and he should be obliged to pass the night at Wolfswald, he would still further trespass on my kindness, by begging to occupy the same apartment with me. It stated that, owing to some organic affection of his system, he had long been subject to a species of somnambulism, resembling the most grievous fits of nightmare, during which, however, he still preserved sufficient powers of volition to move to the bed of his servant, who, being used to his attacks, would of course take the necessary means to alleviate them. The note concluded by saying that the writer had less diffidence in preferring his request to be my room-mate, inasmuch as, owing to the crowded state of the house, I was sure of not having a chamber to myself in any event.

The reason why the ill-fated gentleman had been so urgent to press homeward was now but too apparent, and my indignation at the drunken inn-keeper, in neglecting to hand me his note, knew no bounds. Alas! in the years that have since gone by, there has been more than one moment when the reproaches which I then lavished upon him have come home to myself, for the piteously appealing look of the dying man long haunted me, and I sometimes still hear his moan in the autumnal blast that wails around my casement.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY

FROM "DIE SCHÖNSTE ERSCHEINUNG" OF SCHILLER

BEAUTY thou never hast beheld, unless
Thou'st seen it touched by sorrow and distress,
This, this is beauty

Nor ever hast thou joy beheld, I ween,
Except on beauty's radiant brow 't was seen,
Joy dwells with beauty

Thus grief, by beauty's power is lovely made,
And joy is joyless without beauty's aid,
All hail to beauty!

W M D

THE FIGHT OF HELL-KETTLE

BY TYRONN POWER, AUTHOR OF THE "LOST HEIR," "THE KINGS SECRET," &c

NEVER let it be said the days of chivalry are fled. ~~Heralds may~~ have ceased to record good blows stricken, to the tune of "a largesse, worthie knights — pennon and banner, square and swallow-tailed sleeve and scarf, with all the trumpery of chivalry, are long since dead, tis true, but the lofty, generous feeling with which that term has become identified, is yet burning clear and bright within ten thousand bosoms, not one of which ever throbbed at the recollections the word itself inspires in "gentil heartes, or could tell the difference between Or and Gules or Vert and Sable, as the following narration of a combat between two "churles, or "villains, as the herald would term my worthies, will, I trust, go nigh to prove

It was the fair night at Donard, a small village in the very heart of the mountains of Wicklow, when, at the turn of a corner leading out of the Dunlavin road, towards the middle of the fair, two ancient foemen abruptly encountered. They eyed one another for a moment without moving a step, when the youngest, a huge six-foot mountaineer, in a long top-coat, having his shirt opened from breast to ear, displaying, on the least movement, a brawny chest that was hairy enough for a trunk, growing rather impatient, said in a quick under-tone, that a listener would have set down for the extreme of politeness,

"You ll lave the wall, Johnny Evans !

To which civil request came reply, in a tone equally bland,

"Not at your biddin, if you stand where you are till next fair-day, Mat Dolan

"You know well I could fling you neck and heels into that gutter in one minute, Johnny, ma bouchil

"You might, indeed, if you called up twenty of the Dunlavin faction at your back, coolly replied Evans

"I mane, here s the two empty hands could do all that, and never ax help ather," retorted Dolan, thrusting forth two huge paws from under his coat

"In the name o heaven, then, thry it !" said Evans, flinging the alpeen* he had up to this time been balancing curiously over the roof of the cottage by which they stood, adding, "Here s a pair of fists with as little in thim as your own !"

"It s aisy to brag by your own barn, Johnny Evans," said Dolan, pointing with a sneer to the police guard-house on the opposite side of the way, a humfled fards lower down, "the peelers would be likely to look on and see a black orangeman like yourself quilted in his own town, under their noses, by one Mat Dolan, from Dunlavin all the way !"

"There s raison in that, any way, Matty, replied John, glancing in the direction indicated. "It s not likely thim that s paid by government to keep the peice would stand by and see it broke by Papist or Protestant. But I ll make a bargain wid you if your

* Little stick

blood's over hot for your skin, which I think, to say truth, it has long been,—come off at onest to Hell-kettle wid me, and in the light of this blessed moon I'll fight it out with you, toe to toe, and we'll both be the aasier after, which ever's bate"

"There's my hand to that at a word, Johnny," cried Dolan, suit-
action to the word, and the hands of the foes clasped freely
ankly together

"But are we to be only ourselves, do ye mane?" inquired Mat-
thew

"And enuff too," answered Evans, "we couldn't pick a friend out of any tint above, without raisin' a hullabaloo the divil wouldn't quiet without blows. Here, now, I'll give you the wall, only you jump the hedge into Charles Faucett's meadow, and cut across the hill by Holy-well into the road, where you'll meet me, divil a soul else will you meet that way to-night, and I want to call at home for the tools"

"Keep the wall," cried Dolan, as Evans stepped aside, springing himself at the same time into the road, ankle-deep in mud, "I'll wait for you at the bridge on the Holy-wood glin road. Good bye"

A moment after, Dolan had cleared the hedge leading out of the lane into Mr. Faucett's paddock, and Evans was quietly plodding his way homeward. To reach his cottage, he had to run the gauntlet through the very throng of the fair, amidst crowded tents, whence resounded the ill-according sounds of the bagpipe and fiddle, and the loud whoo' of the jig-dancers, as they beat with active feet the temporary floor, that rattled with their tread. Johnny made short greeting with those of his friends he encountered and, on entering his house, plucked a couple of black, business-like looking sticks from the chimney, hefted them carefully, and measured them together with an eye as strict as ever gallant paired rapier with, till, satisfied of their equality, he put his top-coat over his shoulders, and departing by the back-door, rapidly cleared two or three small gardens, and made at once for the fields. As Dolan dropped from the high bank into the lane near the bridge on one side, Evans leaped the gate opposite.

"You've lost no time, fegs!" observed Matthew, as they drew together shoulder to shoulder, staking rapidly on.

"I'd bin vexed to keep you waitin' this time, any how," replied Johnny, and few other words passed.

Just beyond the bridge they left the road together, and mounting the course of the little stream, in a few minutes were shut out from the possibility of observance in a wild narrow glen, at whose head was a waterfall of some eighteen feet. The pool which received this little cascade was exceedingly deep, and having but one narrow outlet between two huge stones, the pent waters were forced round and round, boiling and chafing for release, and hence the not unpoetic name of Hell-kettle given to the spot. The ground immediately about it was wild, bare, and stony, and in no way derogated from this fearful title.

Near the fall is a little plafond or level of some twenty yards square, the place designed by Evans for the battle-ground. Arrived here, the parties halted, and as Dolan stooped to raise a little of the pure stream in his hand to his lips, Evans cast his coats and vest on the grey stone close by, and pulling his shirt over his head, stood

armed for the fight, not so heavy or so tall a man as his antagonist Dolan, but wiry as a terrier, and having, in agility and training, advantages that more than balanced the difference of weight and age

"I've been thinkin', Johnny Evans," cried Dolan, as he leisurely stripped in turn, "we must have two thrys, after all, to show who's the best man. You've got your alpeens wid you, I see, and I'm not the boy to say no to thim', but I expect you'll ha' the best ind o' the stick, for it's well known there's not your match in Wicklow, if there is in Wexford itself."

"That day's past, Matty Dolan," replied Evans. "It's five years since you and me first had words at the Pattern o' the Seven-churches, and that was the last stroke I struck with a stick. There's eight years betune our ages, and you're the heavier man by two stone, or near it—what more 'ud yez have, man alive?"

"Oh, never fear me, Johnny, we'll never split about trifles," quietly replied Dolan, "but, see here, let's dress one another, as they do potatoes, both ways. Stand fairly up to me for half a dozen rounds, fist to fist, and I'll hold the alpeen till you're tired after id."

"Why, look ye here, Matty, you worked over long on George's Quay, and were over friendly with the great boxer, Mister Donalan, for me to be able for yez wid the fists," cried Evans. "But we'll split the difference. I'll give you a quarter of an hour out o' me wid the fists, and you'll give me the same time, if I'm able, with the alpeen after, and we'll toss head or harp, which comes first."

Evans turned a copper flat on the back of his hand as he ended his proposal, and in the same moment Dolan cried,

"Harp for ever."

"Harp it is," echoed Evans, holding the coin up in the moon's ray, which shone out but fitfully, as dark clouds kept slowly passing over her cold face.

In the next moment they were toe to toe in the centre of the little plain, both looking determined and confident, though an amateur would have at once decided in favour of Dolan's pose.

To describe the fight scientifically would be too long an affair, suffice it, that although Johnny's agility gave him the best of a couple of severe falls, yet his antagonist's straight hitting and superior weight left him the thing hollow, till five quick rounds left Evans deaf to time and tune, and as sick as though he had swallowed a glass of antimonial wine instead of poteen.

Dolan carried his senseless foe to the pool, and dashed water over him by the hatfull.

"Look at my watch," was Johnny's first word, on gaining breath.

"I can't tell the time by watch," cried Dolan, a little sheepish.

"Give it here, man," cried Johnny, adding, as he rubbed his left eye, the other being fast closed, "by the Boyne, this is the longest quarter of an hour I ever knew—it wants three minutes yet!" and as he spoke, again he rose up before his man.

"Sit still, Johnny," exclaimed Matthew, "I'll forgive you the three minutes, anyhow."

"Well, thank ye for that," says Johnny, "I wish I may be able to return the compliment presently, but, by St Donagh, I've mighty little conceit left in myself just now."

Within five minutes, armed with the well-seasoned twigs Johnny had brought with him, those honest fellows again stood front to front, and although Evans had lost much of the elasticity of carriage which had ever been his characteristic when the alpeen was in his hand and the shamrock under his foot in times past, although his left eye was closed, and the whole of that side of his physiognomy was swollen and disfigured through the mauling he had received at the hands of Dolan, who opposed him, to all appearance, fresh as at first, yet was his confidence in himself unshaken, and in the twinkle of his right eye a close observer might have read a sure anticipation of the victory a contest of five minutes gave to him for it was full that time before Johnny struck a good-will blow, and when it took effect, a second was uncalled for. The point of the stick had caught Dolan fairly on the right temple, and laying open the whole of the face down to the chin, as if done by a sabre stroke, felled him senseless.

After some attempts at recalling his antagonist to perception by the brook-side without success, Evans began to feel a little alarmed for his life, and hoisting him on his back, retraced his steps the village, without ever halting by the way, and bore his insensible burthen into the first house he came to, where, as the devil would have it, a sister of Dolan's was sitting, having a goster with the owner, one widow Donovan, over a "rakin pot o' tay."

"God save all here," said Johnny, crossing the floor without ceremony, and depositing Mat on the widow's bed. "Wid'y, by your lave, let Mat Dolan be quiet here a bit, till I run down town for the doctor."

"Dolan!" screamed the sister and the widow in a breath. "Mat — is it Mat Dolan that's lying a corpse here, and I his own sister not to know he was in trouble!"

Loud and long were the lamentations that followed this unlucky discovery. The sister rushed frantically out to the middle of the road, screaming and calling on the friends of Dolan to revenge his murder on Evans and the orangemen that had decoyed and slain him. The words passed from lip to lip, soon reaching down to the heart of the fair, where most of the parties were about this time corned for anything.

"Johnny Evans, cried the widow Donovan, as he made in few words the story known to her, "true or not, this is no place for you now, the whole of his faction will be up here in a minute, and you'll be killed like a dog on the flure. Out wid you, and down to the guard-house, while the coasts clear!"

"I'd best, maybe, cried Evans, "and I'll send the doctor up the quicker, but mind, widow, if that boy ever spakes, he'll say a fairer fight was never fought. Get that out of him, for the love o' Heaven, Mrs. Donovan!"

"He hasn't a word in him, I fear," cried the widow, as Johnny left the door, and with the readiness of her sex, assisted by one or two elderly gossips, who were by this time called in, she bathed the wound with spirits, and used every device which much experience in cracked crowns, acquired during the lifetime of Willy Donovan, her departed lord, suggested to her. Meantime, Evans, whilst making his way down through the village, had been met, and recognised by the half-frantic sister of Dolan and her infuriated friends,

been all for some time puzzled at the absence of him who
 verbal as

"Best foot on the flure,
 First stick in the fight"

'ere's the murderer of Mat Dolan, boys,' cried the woman, as
 some ten or twelve yards off she recognized Johnny, who was con-
 scious enough, wearing his shirt like a herald's tabard, as in his
 he had drawn it on at Hell-kettle. With a yell that might
 scared the devil, thirty athletic fellows sprang forward at full
 ed after Evans, who wisely never stayed to remonstrate, but made
 pair of heels serve, where the hands of Briareus, had he possessed
 any, would not have availed him. He arrived at Mrs. Donovan's
 before his pursuers, he raised the latch, but it gave not way—
 bar was drawn within, and, had his strength been equal to it,
 her flight was become impracticable. Turning with his back to
 door, there stood Johnny like a lion at bay, uttering no word,
 he he well knew words would not prevail against the fury of his
 Forward with wild cries and loud imprecations rushed the
 most of the pursuers, and Evans' life was not worth one moment's
 chase. A dozen sticks already clattered like hail upon his guard
 id on the wall over his head, when the door suddenly opening
 wards, back tumbled Johnny, and into the space he thus left vacant
 stepped a gaunt figure, naked to the waist, pale, and marked with a
 stream of blood yet flowing from the temple. With wild cries the
 mob pressed back.

"It's a ghost!—it's Dolan's ghost!" shouted twenty voices, above
 all of which was heard that of the presumed spirit, crying in good
 Irish, "That's a lie, boys, it's Mat Dolan himself! Able and will-
 ing to make a ghost of the first man that lifts a hand agin Johnny
 Evans, who bate me at Hell-kettle like a man, and brought me here
 after on his back, like a brother."

"Was it a true fight, Mat?" demanded one or two of the foremost,
 recovering confidence enough to approach Dolan, who, faint from
 the exertion he had made, was now resting his head against the
 door-post.

A pause, and the silence of death followed. The brows of the
 men began to darken as they drew close to Dolan. Evans saw his life
 depended on the reply of his antagonist, who already seemed lapsed
 into insensibility.

"Answer, Mat Dolan!" he cried impressively, "for the love of
 Heaven answer me—was it a true fight?"

The voice appeared to rouse the fainting man. He raised himself
 in the doorway, and stretched his right hand towards Evans, ex-
 claiming,

"True as the cross, by the blessed Virgin!" and as he spoke fell
 back into the arms of his friends.

Evans was now safe. Half a dozen of the soberest of the party
 escorted him down to the police station, where they knew he would
 be secure, and Dolan's friends, bearing him with them on a car,
 departed, without an attempt at riot or retaliation.

This chance took place sixteen years ago, but since that day there
 never was a fair at Dunlavin that the orangeman Evans was not the
 guest of Dolan, nor is there a fair-night at Donard that Mat Dolan

does not pass under the humble roof of Johnny Evans I give the tale as it occurred, having always looked upon it as an event creditable to the parties, both of whom are alive and well, or were a year ago, for it is little more since Evans, now nigh sixty years old, walked me off my legs on a day's grousing over Church-mountain, and through Oram's-hole, carrying my kit into the bargain Adieu It will be a long day ere I forget the pool of "Hell-kettle," or the angels in whose company I first stood by its bubbling brim,

THE DEW-DROP AND THE ROSE

A Dew-drop fell on a Rose's breast,—
 Deep in her cup he fell,
 And there he lay in tranquil rest
 And deem'd he'd ever dwell
 She hid him in her leaves so bright,
 Whilst he lay hush'd beneath,
 O'er him she watch'd till morning light,
 And fann'd him with her breath
 The young Dew-drop enamour'd grew,
 And loved away the hours,
 Unheeded the soft zephyr flew,
 And blush'd the neighb'ring flowers
 The Rose's treasured guest was there,
 Till sultry noon was high—
 She had no doubt, distrust, or care,
 Fear'd no inconstancy
 And now the Drop said to his Rose,
 (And sparkled on the fair,)
 "Thy perfumed leaves, my love, unclose,—
 I long to breathe the air"
 The Rose obey'd, domestic, kind,
 And full of tenderness,
 She deem'd none dearer he could find,
 Or e'er could love her less
 A lovely Sunbeam, gay and warm,
 Came rambling down that way,
 She mark'd the glittering Dew-drop's form,
 And paused her court to pay
 He saw the fair intruder glide,
 Array'd in splendour's gay attire,
 Look'd from his gentle blushing bride,
 And looking linger'd to admire
 Pleased with the fair one's graceful air,
 The faithless lover gazed a while,
 When, lo! he was no longer there—
 He sunk, and perish'd 'neath her smile!
 The blooming Rose in sorrow droop'd,
 (As she who is forsaken grieves,)
 Breathed not her woes, but mildly stoop'd,
 And, silent, shed her beauteous leaves
 Fondly and vainly, maidens bright,
 The faithless men ye kindly cherish,
 For, spite of love's most hallow'd plight,
 Their fleeting vows like "dew-drops" perish

THE LOVE-MERCHANT

A FABLE

It was not until after I had written the following fable that the similarity of its point to that of the beautiful song, "Who'll buy my love-knots?" occurred to me. I am aware that my case may be thought to resemble his, who, when accused of having borrowed his thoughts from the immortal Bard of Avon, replied, "It is no fault of mine that Shakspeare and myself should have had the same ideas." Nevertheless, I venture to assert that my humble muse is not more indebted to that of the "Modern Anacreon" for the conception of this fable, than is the midnight lamp for its glimmering rays to the glorious orb of day. It was entirely suggested by a "fresco" painting, still existing on the walls of a house in Pompeii, and if my readers could have watched, as I did, the process of removing the envious "lapilli" which had concealed it for so many ages, they would, I think, allow for the impression it was likely to produce, and acquit me of plagiarism. The painting represents the figure of an old man, with a long white beard and flowing garments. Before him stands a large cage, or basket, containing several imprisoned "amorini," one of whom he has raised from it, and is holding forth by the wings, to attract the attention of a group of females. On the foreground lie a pair of compasses, and a mathematical figure described on a tablet.

THE LOVE-MERCHANT

O'er Cupid and his quiver'd band
 Chronos, who seem'd in beard a sage,
 Had gain'd a most complete command,—
 Thanks to philosophy—or age,
 For 'twas a subject of debate
 To which he owed his tranquil state
 The old assign'd the former cause,
 The young insisted on the latter,
 And quite denied "that Wisdom's laws
 Had help'd the dotard in the matter."
 But though one passion was assuaged
 In Chronos' breast, another raged,
 And gained unlimited control
 (Spite of the virtue rules confer)
 Over the calculating soul
 Of that self-styled philosopher
 This stumbling-block was love of gold,
 (A vice well suited to the old,)
 Which led him to conclude "'twas vain
 To triumph where he could not gain,"
 And, after some slight hesitation
 As to such mode of speculation,
 Induced him to sell off the prizes—
 Loves of all characters and sizes,
 Which he by some strange arts had won
 From Venus and her fav'rite son

Nor did the miser Chronos stop,
As moderns would, to paint his shop,
No brazen plate announced his trade,
But, o'er the baskets he display'd,
On a rude board, which served as well,
He simply chalk'd up "Loves to sell!"

Now Loves, though always in demand,
Had ne'er been kept as "stock in hand,"
Or shown for public sale before

(I write of very ancient days—)

So, when our sage produced his store,

The chronicle I quote from says,
That "there ensued a perfect race
Amongst the ladies of the place,
That old and young, the guy, the staid,
Each wife, each mother, and each maid,
With one accord were seen to start,
And crowd and jostle round the mart,
If not to buy, at least to stare
Upon this novel sort of ware"

I hear some blooming reader say,
"What had the old to do there, pray?"
But I declare, by those bright eyes,
Although the fact may raise surprise,
Then grandmamas were seen among
That motley and excited throng!
At their tenth "Istrum" men may cease *

To listen to fair Venus' call,
May offer up their prayers for peace,
Suspend their trophies on her "wall,"
And with some quiet, dull employment,
Replace love's turbulent enjoyment
But,—when they once have raised on high
The scarlet flag of gallantry,—
Women will still prolong the war,
In spite of wrinkle and of scar!

Nay, frown not, fair one, for 'tis true—
Though, mark, I do not write of you
Goddess of Courtesy forefend
That aught by me should e'er be penn'd
'Gainst one whose charms of form and face
Yield only to her mental grace!
I write (perhaps my muse is rash)
Of those to whom, like Lady —,

* Horace seems to have thought fifty a very proper age for retiring from the field of amorous warfare

"Desine, dulcium

Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
Jam durum imperis"

In a previous ode he had already declared his intention of reposing on his laurels,

"Vixi puellis nuper idoneus,
Et militavi non sine gloria
Nunc arma, defunctumque bello
Barbiton hic paries habebit,
Lævum marinæ qui Veneris latu
Custodit"

A certain character is given,
 But who contrive to be "received,"
 Because the mates they fit for heaven
 Are either patient or—deceived,
 And I assert as my conviction,
 Without much fear of contradiction,
 That *such* will oft defer the age
 For quitting Love's seductive "stage,"
 'Till Death, whose "management is certain,"
 Cuts short the "farce," and "drops the curtain."

But let us turn from this digression
 To Chronos in his new profession
 That cunning rogue, who knew how best
 He should consult his interest,
 Determined that his sale should be
 A "Ladies sale" exclusively,
 And, thinking that to flattery's art
 Their strings alike of purse and heart
 Would soonest yield, display'd his skill
 To gain his customers' good will—
 He held his Cupids high in air,
 To move the pity of "the fair,"
 And raised his profits "cent per cent,"
 By many a well turn'd compliment

"First, I declare," the sage began,
 "That I'll not serve one single man
 Until each lady in the crowd,
 Who may to purchase be inclined,
 Has been, with due respect, allow'd
 To choose a Cupid to her mind
 Then hasten, lovely dames, nor fear
 To meet with disappointment here,
 For my capacious cages hold
 Loves for the young and for the old,
 Loves for the beauteous and the plain!
 Though, pardon me, I see 'twere vain
 'Mongst those assembled here to seek
 A plain or even a wrinkled cheek
 Yet, though you're young and handsome all,
 Love comes not always at your call,
 Or if it does, you do not find
 Your *lovers* always to your mind
 Then haste with confidence to me,
 And take what suits you best—for see!
 These pretty captives do but wait
 Your choice to free them from the state
 Of thralldom into which they're thrown
 By me for your dear sakes alone"

As thus he spoke, a cage he shook,
 When, such was the imploring look
 Of each poor pris'ner, as in turn
 He flutter'd to the close barr'd side,
 That every heart began to yearn,
 And, whilst the poorer deeply sigh'd
 To think that poverty's control
 Must check the promptings of the soul,—
 The richer dames, who could afford
 To feel, approach'd with one accord,

And each, with mingled blush and smile,
Requested that from durance vile
The little Love she most approved
Should to her keeping be removed

'Twas for the sage no easy matter,
Amidst so great a din and clatter,
To hear and satisfy the claim
Preferred by each aspiring dame,
Yet so much patience he display'd
In carrying on his novel trade,
That, ere the shades of evening fell,
He'd not a Cupid left to sell
And not alone did *men* complain
Of having tarried there in vain,
But (since his wares had all been sold
At heavy prices to the old,
Or matrons "of a certain age,"
The next his notice to engage)
I tell many a disappointed maid,
Who her last drachma would have paid
For e'en a feather from the wing
Of such a pretty flutt'ring thing,
Went home in anger and despair
To dream of joys she could not share

The miser chuckled when alone
To see such piles of wealth his own—
At thoughts of having taken in
The richest ladies of the place
His wrinkles gather'd to a grin,
And tears of joy bedew'd his face
But still one thought would dash his pleasure—
The dread of losing such a treasure,
And whilst an extra cruise of oil
Was burnt in counting out his spoil,
His door that night was doubly barr'd,
The dearly-cherished wealth to guard
Nor was the sage's caution vain,
For with the morning came a crowd
That sought admittance to obtain,
With angry voices shrill and loud,
Together crying out—"You old
Curmudgeon, give us back our gold,
For all our Loves have flown away!"—

"I never told you they would stay,"
Said Chronos, peeping safely o'er
A broken panel in his door—
"The Loves that ladies deign to buy
Have wings expressly made to fly"
I cannot now refund their price,
But for your money take advice,
And, to insure affection true,
Seek not for love—let love seek you!"

W B I L GROS

CORONATION MISERIES,

OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE INAUGURATION OF GEORGE THE FOURTH

"For the coronation, if a puppet-show could be worth a million, that is
HORACE WALPOLE

AMONG the memorably uncomfortable days I have seen, I remember none more distinctly than that which placed the crown of England on the head of George the Fourth. Still, from the view which I obtained of part of the ceremony, and the proceedings relating to it, I look back to the whole with feelings of peculiar interest, with a jealous anxiety not to forget, and a strong disposition to say, "Memory, set down that"

"The Court of Claims," over which the late Duke of York presided, had given its decision on the pretensions of the aspirants to render service on the coronation day, which was fixed for the first of August 1820, and the Dymoke, whose privilege it was to act the champion's part, being too young to undertake the duty, a performer from Astley's was engaged to represent him, and to throw down the gauntlet in Westminster Hall, defying to mortal combat whoever should deny the right of George IV to sit on the throne of England.

But the proceedings instituted against Queen Caroline, and their uncertain issue, caused it to be felt that the time fixed was not the fittest that could be chosen for a scene of gorgeous pageantry and national rejoicing. It was in consequence postponed till after her majesty's trial should have closed. A delay of a year was the consequence, and the 19th of July 1821, was the day finally named.

That a coronation should always be a most attractive spectacle in England, can excite no surprise. The great wealth of the country, and the inducements held out on such an occasion to the affluent to vie with each other in magnificence, that their splendour, in connection with the national pageant, may become matter of history, naturally produce a superb assemblage of whatever is costly and beautiful, a collection of all the realities of courtly pomp, the tinsel imitation of which we are accustomed to admire on the stage.

The attraction of the coronation was heightened on this occasion by various circumstances, some of which it may be worth while briefly to recall.

Sixty years had elapsed since an English coronation. The fame of the display which marked the inauguration of George the Third, perpetuated, as it had been, by the labours of the pencil, and by exhibitions on the stage, under the management of that king of spectacles, Rich, filled every mind, and, though there are some who talk very philosophically of the "gew-gaws of pomp," "the trappings of royalty," and "strains that die upon the ear," there will be found a far greater number who agree with Sir Walter Scott in liking "sights of splendour, and sounds of harmony." It is truly said by Shakspeare that "nothing pleaseth like rare accidents," and a coronation is not an affair which, missed once, can with certainty be looked for at any stated period. It does not return with the regularity of the olympic games, it may be witnessed more than once in a couple of years, or, as in the case before us, half a century may elapse, generations may be born, and die, without having an opportunity of beholding such a celebration.

But the excitement which prevailed in 1821 did not wholly arise from a thirst for a grand show. Other feelings and expectations mingled with those which ordinarily prevail on such occasions. Queen Caroline had been acquitted of the charges preferred against her, the bill of pains and penalties having been carried by so small a majority as nine, the Earl of Liverpool had thought it prudent to declare it "null and void, and of none effect." But, thus exonerated by the House of Lords, she was still unreconciled to George IV. She claimed to be present, as queen-consort, at the coronation of her husband, and, though on an appeal to the privy-council her right to be included in the ceremony was denied, it was whispered that she would not be restrained from appearing in the hall as well as in the abbey. Hence it was thought that a scene of national importance, leading to results most momentous, in which real princes and nobles would be the performers, might be acted on the coronation-day.

All those who had houses which commanded a view of the expected procession considered themselves the peculiar favourites of fortune. I do not mean the mere occupants, for many of these, by a covenant in their leases, were temporarily to relinquish all, or the greater part of their houses, in favour of their landlords on the occasion. Wherever the right might lie, all considered that a trump, and not a low one, turned up for those who had the means of accommodating visitors to see the spectacle. Carpenters were in consequence put in requisition, and innumerable seats and stages erected in front of most of the houses in all the principal streets.

The speculation proved anything but what had been confidently anticipated, in consequence, perhaps, of the enormous sums which in the first instance it was proposed to extort. Three guineas, and in some places five guineas, were demanded for a single seat, and news of this reaching parties who till then had not thought of coming forward in the same way, induced them to strain every nerve to share in the expected benefit. Saint Margaret's churchyard, covered with booths and other temporary erections, exhibited the appearance of a fair. The enclosed grounds opposite Palace-Yard were lined with ranges of seats, and every house became a theatre.

It was clear to those who started somewhat late in the race that it would be a very proper thing to supply accommodation to the public at half the price originally claimed, but it never entered into their thoughts, that it might occur to others to offer below them. Nevertheless, this came to pass, till in their downward race, prices so declined that they came to shillings, perhaps I might say to one shilling only! The disappointment of the seat proprietors was great in the extreme. In Bridge-street, Westminster, one householder, to gain custom on the last day, exhibited a placard, announcing that—"Coronation tickets might be had at a reasonable price." His next door neighbour, continuing the underselling game, improved even upon this by the announcement of "*Ruin* tickets at any price!"

The exterior of Westminster Hall was at that period but imperfectly renewed, and one of the towers had been taken down. To remedy this defect, a wooden erection of the same size and shape as the stone one which remained was run up. But the most conspicuous feature in the preparations out of doors, was the platform, on which the procession was to move when it left the hall to proceed to the abbey. This was of great length, commencing from the north

door of Westminster Hall, it traversed the centre of Palace-Yard, then turning to the right, it passed to Great George Street, and thence to the left, to the front of St Margaret's church, whence it was carried, following the line of the churchyard, to the west entrance of the abbey, opposite Tothill Street. Such an immense platform was in itself no small curiosity. So, the Londoners and their country-cousins of that time thought, and hundreds daily repaired to watch its progress. From the uncertain character of our climate, it was decided that this boarded way should be surmounted by a framework, over which an awning could be thrown in case of rain.

The interest of the approaching ceremonial was kept up by the descriptions which from time to time came forth of the progress made by the workmen, and by the arrival of foreign princes and noblemen, not less anxious to witness the evidences of England's opulence, than to astonish by their own.

Innumerable were the applications made for tickets of admission to the hall and the abbey, and stern and decisive were the refusals. It was for a time a matter of doubt whether even the representatives of the press would find a place within the walls. A decision favourable to their hopes was in due time pronounced, and one or more than one card given to all the recognized London papers.

It was not till the day before the great day that the sages of the press (of whom I was one upon the occasion) received their tickets. They were delivered to them from an office near the House of Lords, and the receivers, to prevent confusion, proposed an arrangement which was thought very judicious, that they should go by water in a barge by themselves, and be admitted from Cotton garden-stairs. The barge, which was to be at a boat builder's on the Surrey side of the river, was there to receive those who might reside in that neighbourhood, and at four o'clock in the morning drop down to Waterloo Bridge, where the rest of the fraternity were to join.

That night, in consequence of having to rise unusually early, I went to bed by nine o'clock. A vastly prudent step I thought this, for I considered that retiring at my usual time, and getting up at three o'clock, which would be necessary under the above plan, as I could not hope satisfactorily to array myself in a lace coat, with waistcoat and inexpressibles to match, with bag and sword, in less than an hour—I say I naturally judged that I should feel sleepy and fatigued before the day reached its close. My prudence and foresight proved of little value. From courting my pillow at so unusual an hour, or from thinking too much of courts and kings, or from some other circumstance, I could not rest. Not a moment's sleep did I have that night, and I arose at three o'clock, feverish and unrefreshed, but still not worse off than my friends, for, of twenty cronies whom I encountered in the course of that day, and who were present at the ceremony, I do not think there was one who had not the same lament to breathe.

It was four o'clock in the morning, when, wondering at the superb figure I made in my gay attire, I approached the river side at Lambeth, near the Waterman's Arms, to seek the barge engaged for the "gentlemen of the press." I found it, but learned that the time fixed upon for starting was full early, as the barge was aground, and it wanted an hour to the period of the tide at which we could move.

The day was then just breaking, and one or two of those only

whom I expected to meet had arrived. We were accommodated with a seat in the cabin of the Lord Mayor's barge, which lay there, till our own could be got off. At that early hour the guns had begun to fire, and the bells to ring, which they continued to do without intermission through the whole of the day.

The tide came up, and our bark at length floated. The voyage to Waterloo Bridge was on the point of being commenced, when, putting my hand in my pocket, I discovered with horror that my card of admission was not there. Had the "crack of doom" been announced in that awful moment, I could hardly have known more consternation than I now experienced. My home was distant at least three quarters of a mile. To go and return I had to pass over a mile and a half of ground. No hackney-coach was then to be found, and public cabs were at that period unborn. If I went home for my card, it was necessary that I should go and come on foot, and before I could do this, I had reason to fear that the tide, and my companions who had been waiting for it, relentless as Old Time himself, would have carried away "the vessel of my hope," which I had no expectation of being able to follow, to overtake, or to meet. On the other hand, to go with the barge, having no ticket to produce, would be useless, as I could anticipate no result but being turned back, while my friends were admitted.

I had no alternative but to recover my card at the risk of losing the opportunity of using it, or to save my passage and lose my place. Whichever course I took the danger was great. As my mind fidgetted from one to the other alternative I felt that it was

"Only change of pain,
A bitter change securer to secure,"

but, desiring to choose the smaller of two evils, as, in the one case I had some chance of saving my distance, and, in the other, so it appeared to me, must of necessity be excluded from beholding what I had coveted to see, I did not hesitate long, but started for my home, having requested my friends not to move till my return, and received from them an equivocal assurance that they would attend to my request if I did not detain them too long.

Off I went in great haste, with the best disposition in the world to run, but so hampered with my sword dangling by my side, and my cocked hat—which was not the best fit in the world—tittering on my head, that I could not advance much faster than at my ordinary walking-pace. Under the most favourable circumstances I had abundant reason to dread that before I could travel a mile and a half my intended companions would proceed on their way, but I had another reason for being alarmed. Lest I should oversleep myself, or to see Mr H. T. in his court-dress, all the inmates of my house had remained out of their beds. I judged that they would be too happy at my *exit* to betake themselves to their repose. To withdraw them from the arms of Morpheus would, as I feared, be a work of time, however vigorously I might agitate the knocker.

But I had the happiness to find this conjecture unfounded. The moment I entered the street in which my residence was situate, to my infinite comfort I saw a friend posted at the door, my card having been found, awaiting my return. She—for it was a lady—advanced to meet me, and with breathless eagerness I clutched the

object of my anxiety, and lost no time in commencing my return to the waterside

The tide had just fairly lifted our vessel, when I rejoined my friends. We began to move, and, excessively heated by the exercise I had taken, I soon became very sensible of the sharp wind which at that early hour, though it was the middle of summer, played on the river. One of the rowers saw my piteous plight, and kindly lent me his jacket to keep me warm. There wanted but this to render my personal appearance all that a lover of the picturesque could desire. Think of the wearer of a cocked hat, velvet coat, flowered waistcoat, laced frills, bright sword, and glistening knee-buckles, mixed up with a waterman's threadbare old Brummagem, and imagine, if it be possible, anything more *outré* for a pantomime!

At Waterloo Bridge we found the principal gathering of the press, and embarked them as expeditiously as possible. Such an assembly of bedizened scarecrows I never beheld.

“The shade of old Charon ne'er saw such a group”

All degrees of the peerage were whimsically represented in their attire, which, though in some instances very costly, in many was very indifferently assorted, and was the subject of much mirth among the party. Gaily we passed up the river to the door at which we were to be admitted. This was at Cotton Garden Stairs, a place to which public attention had been particularly drawn a short time anterior to the period of which I am speaking, as there it was that some of the principal witnesses who were brought over to give evidence in support of the bill of pains and penalties had been lodged.

Arrived at Cotton Garden Stairs, we made good our landing, but did not gain admittance in a hurry. We had the pleasure, if pleasant anything so unpleasant could be properly called, of literally *cooling our heels* on the wooden stage and stairs to which we had been carried by our barge at the entrance of the gardens. The morning breeze blew keenly over the surface of the water, and our silken hose, which we did not wear every day at that hour, allowed us to feel it in all its strength.

At length the door opened, and we pressed forward, calling out, as is the custom where all is eager impatience, “There is no occasion for hurry—there will be plenty of room for all, at the same time pressing on, each striving to be first, as if our lives depended on the struggle of that moment, and as if there had been only a single seat to be scrambled for.”

We were then marched about in different directions, into the Hall and out of the Hall, for a considerable time, before we could find our way to the place reserved for the diurnal and hebdomadal historians of that period. At length we reached it. In the higher gallery erected on the east side of Thomas à Becket's vast dining-room, and at the southern extremity of the building, we found our seats.

There were then not many persons in the Hall, but a considerable degree of bustle prevailed. The officers who superintended the arrangements were, as usual, in fine voice, and most magisterial in deportment. But some very important personages soon came on the scene. These were the Barons of the Cinque-Ports, who claimed the honour of carrying the canopy under which it was arranged that his Majesty should walk as he passed to the throne. They attended

thus early to rehearse the grand part they had to perform To common observers it seemed one of no vast difficulty But the noble persons who enjoyed this distinction wished that, so far as they were concerned, the celebration should be perfection itself, and they accordingly passed two or three times up and down the immense apartment, and it must be conceded that their awkwardness, which seemed ludicrous in the extreme, was such as to justify their precautions in subjecting themselves to this preparatory exercise

Though the whole business of the day was essentially theatrical, this preliminary experiment caused much laughter among the spectators, in which the lordly canopy-bearers seemed half disposed to join, and half disposed to resent Before the expected business of the day commenced in the form prescribed, a more stirring incident occurred Queen Caroline, though her claim to be received as Queen Consort at the coronation ceremony had, as already stated, been rejected by the privy council, determined in good earnest to go as a visitant She proceeded to Palace Yard, and advanced to the door of Westminster Hall In a moment all was confusion within, for when it was found that her Majesty had resolved upon such a step, there were many who believed that, supported up to that moment as she had been by the populace, something very serious indeed might be apprehended as the consequence of "the pressure from without

"Bar the door!" one voice authoritatively called out, just as the royal claimant was about to enter, and "bar the door," was repeated from all parts of the building The order was promptly and resolutely obeyed The queen could gain no admission, and shortly after retired, the object of very general disapprobation Whether it was that on this occasion preparation had been made by those in power to guard against the enthusiasm usually manifested in her Majesty's favour, by stationing parties who were not friendly to her cause in the vicinity of the hall, or whether the attraction of the day was peculiarly operative on the friends of King George, I cannot say, but the reception she met with in this instance was strongly different from any the Queen had experienced at former periods It might have been expected that those who thought she was bound to abide by the fiat of that body to whom she had appealed, the privy council, and who felt that it was not for her to give interruption to the inauguration of her husband and sovereign, would have held that the repulse she had received was a sufficient punishment, and have given her at least "the charity of their silence," but, far from this being the case, she was pursued with the most obstreperous hootings and hisses, intermingled with cries of "Go to Bergamo!" "Be off to Como!" with other exclamations still more offensive The contrast between them and the cordial shouts of applause and sympathy to which she had been long accustomed, struck her most forcibly She appeared to be shocked and dismayed The incident probably shortened her life She sunk beneath the pressure of sickness and sorrow, and in less than a month was consigned to the grave

While these momentous preliminaries were being adjusted, hour after hour passed away, and I, in the midst of a scene of such singular splendour and historical importance, was vulgar enough to find myself accessible to that common-place every-day visitor, hunger An intimation had been given on the preceding day, that re-

freshments would be provided for all who were admitted into the Hall, and I now looked about very anxiously for the coffee, or tea, or whatever the managers of this grand affair vouchsafed to furnish forth as breakfast. But in vain did I turn right and left, and in vain did I repeat the inquiry, "When are we to have the refreshments?" Neither bit nor sup reached my lips. I have no doubt that ample provision was made, but I did not know where to seek what I wanted. If I left my place for that purpose, I was not quite sure that I could return to it, and I was afraid of losing some part of the spectacle which was on the point of opening, just at the time when my annoyance from long abstinence became most intolerable.

This was a serious matter. Magnificently as my eyes were feasted, I confess I was very imperfectly satisfied. George IV. "in all his glory, crowns, globes, and sceptres, scarlet, minever, and all that ostentation could display to swell the gorgeous pageantry of princes and ambassadors, proud lords and fair ladies, were before me, but still my inward man repined. I, however, could not but admire the dazzling array. The late Marquis of Londonderry, from the elegance of his person, the nobleness of his deportment, and the splendour of his attire, as well as on account of the high station which he then held in the councils of the state, was an object of general interest and remark.

George the Fourth having duly enacted the part set down for him, according to ancient usage the procession to the abbey was arranged, and the king, his nobles, and all who were to take part in the ceremonial, left the hall. I did not care to follow them. Besides the hunger which mercilessly preyed upon me, I had during the last half hour been much agitated by another anxiety, not more ennobling in itself, and which I am afraid must be called avarice, if a still more unpalatable name does not belong to it. From the gallery in which I was seated, I saw a small bright object glistening with indescribable radiance. I had heard that the dresses of Prince Esterhazy and other high personages were so profusely adorned with diamonds on state occasions, that some of the jewels commonly dropped off and were lost. I made up my mind that what I saw was a diamond, and it occurred to me that to possess myself of such a treasure, to keep as a memento of the Coronation, would be well worth my while. I therefore noted very carefully the objects near it and surrounding it, that I might not be at a loss to discover my prize when I reached the Hall. I soon descended, partly for the purpose of securing it. When I found myself on the stage where the king and the great officers of state had just acted their parts, I looked almost in vain for what I sought. By referring, however, to the other points which I had marked from above, I soon got near it. At first I feared it had been observed and taken care of by somebody else, but this alarm was soon dispelled, and I beheld it where I had looked upon it from the gallery. It would not have been well to pounce upon it too hastily, as that might have invited observation, so I discreetly walked leisurely to it, dropped my handkerchief, and stooping to pick up the latter, grasped the object of my eager search. It was a *spangle*!

This mortification did not take away my appetite, and just at that moment I encountered three gentlemen, an eminent literary character and two booksellers belonging to a great firm in Paternoster Row, who were as hungry as myself. We promptly resolved on

adjourning to a tavern, but they thought it was too late to put up with a common-place breakfast, and as I concurred with them, having made our way to Hilher's Coffee-house, which was then attached to Westminster Hall, we called for a bottle of Sherry, and some sandwiches. These being immediately forthcoming, we consoled ourselves for our previous fasting, and returned to our respective seats.

It might be concluded, after what I have said, that I should have been prudent enough to guard against another taste of starvation. Refreshments had not been supplied in the early part of the day, but this I considered presumptive proof that they would be most abundant at its close. 'Alack for the truth!' After waiting some hours, the suffering of the morning was renewed, and save the viands spread on the tables in the Hall for the peers and others who took part in the ceremonial, no eatables came in sight.

The want of sleep, the unwonted exertions I had made, and last, not least, the inflammatory breakfast above recorded, had thrown me into a high fever. My left eye was particularly affected, and the only part of my encumbering finery which afforded me any comfort, was my sword, the steel hilt of which, when I managed to bend my eye to it, I found extremely cool, and it abated my pain for the moment.

At the Coronation of King George the Third, through some mismanagement, a part of the concluding ceremonies in the Hall were performed in almost total darkness. This was a good deal remarked upon at the time, and it was waggishly reported that the proper court functionaries had givenly promised the King that the mistake should be effectually guarded against at the *next* coronation. I was curious to mark whether the promise was kept, and am free to declare that had the officer who was reproved in 1761 been still living and in his place, he could not have used greater care to atone for his former failure, than was taken by his successor to provide plenty of candle-light. The day was glorious—the sun at mid-day shone with almost insufferable brilliance and while its most vivid rays poured through the windows of Westminster Hall, the candles were lighted to add their dim flame to the blaze of celestial as well as terrestrial splendour which the ancient walls at that moment enclosed. Why this was done I cannot say. I do not suppose it was from any religious anxiety to make good the pledge given sixty years before. I suspected that the real object of lighting the candles at that early hour, was to afford an opportunity of exhibiting an improved ladder apparatus, which had been brought for the purpose, and which the parties interested in its display, foresaw there would be no opportunity of showing off that day, if it were deferred till light were really wanted.

Well, the procession returned from the abbey, the company took their seats, George the Fourth acted his part with dignity and grace, and the several state officers went through the tasks assigned to them with becoming gravity, but I cannot say that the effect was singularly striking. Every incident was so minutely indicated in the programme, which was in every hand, the mind was so prepared for all that was to be exhibited, that though coveted while unseen, each feature of the solemnity, at the moment it came off, was coldly surveyed as a matter of course, and the spectacle, though one of surpassing grandeur, was not one of very stirring interest. The chal-

lenge of the herald in armour, the throwing down of the gauntlet, and the backing of the knight's horse through the hall, after this valorous display, won but faint admiration. Probably the eye, fatigued by the dazzling varieties it had beheld within the last few hours, was satiated with magnificence, and could enjoy no more.

And the coroneted guests seated at the tables in the hall seemed to partake of the languor I have described. They partook but sparingly of the delicacies set before them. The coronation banquet wore less of the aspect of joyous, hearty feasting, than any public entertainment at which I have been present, of which eating and drinking formed a part. His Majesty, I was told, writhing under the heat of the day and the encumbrance of his robes, as he entered the hall on his return from the abbey, recognised Colman the dramatist, and shrugging up his shoulders exclaimed, "O George!" in a low tone which seemed to bespeak commiseration for what he then suffered. Though the Barons of the Cinque Ports attended with their canopy, the king seemed to set no high value on their services, for impatient of being so enclosed, he walked at their head, instead of in the midst of them, and they had nothing for it but to hasten after him with their lumbering, and obviously useless, part of the pageant, which they held over my head about as much as they did over his.

It seemed to everybody a relief when the gorgeous display reached its conclusion. The king withdrew about eight o'clock, and his noble and distinguished guests immediately separated. A scramble then commenced for the ornaments on the table among the crowd of inferior degree, who in one capacity or other had found their way into the Hall. The mobility, though it was understood that they would have been admitted in the olden time, it was thought prudent on this occasion to exclude. I had ascertained at an early period of the day that the objects now contended for were so paltry as to have little intrinsic value, and exhausted as I was by long watching and privations, to which I had been little accustomed, I had no fancy to strive for any of these, but effected my retreat to my own home as expeditiously as possible.

All present admitted the spectacle in the Hall to have been one of surpassing magnificence. This I felt at the moment, but much more strongly did I feel it, when I saw the scene represented at Drury Lane Theatre. Elliston greatly exerted himself to surprise the town, and those who were not present at the coronation, were astonished at its grandeur, while to me, with the real ceremony fresh in my recollection, it appeared pitiful and insignificant. The real robes worn by George the Fourth were sold some years ago by Mr Phillips, of New Bond Street, by public auction for a trifle, and the spot on which the throne rested and on which the crowned monarch appeared with the sceptre, surrounded by every object of costly gorgeous display, presented before that day twelvemonth a picture strangely different, for there, where I had beheld the majesty of England, every vestige of finery and decoration had vanished, the steps had been removed for repairs which had become necessary, and the places of the king, foreign princes, and peers, were occupied by ragged beggars who were scratching the uncovered earth, in search of nails, rags, or any other trifling objects, which might furnish them with the means of collecting a few pence. *Su transi gloria mundi*

GRIFFONE

A STORY OF THE PENINSULA

CHAPTER THE SECOND

BY COLONEL NAPIER, AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF
"THE PENINSULAR WAR"

THE lady stopped she held down her head as if distressed by some secret feeling,—the last words of her song seemed to be faintly repeated by unearthly voices from the gulf below, and a momentary gloom pervaded the company, yet it soon passed away, and the conversation again became gay and general

The cousins were very pretty women, and very agreeable, but the young mistress of the house, for her rights were acknowledged by all the guests, was more than pretty, she was graceful, refined, and piquant, all the movements of her slight but well-rounded figure were indicative of a voluptuous temperament, which her delicate flexible features, her gently-swelling lips, her sudden changes of colour, also betrayed, in despite of her innate modesty and pride,—and of the latter she had a very large share Her mouth was expressive of talent and sensibility, and her eyes were of such a changeable nature, that those who had not considered them attentively, under all their varieties, would have been at a loss to describe either their colour or predominant character But Guil-elmo, who watched every glance, and notwithstanding his apparent indifference, felt all their power, knew that they were blue, and more often tender in their expression than gay Nevertheless her general deportment was lively, eager, animated, often brusque and disdainful, sometimes even a little fierce. She indeed made it be felt by all who approached her, that if she could love, she could also scorn she might yield to a bold lover, she would never suffer a tyrant There was also at times a laughing malice in her looks, which, by contrast, rendered the melting tenderness of her gentler expression infinitely touching and attractive In fine, she resembled in many points of beauty, of accomplishment, and of manner ———, yet with this difference, that in all things she was inferior to that exquisitely created but capricious person For the memory which has preserved the Portuguese lady's charms was young and fresh when it received the impression, and the ardour of the officer's imagination was excited by the romantic circumstances of the moment, in truth they were all necessary to sustain the comparison The adventure, the supper, the delicious temperature, the moonlight scenery, were powerful auxiliaries to the beauty of the girl of the valley, whereas ——— would give a charm to the most hideous desert And yet the Portuguese lady was very beautiful and very delight-

ful, but many degrees may be attained after passing the line of beauty without reaching the perfection of — —

Yes ! the stars of heaven are lovely,
Their radiance none disown,
Yet that gracious one of evening
In her beauty moves alone

Now, to return from this digression, it must be observed, that whatever was the degree of the Portuguese lady's attractions, long before the festivity was over Don Guillelmo's manner became more thoughtful and restrained than it was at the beginning, and it is certain that he repented more than once of having refused the pressing solicitations of the morning to remain in the house. The invitation was not repeated, and when at a late hour the party separated, the lady, with rather a laughing malicious expression in her eyes, made her obeisance to him, hoping that his new quarters would prove more agreeable than his old. He already hated the former, and execrating his own stupidity and caution, in the bitterness of the moment resolved that where a woman was in question he would never be prudent again. Perhaps he was right, for it is certain that the caution of men may mar, but can never mend, the sudden emanations of woman's quick wit in what concerns the heart, and the attempt always causes some despoite, some disappointing of their will, some curdling of the creamy flow of their affections, without checking their desires.

That night Guillelmo slept little. His wound pained him, his mind was occupied with the strange events of the day, and tormented by the reflection that he had stupidly abandoned his former quarters at the moment when they were most agreeable to him, and when, towards morning, he fell into a slumber, he only exchanged the distinct dreams of too much wakefulness, for the indistinct visions of disturbed sleep. Wild, fearful scenes, flitted before him, all his waking thoughts, all the adventures and traditions of the valley of Das Iras, confused together, resolved themselves into forms and actions in which the awful and the ridiculous were mingled in a wonderful manner.

First, he thought he stood with his regiment on the long, narrow, dark bridge, over the rapid stream of the Coa. The sound of cannon shook the ground like an earthquake, the rocks, loosened on the mountain's side by the concussion, rolled down with frightful violence, and dashed into the swollen river below, the flashes from ten thousand muskets darted around, and from the midst of the smoke the French grenadiers, uttering wild and terrible cries, rushed, with their bayonets in advance, upon the bridge. But, when the combatants should have closed with clashing steel, their deathful shouts dwindled into sharp, voluble mutterings, shrill imprecations, and their fierce, daring countenances changed to the likenesses of the wicked *padres*.

Suddenly the bridge and the multitude disappeared, the officer stood alone upon one of the highest and bleakest rocks of the Estrella, dark, heavy clouds were revolving and careering with tortuous convolutions around its snowy summit, the rain poured down, and the crashing thunder of heaven had replaced that of man. The waters leaped, the lightning played, a thousand vultures screamed around, and a huge serpent, lifting its head, hissed close in his ear. Fear seized him, with a desperate spring, he launched himself into the gulf below, but the air seemed to bear him naturally and easily along towards the lovely valley of Das Iras, until he finally found himself standing in safety at the foot of a tower that he had never before seen.

The tempest was now hushed, and much the officer wondered at the loftiness of the building, which seemed to reach the clouds, but, while he gazed upon the sightly edifice, the solid wall opened, a lurid flame shot out from the fissure, and a gigantic figure, wrapped in a black cloak of an ancient fashion, coming forth with a stately motion, confronted him. The face was pale and haggard, but awful, for the features were rigid and majestic, and there was a fierce, wrathful look in the eyes that made the blood stagnate, and the marrow chill and harden within the bones. And by the side of this spectre stood a female form of great beauty, though somewhat indistinct, her looks were bent with frenzied earnestness upon a child of surpassing loveliness which she carried in her arms, deep sighs heaved her bosom, and ever and anon she bent down her head to kiss the babe, speaking to it in low, piteous tones, but it regarded her not, its looks were upon vacancy, it neither spoke nor moved.

The dark, stately phantom, kept its eyes fixed upon Guilelmo, its lips did not appear to vibrate, but a deep-toned, unearthly voice, uttered these words

"Stranger, what doest thou here in my valley? Art thou come with thy light heart and lighter thoughts, and thy joyous anticipations, to mock the desolation of my house? Thou shalt remember the hour. Is the valley delightful to thy sight? Is the lady beautiful? Dost thou love? Dost thou hope to be loved in return? Be it so. Yet this is still the valley of wrath and disaster, and ever shall be so. Vain man! It is not me, but fate that speaks. The lady shall love thee, but too late for thy repose wilt thou discover it, and the remembrance shall sting thee, aye! with as sharp a pang as that which torments me when I recall the folly of building this hope-deceiving tower, instead of slaying that ill-boding, cursed wizard, on the spot, when he spoke the prophecy which he was resolved to fulfil.

"Thou followest war, it shall disappoint thy hopes. Pains and discontent, wounds and neglect, it shall bring thee, and many others, for those upon whom the honours and rewards shall fall are marked out beforehand. Thou seekest the love of

woman, and, lo ! it will lead only to enmity Nor thou, nor the lady of the valley shall be happy Neither shall the valley itself keep its delights, the invader comes, and its beauty is effaced”

The voice ceased, and instantly the female spectre, without taking her eyes from the child, commenced chanting in a low tone the Portuguese lady's song

“This is the vale of wrath and sorrow,
Here no pleasures await the morrow,
Griffone, Griffone soars on high,
And grief still follows his mournful cry,” &c &c

When her chant was ended, a strain of wild, melancholy music, which seemed to rise from the top of the tower, prolonged her notes for a while, and then floating upwards in airy circles, grew fainter and fainter, until the sound was lost in the regions above Meanwhile the female phantom, slowly turning her countenance from the child, fixed her regard, as her dark baron still continued to do, upon Guillelmo Her face seemed to be the face of the Portuguese lady, and her large blue eyes bore a reproachful expression, but they were motionless, and so chilling ! Vainly, Guillelmo thought, he strove to deprecate her displeasure, words were denied him, he could not speak, he could not move, the spell worked fearfully, his heart was hardening into stone, when suddenly the child, hitherto so lifeless, gave a shrill waking cry The female phantom shrieked, the hiss of a mighty serpent was heard, and another spectre stood confronting the stately lord As tall and dark, but of sterner appearance and gesture, it stood before him Something like hair streamed from the head, fierce gleaming eyeballs shot fire from beneath brows which seemed to be black, living snakes, the garment which wrapped the body dilated, contracted, coiled, and undulated around a figure which was in continual movement, and ever-varying in form

“Ha ! dost thou then feel me now, mine enemy ?” it hissed in the face of the baron, and the next instant the two spectres were engaged in a terrible combat, but their original shapes they kept not The baron was a monstrous griffin, a bright gold collar encircled his neck, his beak and talons were like shining bronze, his broad dark wings spread and rustled like a coming tempest, he seized the wizard, who was become an immense serpent, in his claws, and majestically rose, cuffing and buffeting the reptile with his beak and mighty pinions, and uttering loud and dreadful cries High and swiftly he soared, until a dark cloud received them, the thunder again bellowing with deafening clamour, but deep within the black cloud the angry shrieks of the bird, and the malignant hissing of the serpent, were still frightfully distinct Suddenly the child clapped its tiny hands, the mother-spectre vanished with it on the instant, the clamour ceased in the cloud, and only the sounding stroke

of the griffin's wing was heard as he seemed to pass away on the last howling blast of the tempest

Large drops of blood now came plashing heavily on the ground, followed by a shower of pieces of the snake, each piece still writhing and contorted, instinct with life But, lo! the power of dreaming! In a moment the tower was converted into the sandstone archways and grottos of Das Iras, the drops of blood swelled and bubbled up into gurgling streams and spouting fountains of water, the gobbets of the snake's flesh, enlarging, were turned into a hundred wicked *padres*, with fiery serpent's eyes and hissing tongues They immediately fell upon Guillelmo. Astonished at these wonderful changes, he attempted to fly from the scene, but his limbs refused to move rapidly, his direful enemies gained ground, he gave himself up for lost, when a loud burst of laughter made him turn his head, and, behold! the wicked *padres* were converted into the Portuguese girls of the grottos, again they gathered about him, again their warm rounded arms supported him, again their musical voices called him "Coitadinho! cabocino!" &c Again they laughed, but so loudly that he awoke with a start Yet still the laughter rung in his ears, the voices of the girls resounded quite distinctly It was broad daylight, they were all assembled in the next room, on a visit to the lady at whose home he was now quartered

She was an old shrewd Portuguese woman, very good-natured and very jocular The young ladies, it appeared, were scions of different Fidalgo families, and had been sent for refuge to this sequestered village, to avoid the annoyance and evils which the continual passage of troops on the great routes rendered but too certain They were all youthful, thoughtless, uneducated, and unconscious of the peril which menaced both themselves and their country Reckless of everything but the present moment, and in the actual enjoyment of a freedom they had been before unused to, they were as innocent, as joyous, as full of mirth and mad-cap frolic, as young ladies, suddenly released from the sombre, austere restrictions of a Portuguese Fidalgo's house, might be supposed to be They danced, they sung, they played a thousand tricks to one another, they eagerly questioned Don Guillelmo about England, and the beauty of English women, about his uniform, about his religion, about his wound, about the state of his heart, with a thousand other idle things, and this time they called him Senhor Capitao, then they would break out with such bursts of glee, jumping and clapping their hands at every answer, whether grave or gay, that the noise could be heard all over the village, and the echoes rattled along the mountain side

Don Guillelmo was at first delighted with their riotous gaiety, he was in hopes that it would attract the attention of

the lady of his old quarters, and bring her to join the party, his eyes were continually turned towards the side on which her house was placed, but he looked and longed in vain, and his manner by degrees grew less animated. At last he became so thoughtful and abstracted, that the old lady, who had been as riotous as the boldest of the young ones, suddenly laid her finger on her lips to enjoin silence, and then advancing with a slow step and demure look, said very gravely,—

“ Senhor, you are not well !”

“ Yes, Senhora, I am very well ! Why do you think I am not ?”

“ No, Senhor Capitao, you are ill, I am sure of it let me feel your pulse”

So saying she took his hand, and placing her fingers on his wrist, attentively counted the pulsations “ Yes !” she exclaimed at length, “ yes, you are ill Your pulse speaks, and in good Portuguese also It calls names”

“ How so ?”

“ Thus, Senhor If you were well it would say *jaõ ! jaõ ! jaõ !* But you are ill, and when I questioned it, the reply was, *Francisco ! Francisco ! Francisco !* The cause of your illness is fever, you caught it last night, an immediate change of air is absolutely necessary, you must return to your old quarters for the rest of the day” Then the whole party burst out anew with shouts of merriment, and gathering around, carried him off, nothing reluctant, to the house of the young lady, who received him very graciously

He remained there a long time, and having discovered that his visit was not disagreeable, he repeated it every morning, under pretence of fulfilling his engagement to protect the lady from the ferocious and dreaded *padres*. She was never alone, one or other of the cousins, or all the grotto nymphs, always formed part of the society, and a thousand entertaining out-breaks, on the part of these pretty little barbarians, made the time pass agreeably enough, yet neither Guillelmo nor Angela, such was the Portuguese lady's name, seemed really pleased, both were at times pensive, abstracted, even melancholy, and there was an increasing constraint in his manner when he addressed her, which contrasted strongly with the freedom which marked his intercourse with the other girls. With them he was continually laughing and joking in uncontrollable joyousness, for they were joyful of nature, and he was one whose mind easily reflected the light and colours of those he lived with, he could be alike fierce and gloomy, or gay and *debonnaire*, as the occasion was furnished

One day, however, the grotto girls did not make their appearance, the cousins also were absent, and the Portuguese lady having proposed a walk, they sauntered together along one of the narrow pathways, numbers of which were cut through

the hanging woods on the mountain side. Talking at first upon indifferent subjects, and without heed as to where they were going, they had penetrated deeply into the woods ere they were aware of it. The air was deliciously softened by the shade of the trees, a thousand birds, of the most beautiful plumage, were sporting and hopping from bough to bough, and their low notes, heard only at intervals, made the imposing solitude of that umbrageous mountain more apparent to the senses. The effect was soon visible on the two saunterers, their conversation became less animated, their voices sunk almost to whispers, their steps became careless and slow. Suddenly a large snake glided before them. The lady started, her foot struck against a root which crossed the narrow pathway, she gave a slight cry, and would have fallen if the officer had not caught her, when she recovered, he for the first time offered her support, which she accepted with a smile, saying she feared the snake was the old wizard of the valley, but her gesture was timid and hesitating, and her arm trembled a little as she placed it gently within that offered in support.

They pursued their walk. The wing-feather of some large bird floating from above fell gently upon Angela's bosom, she grew a little pale, but, taking it in her hand, turned towards Guillelmo, and, with a mixture of gaiety and melancholy, said, "We have met this wizard. This feather must be from the wing of Griffone. I know not if it portends good or evil. To me, alas!" and as she spoke a painful expression crossed her beautiful face, "he has never yet been favourable, although I am descended from his house. Take it, however, Guillelmo, it will remind you sometimes of the valley, and perhaps of Angela." A faint blush was just perceptible on her cheek, and Guillelmo placed the feather next his heart.

Neither spoke for some time afterwards, their steps, slow before, became slower, their eyes were cast down, they seemed alike absorbed in deep thought. A second snake crossed their path, Guillelmo pressed her arm closer to his, as if to assure her of protection, the pressure was slightly returned, there was another interval of silence, and then the officer was just going to express the feelings which agitated him, when the lady, in a low, tender voice, forestalled him, saying,—

"Don Guillelmo, have I ever offended you?"

"Offended me, Angela, oh no! Why do you ask such a question?" and he pressed her arm more positively.

"Because you never speak to me, nor laugh with me, as you do with those other girls," meaning the grotto nymphs and the cousins.

"But, Angela, is talking a sure sign of liking?"

"I do not know, Guillelmo, but it is, at least, an agreeable way of showing it."

The officer's hand was gently placed, as if by accident, upon

the beautiful little warm fingers which were then resting on his arm

"Angela! dearest Angela! do I look as if I disliked you?"

A slight tremor could be discerned on her upper lip, her eyes were cast down, she sighed, and said no more

* * * * *

The fortress of Almeida having fallen unexpectedly, terror and grief were spread through the most sequestered valleys of the Estrella, the French army, which had been so long creeping like a baleful vapour, over the Spanish plains beyond the Coa, now ascended to the tops of the high mountains above Celerico, and there resting for a moment, cast a gloomy shadow over Portugal. The allies were immediately concentrated, the beautiful valley of Das Iras resounded with the crash of military music, as column after column wound around the base of the mountain, threading the deep ravines at the bottom of the gulf, a Portuguese battalion entering the village itself, occupied all the houses, and as the officer's wound was now well he rejoined his regiment, then with the advanced guard of the army.

The continual marches and countermarches, the bivouacs and skirmishes which ensued, gave him little time to think much of the valley and its charming inhabitants, but after a fortnight of military adventures, Guillelmo one night found himself with a picquet, posted high up amongst the crags of the huge Estrella mountain. The moon had risen full and bright, the snowy peak seemed to nod close over head, and deep below was the valley of the Mondego with its complication of winding waters, shining in silvery brightness, while beyond the river, on the opposite mountain, the village of Das Iras, with its dark heavy woods, could be plainly discerned.

The officer's heart throbbed, his eyes fastened on the delightful valley until his imagination and his feelings became so violently excited, that he thought himself once more there, and stretched forth his arms involuntarily as if to clasp something dear to him. The flap of a vulture's wing made him start. He looked with a hurried glance upwards and beheld the enormous bird slowly sailing over his head, but gradually and imperceptibly it sunk a little below him, floating so closely beneath for a moment, that, in his agitation, he thought he heard a low voice say, "I am Griffone! leap upon my back, and I will carry you to my own valley and to Angela!" But alas! the hills and the valley of Das Iras, and far beyond and around, the fires of the invading Franks glittered, they were on every mountain and in every vale. Guillelmo shook his head mournfully, he thought of his dream, the vulture gave one loud melancholy cry, and sailed away majestically, while the officer, uttering the name of Angela aloud, turned with an oppressed heart to mingle with his men, who were stretched around the fires,

and, after the manner of soldiers, relating tales of war, and of love both true and sad, and these tales they mingled with jests about their officers and themselves, for the bivouac-night is their *saturnalia*

First, they told how the handsome but simple lieutenant, being alone with the lovely Lucia de Palacios de Dos Casas, she whispered to him that his eyes were so bright they frightened her, and then let fall the candle in corroboration of the fact, and how the grave young man reprimanded her for her carelessness, ordering her to fetch another light, and how the beautiful girl immediately obeyed, innocently remarking that she supposed it was "*costumbre Inglese*," that general excuse of the Peninsulars for any wayward conduct of their English friends

Then as if to assert their right to take such freedoms with their officers' characters, the soldiers spoke of their recent combat on the Coa, of the strong battle they had there made, and of the fierce heroism of the "*Boy Stewart*," an Irish youth, so called by them from his gigantic stature and playful disposition. And also they spoke, but in lower tones and with manly feeling, of the more calm, devoted heroism of the Manxman, Quillan. They told how Stewart, a corporal, after bravely fighting and readily obeying every order until the regiment was driven over the bridge, turned, and exclaiming, "*The boy Stewart shall never live to hear it said that he was beaten in his first battle*!" strode forward in colossal majesty, throwing himself into the midst of the enemy, and striking down or bayoneting every person within his reach. In vain his own comrades shouted to him to come back, in vain the enemy admiring the grandeur of his presence, his fierce and desperate bearing, offered him quarter, he stood and fought until pierced with innumerable wounds—he obtained that death which he went to seek

This noble fellow's resolution, his great but mistaken sense of honour, was at once admired, praised, and condemned by the men, for they said he had pledged his life to his country, and ought not to have thrown it away, yet they deplored his loss as a good comrade and a worthy soldier. But when they spoke of Quillan, the sergeant, of his unostentatious, his unparalleled devotion, the tears trickled down their stern, swarthy cheeks. Gentle of manner, modest in demeanour, they all admitted that he was a quiet soldier, well-behaved and respected by all ranks. The surface was smooth, but the heroic fire was latent beneath. Quillan saw his officer, a lad of sixteen, while advancing against the enemy, going to ascend a bank at a particular spot, against which two Frenchmen had been long pointing their muskets from rests at a short distance. He saw them and pulled his young leader down, saying with a calm decided voice, "*You are too young, sir, to be killed*." Then

mounting the bank himself, he fell dead, pierced by two balls'

Oh! great and glorious were the deeds, and high and generous were the aspirations of the British soldiers who fought in the Peninsula. But they have no chronicler to record their individual exploits, no impassioned writer to make known their lofty sentiments, none to defend them from the oft-repeated, the foul, the false charge of brutishness. Their blood has drenched the earth, their bones whiten the hills of every country on the surface of the globe. Their merits are forgotten, and the survivors wander, for the most part, indigent and neglected, or insulted by those who wallow in the wealth protected by the valour of the now despised veteran. To the God of armies he must look for sympathy and help—all other is denied him.

It was with such tales as the above that the night was worn away on the Estrella, and the next morning the army descended the sides of that huge mountain like a herd of famishing wolves, for Massena had suddenly concentrated his forces on the right of the Mondego, and Wellington, fearful of being cut off from Coimbra, hastily passing that river also, placed his advanced posts on the Dão and the Criz. But the flood of war was full and raging. Ney, the foremost of men in battle, passed the Criz with thirty thousand veterans, and drove the advanced posts of the allies back, fighting to the great mountain of Busaco, where he was joined by Massena, and the hostile armies, fronting each other, crowned the black and lofty ridges of those mighty hills, on which in frowning opposition, one hundred and forty thousand warriors were assembled, waiting for the signal to try the fate of battle.

During this retrograde movement the division to which Guillelmo's regiment belonged halted for one night at a place, called by the country people "*The Devil's Lair*." The peasants with superstitious fears shook their heads, declaring that if the soldiers encamped there some evil would certainly befall them. It had always been so, and would be so to the end of time, for the great devil had marked the spot for his own. Notwithstanding this prediction the division occupied *the lair*, which was a pleasant—the devil likes pleasant places—wood of tall, slender pines, dry and open growing on a pleasant rise of ground, with a small stream of clear water winding at the base.

The picquets were soon posted, and the fires lighted, the march had been short, the bivouac was good, the rations large, and served out in time, the night was fine, and the whole camp, joyous and happy, defied the devil and all his works, though certain pious persons, more charitable towards themselves than their neighbours, have affirmed that a camp is one of his most elaborate productions. However, on the present occasion all defied or laughed at him, save Guillelmo, whose spirits were unusually gloomy. Angela's fate was unknown to him, and the

recollection of his singular dream in the valley haunted his imagination. Already a part of the spectre-baion's denunciations had been realized. Angela's love had left the sharp sting behind, and every soaring vulture brought the wrathful, menacing Griffone to his remembrance.

Oppressed by his thoughts, about midnight he sunk into an uneasy sleep, from which he was suddenly aroused by the strangest and most terrible clamour. Starting up, he beheld, as he thought, the whole wood in flames. The fire danced and leaped from tree to tree, throwing out innumerable sparks. The soldiers were running about, shouting as if possessed by evil spirits, and a herd of wild bulls with fiery horns seemed to be pursuing them in all directions, crashing in their furious career the slender pine-trees to splinters. Astounded alike by the suddenness of the thing, the dreadful noises, the terrific sights, Guillelmo gazed, bewildered, for a moment. Suddenly he beheld, as he thought, Angela flying towards him, pursued by four monstrous bulls, on the backs of three of which sat the wicked *padres* hissing with all their might, but, on the fourth and foremost stood Griffone himself in his human shape, upright and tall, and stern as he appeared in the dream, in his hands he grasped bundles of serpents, which he hurled before him with dreadful shouts. Maddened by this terrible sight, Guillelmo, catching up what seemed to him Angela, fled with incredible velocity towards the little stream below, at the foot of the hill, but scarcely had he gained the middle of the water when the illusion was dispelled. The peasants had truly spoken—it was the devil's work.

A general panic had seized the camp, none escaped its influence. The noise was the fearful cry of five thousand bewildered or bedevilled soldiers. The bulls were the camp animals, who, apparently as insane as their masters, had burst their fastenings, and were galloping wildly abroad, breaking the tall, slender pine-trees like reeds, overturning the piles of muskets, and dashing about the embers of the bivouac fires, thus creating the belief that they were monsters all flaming and furious to destroy. Griffone, and the *padres*, existed only in Guillelmo's imagination. Angela proved to be a brother officer, speaking with a broad provincial accent, and of Herculean dimensions and weight, whom Guillelmo had, nevertheless, in the mad hurry of the moment, carried away as if he had been an infant.

Calm, and clear, and glorious was the night which preceded the fight of Busaco, and so innumerable and bright were the watch-fires, that it seemed as if the mountain tops had been lifted to the sky and thrust amidst the starry hosts. But if the night's illusion elevated the scene towards heaven, that of the morning dawn seemed to sink the dark valley below to the bottomless pit, for the battle commenced there, and the

terrible cries, and the thundering sounds of the musquetry, and the rolling of the sulphury clouds of smoke, through which the eye could only distinguish black and furious figures bounding and rushing to and fro, and dealing around them quick flashing fires of death, appeared to announce that the bonds of hell had been broken, and the demons ascending, with all their terrors, to the upper world

The contest was fierce and bloody, the French were repulsed, and the troops on both sides were resting on their arms in the evening when a Portuguese peasant girl was observed winding her way, apparently unheeded by any, through the midst of the French lines she descended the mountain, crossed the valley, and ascended to the British camp, where the soldiers, who had been watching her progress, instantly gathered about her, curious to know what she might be who could thus so calmly pass through fighting armies. And much they were moved in their feelings when they found that her only talisman of safety was the extreme innocence of her mind. No idea of danger had ever crossed her thoughts, she suspected nothing, feared nothing, doubted nothing, and her confiding simplicity had been as a panoply of steel around her. God walked with her, and men wondered at, but could not injure, the poor wandering maiden. And she, in her turn, marvelled as much at them, she marvelled that they could live on the mountain ridge, she marvelled at their numbers, at their array, and with many expressions of pity, exclaimed upon their hard fate—" *Coutadinhos*," she repeatedly exclaimed, "*Coutadinhos Não tem casa ni pan, ni sel*,"—Poor things, poor things, they have no homes, no bread, no salt!

The laughter of the soldiers when they heard this poor girl, whom they looked upon as scarcely better off than Daniel in the lions' den, thus express her pity for their sufferings, was loud and boisterous, she looked around her with wonder at the cause of their merriment, when suddenly her eyes rested on the officer, and she instantly exclaimed, "Ah! Don Guillelmo!" she was one of the poor village girls of Das Iras. He took her on one side and eagerly inquired about the fate of the beautiful valley and its inhabitants. Her tale was short. It was still the valley of wrath, the enemy had inundated it, the villagers had dispersed in terror, she herself was going to seek a quieter abode. Guillelmo, with a beating heart but a careless manner, mentioned Angela, the girl smiled, but instantly assuming a look of sorrow, said she feared some evil had befallen her, not from the enemy, but through the means of the *padres*, for soon after the officer had quitted the village strange men had come to Angela's house and carried her away with them, not indeed by violence, but against her inclination, as it was observed that she wept bitterly.

Struck to the soul by this intelligence, Guillelmo turned to

hide his emotion, the poor girl, seeing that he was deeply affected, gave him to understand that she knew the cause, and endeavoured to comfort him by saying, that she thought no mischief could have happened to her, as she went with those who came for her, without resisting, showing more sorrow than fear. These kind efforts had some power to alleviate his grief. But what can a soldier do with feelings of this nature in war-time? He has not leisure for mental distress. Let his heart be softened by beauty, or melted by misery, the next moment he must retemper it to meet the terrible incidents of his profession, he may be sick with sorrow, and faint in soul with grief, his bitterness may be like gall, but he must do his work, and yet it is this stormy vicissitude to which he is exposed, that keeps his feelings fresh, untainted, and impatient of the calculating sordid stagnation of civil life. War is the offspring of wickedness, but it is the parent of generosity, and of high though tumultuous emotions. Stifling his sorrow, Guillelmo cast but one look towards the distant point where Val Das Iras was situated, and then gazed with melancholy thoughts upon the vultures who were congregating over the recent field of battle, till he half believed that one more huge than the rest, and soaring alone, was not only the same he had seen on the Estrella, but that it was Griffoné himself, satisfying his wrath by watching the gradual fulfilment of his malediction in the dream.

All that night and the next day the hostile armies remained tranquil, and nothing seemed to have been changed on the enemy's position in front, but in the evening the glittering of arms far in the west attracted attention, and soon a long, dark column of men was discovered winding along the sides of the distant mountains to the left. The French general had gained an important march, the head of his army was already in the low ground between the allies and the sea, and twenty-four hours more might place him between them and Lisbon!

Scarcely had this state of affairs been discovered from the small plain in front of the convent of Busaco, when Wellington, who had heard something of the enemy's movements and object, came up at a gallop. Hastily he dismounted, hastily he turned his anxious and piercing looks towards the west, steadfastly regarding, for some moments, the long line of French troops then coiling like a huge black shining snake around those very hills which he had hoped to make an impassable barrier to Massena's progress. His eyes visibly enlarged as he gazed, his brow wrinkled, his complexion grew paler than usual. Suddenly turning on his heel, he picked up several bits of heath, and biting them with a quick unconscious motion, walked hastily up and down, exhibiting a striking picture of mortification, in which, however, there was nothing mean or insignificant, for his countenance was so stern and menacing, that none dared to approach him, and there was a general stillness around. In a

few minutes he remounted his horse, without uttering a word, and rode away. Half an hour after, sixty thousand men and a hundred pieces of artillery were in march along the rugged sides of the Sierra de Busaco.

All that night the allied troops were moving incessantly through the narrow defiles, down the sides of the Sierra, into the low ground on the left, and by twelve o'clock on the 30th, the army was once more in order of battle between Massena and Coimbra. But the French general was now in a country where his powerful cavalry could act, and the allies, unable to give him battle on the open ground, retired behind the defiles of Condeixa, thus abandoning the line of the Mondego and the city of Coimbra.

Alas, alas ! to what dreadful scenes this movement gave birth. Famine, and terror, and the sword were abroad, and all the horrors that bodily suffering and mental misery can produce, were rife. The people of Coimbra, influenced at once by their fear of the enemy and the harsh orders of their own government, poured forth in crowds. There were to be seen all ages, and both sexes, the old man and his nurse, the maniac and his keeper, the bed-ridden creature and the unweaned infant, the pale despairing lady and the boisterous ruffian, all mingled together, without help, without control, shrieking and striving, according to their strength or madness, to force their way along with the retreating soldiers. But these last, grim with the smoke of powder, and alarmed at their own dangerous position, were furiously endeavouring to shake off the increasing crowds, and keep themselves free to fight the enemy, whose cavalry, hovering on all sides, were fording the river and already skirmishing with the allied horsemen at the distance of pistol shot. In this terrible confusion, the mob of soldiers and fugitives bursting together through the close, rocky defiles of Condeixa, poured into the open country beyond. Fortunately the French, by delaying some days in Coimbra, gave time for the miserable people to separate from the troops, and make their way by the different lateral routes, with somewhat less of haste and distress, either to Lisbon or to different asylums distant from the scene of hostilities. In a few days, however, the enemy again pushed forwards, and daily and nightly combats took place between their advanced guards and the rear of the allies, the latter retiring slowly towards the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras.

It was during this second period of the retreat that Don Guillelmo was one evening directed to halt and form a picquet near some old houses at the edge of a wild moor near Alcanquer. The first part of the wet season had now set in, and the rain was coming down, not in torrents, but in water-spouts, from a dark, heavy, low, hanging, gloomy cloud, which, like a huge pall, covered the earth. The soldiers, standing carelessly in groups, blocked up the high road, a cavalry skirmish was

going on in front, French prisoners, mixed with English dragoons, all gashed with sabre cuts and drenched in blood, were passing to the rear. The officer, not in the happiest mood, and shocked by the appearance of the poor wounded men, had turned from them, and leaning on his sword was gazing unconsciously on the cloud above, when suddenly stooping from the midst of its dark volume, a large vulture came sailing downwards, and hovering for a moment close over his head, uttered its shrill cry and passed on. The Val Das Iras and all its associations rushed upon his mind, and with a start he muttered to himself "*Griffone*" the next instant a low musical voice, close behind him, murmured "*Guillelmo*!" His heart leaped at the sound, he turned hastily, but only beheld, what appeared to him, an old woman mounted on a mule and closely muffled in a coarse country cloak. His eyes wandered rapidly over this strange figure and then drooped, a sickening feeling of disappointment came over him, and he was going to turn away, when the same sweet musical voice again, and with a more tender accent, murmured "*Guillelmo*, are you offended with me?" at the same moment the hood of the seeming old woman's cloak was half opened, and disclosed the lovely face of Angela, somewhat pale and sorrowful, indeed, but more beautiful than ever.

He would have sprung forward to embrace her, but before his surprise gave him the power, Angela's looks plainly said, "*beware*!" and her finger pointed towards a large, raw-boned, ferocious-looking man, in a brown cloak, having a long heavy gun in one hand, a rope leading from her mule's head-gear in the other, and a huge knife stuck in his girdle. He was, however, too intent upon watching the wounded men who were passing, to be aware of the recognition which was taking place behind him, and the officer, being thus warned of his importance, changed his manner, and with a loud voice and military salute, touching his schako, thus addressed the lady.

"Senhora, is there anything that I or my men can do to serve you?"

Her sulky guardian turned sharply round at these words, but seeing that it was the commander of the troops who spoke, and that his manner and address were grave and courteous, took no further notice, but continued to gaze on the passing wounded prisoners with a ferocious delight, at times muttering curses on them, and giving vent to his national hatred by abusive words.

Having lulled the vigilance of the peasant in this manner, Guillelmo, approaching close to Angela, eagerly asked her how she came there? where she was going? what had passed since he left her in the lovely valley?

"Ah! Guillelmo, the story is long, and the subject painful, but I am going to my friends in Lisbon," then with a deep sigh she looked timidly towards her rough guardian.

The officer's blood circulated with great violence, he was young and sanguine of temper—war was a game of adventure—his heart beat strongly—the beautiful eyes of Angela were fixed on his with a swimming plaintive expression, one instant he hesitated, then stepping forward, he put his head close to hers, and taking her small hand, which seemed to be purposely placed beyond the edge of her cloak, said with a low, compressed, but earnest accent, while his eye glanced towards the surly peasant,—

“Angela, are you under any restraint?”

She was silent

“Angela, these men are mine, they will do my bidding, are you really going to your friends?”

Her eyelids sunk, the long dark fringes of her eyelashes fell on her cheek, which was of marble paleness. Her lips trembled a little, but she spoke not

“Angela, dearest Angela! answer me, are you happy?”

A slight “No!” was murmured, and a large tear gathered in her eye. Guillelmo's hand pressed hers more closely, her head drooped towards his, the tear dropped upon her cheek, one moment more and he would have lifted her from the mule, but with a sudden movement she withdrew her hand, her face flushed, and sighing out, “No! I am not happy!—adieu, Guillelmo!” she pulled the hood of her cloak down, the peasant turned at the instant, and struck the mule, which darted forward, the soldiers closed in, and Guillelmo never saw Angela more!

But he still remembers her, still retains the feather from Griffoné's wing!

CHARADE

“Up, lady, up to the turret's height,
Gaze far as eye can strain,
There are glittering spears and armour bright,
And pennon and plume—'tis a glorious sight
On the peaceful hill and plain,
For the iron rule of my *First* hath pass'd,
And the loved and the brave are return'd at last
“With my *Second* still close to his faithful heart,
Doubt not thy knight is there,
That golden shield has repell'd each dart,
And the cruel sword has not dared to part
Those links so soft and fair
The pledge at the moment of parting given
Has found mercy on earth and mercy in heaven”—
“Peace, boaster vain!” a stern voice said,
And my *Whole* before us stood,—
“Peace!” for thou speak'st of the long since dead,
And long has that vaunted pledge been red
In the gallant wearer's blood!”—
He said,—and ere night-fall the lady knew
That the words of the prophet of ill were true

THE COURIER

"I talk not of mercy I talk not of fear,
He neither must know who would be a courier"

BYRON

WE fondly imagine that our tight little island produces everything which it does produce in the very highest perfection. There lives not the lukewarm Briton who can quench his thirst with *bierre de Mars*, dine on *biftecks de mouton* at a Parisian *café*, or gallop a nag, sprung from the Razza del Re up the Strada Nova at Naples, without a sigh, expressed or understood, for the very superior articles of the same species which he could enjoy were he in England, through the intervention of Messrs Hodson, Giblett, or Tilbury. The sight of one German postillion conducting six stallions at a banging trot down hill, and at the same time executing a villanously complicated solo on his huge horn, fails to convince an Englishman, as he ought to be convinced, that any continental coachmanship can compare with that of Jack Peer, or the Brighton Baronet, although even those Homers do occasionally nod, and deteriorate their passengers' precious limbs, and the finest bunch of grapes ever grown at Fontainebleau is surpassed in his mind's eye by the costly efforts of his own Scotch forcing gardener. He cannot bring himself to believe that any foreigner breathing the breath of life can back a horse as skilfully as his own diminutive groom, or that a butler is to be found without the white cliffs of Albion capable of decanting port wine as steadily, and burnishing plate as brightly, as his own corpulent and trustworthy factotum.

As to the relative merits of insular and continental cooks, if our patriot enjoys a good digestion, and be free from gout, he will perhaps liberally allow that that is one of the very few questions open to argument, that although turtle-soup, haunches of venison, and plum-pudding are unquestionably edibles of the first class, still much may be adduced in favour of *potage a la bisque*, *turbôt à la creme*, and orange-flower *soufflées*.

Much of this sturdy patriotism is founded on fact. We are doubtless very lucky fellows, and enjoy our due proportion of the good things of this life. I am fully alive to the potency of our ale, the succulency of our beef and mutton, and the surpassing qualities of our horses, neither would I in any way be supposed to detract from the well-merited reputation of Jack Peer or Sir Vinny. I believe firmly that the only objection fairly to be raised against our hot-house grapes is, that they do now and then cost a guinea a pound. Neither do I deny that our grooms do stick to their saddles like wax, and that, as a nation, we have our spoons cleaned better and brighter than any other. Our servants are in many points super-excellent, but still, in my humble opinion, they lack the one thing needful for the establishment of a poor man, they want the versatility of talent which distinguishes their continental brethren, and more especially the Swiss and Italians, which two nations chiefly supply that class of travelling servants called couriers.

A courier, to attain eminence in his profession, must combine in his own person innumerable qualifications. He must be strong, and inured to fatigue, a light weight, and a good rider, he must possess a smattering of coachmaking and cookery, be a thorough valet, un-

derstand waiting at table and housekeeping, be expert at accompts, and speak fluently at least four or five languages

We will suppose you, gentle reader, to have landed safely at Calais, and taken up your quarters at the Hotel du Bourbon Conde M Rignolle, the worthy proprietor, in answer to your inquiries about a courier who has been recommended to you, responds,—“He ver nice leetle man—I send foi him The ‘ver nice leetle man,’ who resembles one of the bettermost kind of Italian princes by whom ‘The Travellers’ is infested, arrives, and engages to serve you in every possible way for the sum of eight or ten guineas a month He produces a pile of certificates from his former employers which at once attest the excellence of his character, and the richness of the English language, inasmuch as the authors of them appear to have vied with one another in expressing the same satisfaction in different words

Lord Warrington declares himself highly gratified with the attentive services of Eugenio Silvani, and confirms the document with his aristocratic coat of arms, which the warmth of Eugenio’s breeches pocket has converted into a daub of red wax

Messrs Hobbs and Dobbs assure future travellers that Silvani is a capital fellow, and a real treasure to any person wishing to travel speedily through France and Italy They also confirm their autographs with their seals, which, having been fellow-passengers with Lord Warrington’s, for once look equally imposing

On the morning of your departure you observe a man arrayed in a blue military jacket braided with gold, yellow leather-tights, and slippers, busying himself in superintending the loading of your carriage In him you recognize “the treasure to any person wishing to travel speedily He forthwith assumes the command, hands you into your britscha, bundles the lady’s maid into the rumble, starts the whole equipage, pays the bill, shakes hands with the waiters, kisses M Rignolle on both whiskers, jumps into his jack-boots, and jingles by you on his bidet, merrily smacking his whip in order to get the horses ready for you at the next relay, where he is well known to and cordially greeted by the postboys, who feel assured that they have in him, if they go their best, and half murder their master’s horses, a steady advocate for “*trois francs par poste et la goutte*,”—equivalent to about sixpence a mile with us

At some posts, however, where he has met with vexatious delay on former journeys, or been furnished with a foundered bidet, he is not quite so popular The postillions recollect his having rigidly adhered to the tarif in remunerating their tardy services, or perhaps the *maître de poste* may call to mind stern battles on the subject of the *troisième cheval*, or about the age of some miraculously fine child under six years, in which our sharp friend Eugene proved the better man

In the same breath he will reassure the ladies, who may possibly feel alarmed at the steepness of the road, or the absence of *garde-jours*, and then fulminate a torrent of incoherent blasphemy on the dilatory postillions, which you cannot help smiling at on account of its absurdity, if you understand it, which, fortunately, his wondrous volubility renders rather difficult to unpractised ears

In countries where avant-couriers are obsolete, he will lay aside his military costume, strap his saddle on the imperial, and accompany

the lady's maid in the rumble Here he endeavours to make up for the time lost in relaying by what he calls *pousser les postillons*, an operation evidently based on the pair-horse coach principle of whipping the willing horse The faster they drive the more vociferously he urges them on No matter whether you are pressed for time or not, his honour requires that you should be driven at the best pace A slow, sulky conductor he silently endures, and tariffs him accurately on reaching the next stage, observing laconically, "*Come si oas, così si paga* !

Few people can conscientiously assert that they have ever known their courier to eat, drink or sleep whilst *en voyage* He has no time for so doing, even if he should be so irregular as to wish it. On reaching your destination for the night he must select the most eligible rooms, jockey the other couriers if he can, get fires lit, unload the carriage, air the beds, superintend the supper, and, not unfrequently, cook it, when you retire to rest, he must attend you as a valet, see your clothes and boots cleaned, examine the state of the carriage, and have any requisite repairs executed, procure fresh milk and butter for your early breakfast, order the horses, call you in the morning—generally two or three times,—repack the luggage, fight with the innkeeper on the subject of overcharges, satisfy the servants, look after the lady's maid, and be ready to start as soon as you are, and this he must repeat every evening whilst you are on your journey, besides galloping some seventy or eighty miles during the day, on such hacks as it may please Providence and the postmasters to provide him with We once, and only once, detected our courier partaking of a slight pic-nic in the dicky with the maid, and that was probably more from a desire to ingratiate himself with her, (for she was very pretty, and, alas ! a pretty Abigail is a rock on which many of the most eminent couriers have split,) than from an unprofessional habit of eating and drinking on his part

If he is overworked whilst travelling, he takes care to enjoy the *dolce far niente* as soon as his master halts at any of the chief continental wintering quarters The instant that the carriage is unpacked, his corporeal labours cease He then takes on himself the direction of your establishment, and sees that you are *bien servi*, but he cannot compromise the dignity of the profession by doing anything himself Should you sally forth from your hotel in quest of lodgings, and in the innocence of your heart propose to him to mount the box, and give you the benefit of his experience in making your bargain, not imagining that he can entertain any possible objection against resuming for ten minutes a seat which he has occupied daily for the last month, he will look at you as if you had proposed that he should deposit himself on the iron spikes behind the carriage, and will assure you that he infinitely prefers running after you on foot to the degradation of being seen accompanying your vehicle *en ville*

His society is much courted by the hotel keepers Baldin, of Rome, keeps open house for respectable couriers out of place, in return for the custom which they have brought and may bring to him

Your courier is a good dresser,—perhaps a little over-addicted to gold chains and Genoa velvet, but then that is the foreign taste His ostensible luggage is small, yet he sports a wonderful variety of

garments; and his toilet table is covered with numerous brushes, gallipots, and bottles. He generally takes lessons on the guitar, and sings agreeably,—a talent which is duly appreciated by the ladies and maids. The poor footmen, with whom some travellers encumber themselves, feel their inferiority, and hate him accordingly, and merely despise them. He traffics a good deal in a small way in old carriages, eau de cologne, jewellery, and gloves. He is a capital nurse in case of sickness. To sum up the good qualities of this excellent class of servants, they are, with very few exceptions, strictly honest, and grateful for any kindness shown to them, and if now and then a black sheep out of the flock should be detected levying a slight per-centage on his employer's purchases, who can wonder at his so doing, when they consider with what wealthy, purse-proud, extravagant blockheads these men have often to deal?

VASLYN

THE SONG OF THE FIRE-KING

SPIRITS of fire! spirits of fire!
 Kindle your torches, and up with me,
 Earth to-night shall yield the pyre
 That lightens our red—red revelry
 Water shall hiss in our hot embrace!
 Stone shall snap with each burning kiss!
 The morrow shall wonder much to trace
 So wild a scene of ruin as this
 Now to the banquet! wine ne'er shone
 Bright as the fiery draught we drain,
 Gilded wood and chisel'd stone
 Are the viands that feast our flame-born train
 Crackle the wood! shiver the block!
 Moulder the silken work of the loom!
 Water! water! thy power we mock,
 Swallow it up in the general doom!
 Flutter your wings, and send up on high
 Sparkles of laughter! again! again!
 Dim with their light the stars in the sky,
 Cast them to earth like Gomorrah's rain!
 The red blood of mortals dyes the stream,
 That flows where the battle is fierce and strong,
 Tinge, then, each white cloud above with their gleam,
 To herald our conquest whilst floating along
 Spirits of fire! spirits of fire!
 The north wind has come to our feast of flame,
 Clothe it with smoke, our festal attire,
 And welcome the guest that unbidden came
 Gloriously, gloriously revel we on!
 Ages have gather'd—a night shall destroy!
 Half of our banquet alas! is done,
 Still there's enough behind for joy
 Flutter your wings, and steal from the shade
 The chisel'd tracings of yonder wall,
 Let it behold the work ye've made
 Ere the half-eaten timbers fall
 Down with the roof to the blacken'd ground!
 Shout like the thunder one loud hurra!
 Wave your dark mantles of smoke around,
 Spirits of fire, away! away!

MARK TEMON

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING

BY EDWARD MAYHEW

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUKSHANK

AN old convivial proverb asserts, "You shall know a man by his cellar." Perhaps it was Mr Edwin Jackman's naturally modest and retiring disposition which induced him originally to fix his abode as far from the above proverbial point of inspection as possible. He was not partial to the cellar. His coals, for instance, used to be carried to him "fresh and fresh" by a great unwashed, who, after stamping slowly up the hollow stairs, would rattle the dusty burden on the floor, and then doggedly stand beside the rubbish for cash on delivery. But time, which abases all things, did not spare Mr. Edwin Jackman. Gradually that gentleman's habitation sank lower and lower, till at last he regularly dined in the *parlour*. Gradually also had the naturally modest and retiring disposition sunk with the body. From an honest desire (wanting more brilliant qualifications) to be esteemed for his genuine *good nature*, Jackman descended to petty cares for his *respectability*, and when, in his own opinion, this middling honour was established, he felt a longing after the genteel.

A waggon and four proportionable horses, stationed before his door, was an object for lofty contemplation as he stood at the window, his nose flattened against the glass, carelessly dallying with the silver in his pockets;—and, remembering the days long past, he thought of those whose abilities and prospects were still *high* in the sloping chambers of some dismal inn of court,—whose pecuniary resources were the lawful discussion of the chandler and the laundress, and swellingly compared them with his own present importance. It was a pleasant sight to see the passengers duck and run to avoid the spray of "the very best autumnal Wallends, which were trickling over the pavement into the ample abyss beneath, but when the climax arrived, and one sturdy fellow bravely smacked the emptied sacks upon the pavement, while another in lusty accents announced their numbers to the neighbourhood, Edwin Jackman would prudently retire to conceal his feelings, and order beer for the men.

To those who enter the legal profession without other resources than their own abilities, there is a "great gulf" lying between the disreputable retailer of the coal-shed, who receives orders with suspicion, and the complacent dapper merchant, who never *thinks* of his bill even when the fuel is consumed. Mr. Jackman had, unassisted, leaped this gulf. He had a right to feel *proud*, but as he now kept a man-servant, he could not help also feeling *genteel*, in which sentiment the gentle partner of his bed and fortune amply participated. Thus the domestic circle of the conveyancer might have been harmonious, had an only child, now in his fifth year, been of a tractable disposition, but Master Frederick was rudely healthy. It was a trying affliction to his parents when, beholding other children walk stuffy on without rumpling their collars by looking either to the right or left, they contrasted the prim gentility of these little

dears with the offensive activity of their own offspring, who was ever pointing at this, running after that, patting the dogs that passed him, or making advances to little animals, in his parents' eyes, still lower in the scale of creation. Nor was this the whole of his misbehaviour—at home, if a little choice lace, (the finest Brussels,) too sacred even for Sundays, was left soaking in his mother's wash-hand-basin, there was Master Frederick surely to be found, with a dirty tobacco-pipe, endeavouring to blow bladders for his amusement.

"Ah!" would the sorrowing mother cry, "nothing escapes that boy, he destroys everything he ought to have been bred in a bear-garden. He'll never make a gentleman! There was not such lace as this in London, the queen has not any like it, and he has purposely tried to destroy it. The good-for-nothing!"

Should the clean Hollands have been put down to save the staircase carpet, ten minutes afterwards a stream of water would be discernible up the middle, while the sides were profusely decorated with little dirty shoe-marks. Master Frederick had converted the filter into a bath for the kitten, and there could be no water for his father's dinner that day.

"A nasty little fellow!" cried his mother, twittering with passion. "So nice as they looked. But he can't bear anything that is clean. Filth is what he delights in,—a pigstye would please him. Was there ever a child born with really such blackguard propensities!"

Thus, though his parents would have laughed at any mention of expecting a child to be born with innate conventional decorum and knowledge of genteel usages, they nevertheless persisted in proclaiming every boyish mischief or infantine indiscretion Master Frederick was guilty of, as an additional proof that their son could never be made a gentleman, nor did the parents use any caution to avoid the probable consequences of the lad's natural activity.

Mrs Jackman now gave the finishing touch to her gentility by a declared passion for glass and cracked china, and her lord, to encourage the delicate aspiration, crowned her desires and her collection with a glass pitcher of exquisite workmanship and unusual dimensions. It was such a specimen of art as any lady in Mrs Jackman's station of life must have felt proud in possessing, and pleasure in washing. She was, in fact, impatient for its display, and a party was invited for the express purpose.

The day arrived. sundry clients, with one or two relations, (to soften down the positive look of business, and make up numbers,) sat down in the parlour, while Master Frederick, waiting in the passage to come in with the dessert, fingered every dish that went in, and clawed every fragment that came out. Dinner being ended, and the cloth removed, the boy, having been re-washed, bounced into the room, but had hardly insisted on being noticed by all present, before the glass pitcher was placed in the middle of the table, and attracted general attention, all with one accord bursting into a chorus of admiration.

The Jackmans were in their glory, the company restless through a wish to be amiable, and Master Frederick, being the most common-place mark for the display of this desire, they commenced a scramble for possession of the child. Each bated his plate with

some trifling delicacy, requesting the boy's attention to the fact, and, as if urged by his parents' repeated requests "*not* to give him wine, as Frederick would be ill," no one was content till the young gentleman had done him or her "the honour," and, to do the boy justice, he certainly exhibited on this occasion the most polite alacrity, till (unaccustomed to a more potent beverage than milk and water) the little fellow became flushed and noisy, and the digestive serenity of the gentlemen was gratefully relieved when the ladies, retiring, took the child with them.

Frederick, on reaching the drawing-room, to his mother's horror, fell asleep, and snored "like a pig," while, on awaking, the first words he uttered were an urgent request, or rather petulant demand, for "something to drink."

"Goodness me, child!" whispered Mrs Jackman, "you do nothing *but* drink. Be quiet, sir!—you've had too much to drink already." After this, she indulged in a series of frowns, nods, and contortions, and quoted freely from those maxims which constitute the code of mammas, ultimately making her son's deficiencies an excuse for ordering the announcement of coffee.

This latter effect was by no means pleasing to Mr Jackman. He was free with his wine, and wanted opportunity only to be equally so with his tongue, and when his health was drunk, the peculiarly emphatic sincerity with which he poured forth his "want of words to express"—the "proudest moment of his life,"—and his "wishes for the prosperity of all present," must have provoked a most complimentary discussion on the host's oratorical powers, if the servant had not bobbed in, almost before the applauses had subsided, and blurted out "Coffee!" thereby distracting the ideas of the company. Nor, afterwards, could a moment's pause take place in conversation without the fellow's again intruding, till, fairly baited from the wine by these incessant interruptions, Mr Jackman led the way to the drawing-room.

A short *tête-à-tête* between the parents occasioned sundry glances towards their thirsty child, and the father took an opportunity of whispering in his ear with threatening face, "You'll please to behave yourself, sir!" as, passing rapidly by, he hastened to do the hospitable. Frederick now saw coffee handed to all but himself, who, of all, had most need of it. His voice assumed a touching pathos as he timidly ventured to utter, "Please, ma!" But "Little boys," he was told, "should see company helped first, and then, 'Little boys should never ask,' and, 'Little boys ought to wait to be served, and say nothing.' At length the little boy in question, instead of studying to benefit by the instruction thus timely conveyed, took advantage of an open door to escape down stairs.

The family filter, which for the kind of thing was certainly handsome, stood partly for convenience, but chiefly for ornament, on the landing-place at the top of the kitchen-stairs, and before this the parched child presently stood, listening most attentively to the music made by the water dropping through the stone into the receptacle beneath. Feeling that servants are equally vigorous in imitating and abusing the harshness of their superiors, Frederick's hope of procuring a mug to drink from, rested on his being able to take one unobserved, and while looking round for this purpose his eye rested on the glass pitcher, which now, standing on the maho-

gany slab in the hall, proudly surmounted a heap of dirty plates filled with fruit-parings

Its cool and liquid appearance was decisive, conscious of doing wrong, but unable to resist, our hero mounted a chair, and, fluttering with apprehension, lifted, though not without difficulty, the weighty vessel from its exalted situation, and had just borne it safely to the filter, when the man-servant (to whose care it had been specially intrusted) approached, and with horror beheld his young master thus employed. Place—character—wages, (with an indirect glance at paying for breakages,) floated before the menial's eyes: he involuntarily cried,—

“Ah! *you ve* no business to *lay hold* of that

So probably thought the child, for he no sooner heard the words than he *let go* the handle, and the jug, complying with the law of gravity, commenced descending the kitchen-stairs

Paralyzed at the sight, both Frederick and the man watched it as it leisurely hopped from one stair to another without sustaining the slightest damage. Seeing this, a tumultuous hope arose that it might miraculously escape altogether, when, just at that moment, as if exulting in the feats it had performed, it playfully sparkled with more than ordinary lustre, while, rolling on to the stones at the bottom, with a loud crash it shivered into a thousand pieces

“That s done for! There ll be a jolly row!” mournfully ejaculated the servant. To prove these words true the little delinquent tuned ~~his~~ strong lungs for the celebration of the misfortune, and in a few moments the space around him was thronged. Mrs Jackman heard the tale,—looked upon the fragments,—pronounced ~~river~~ and Chinese cement of no avail,—and hastily retired. Mr Jackman was equally distressed—not for his loss—this he at first did not so particularly consider, but he was distressed to know in what manner he ought to comfort himself. In his own mind he had, by his speech of thanks, given the surrounding guests a magnificent opinion of his mental resources, and he was anxious to confirm the impression thus created by the loftiness of his bearing on the present trying occasion. How to do this was all he wanted to know. He accordingly thrust one hand within his vest, and the other into his pocket, and with a decided look of nothingness waited for a cue from the conduct of those around

“It s very vexatious!” said one

Mr Jackman thrust his hand a little further into his waistcoat, and sighed

“Don t distress yourself about it,” considerably murmured another

“Thank you! thank you!” cried the host in violent emotion

“I m his father, but, however, I ll bear it! I ll bear it!”

“What could the child have been doing?” inquired another

“Heaven only knows. I can t tell. If he had spoken to me, sooner than this should have happened I d have denied him nothing. My heart, to the fullest extent of my means, he knows is his. What then could he want with *that patch*? But go, sir, go!” added Jackman, turning to the culprit, “I sh never make you a gentleman. Go, sir, and get another father who can tolerate your acts, and put up with your extravagance. You ll find the difference, sir. I renounce you. You have severed yourself from me for ever.

There, take him, take him, some one, take him from this house I give him to you Let me never see the boy again ' And thus saying, Mr Jackman stutted away with the air of a man who heroically sacrifices feeling to duty

His audience were all astonishment ' Could the father be serious? ' each seemed by his looks to ask of the other " And if, thought they, " he *is* serious, which of *us* does he expect *is* to be burthened with the mischievous child whose tricks have 'sundered the affections of his natural father? ' A simultaneous uneasiness pervaded the group, which however soon gave place to a desire of further consoling the afflicted parent, in which kind purpose they so speedily embarked that Mister Frederick found himself shortly after his father's departure standing by the side of his uncle, Mr Alexander, alone

Alexander was a kind-hearted man He was a Scot, without one of those bad qualities which some think characterize a whole nation

He, from a feeling of compassion lest the child might be too severely chastised for his error, took him home, and (being a dealer in canvass and sail-cloth) turned the young scapegrace into his warehouse, with full permission to do all the damage he was able The boy was delighted with his liberty, and by next morning had made a bosom friend of the only constant inhabitant and guardian of the place, a huge Newfoundland dog,—Lion by name,—a massive beast, of grave and shaggy aspect, who passed his life chained to an enormous kennel, so placed as to command the principal entrance Here Mister Frederick romped with the brute, and tumbled about the heavy bales which were everywhere strewn over the place, nor for a moment thought how far his parents had become reconciled to his last night's adventure

" He is not at all like other children, he is so mischievous, remarked Mrs Jackman at her breakfast table

" If he'd only do as I tell him, responded her lord " Heaven knows, I never speak but for his good That child, Jane, has, I'm afraid, a natural disposition for blackguardism I don't see the end of him "

" Everybody *would* let him drink, rejoined the lady, " though I kept begging of them not to do so I never saw a child take strong wine as he did, and, when he was asleep in the drawing-room I felt quite ashamed, he looked so red and vulgar I thought then something *must* happen, and what the servants could have been about ' But London servants are getting so religious, they can think of nothing but wages, and perquisites, and their Sundays out

" Twenty pounds ' ' cried the father " There isn't a gentleman in London can produce its fellow ' Could he find nothing to break but *that* ? Give me my hat ' I 'll teach him to behave himself ' I 'll make a gentleman of him, or he shall smart for it ' ' And the report of a door slammed violently, announced Mr Jackman's departure

As he went his pace increased beyond all common ambulatory movements snorting and jumping he passed along, as though he sought to illustrate the turbulence of his passions by unevenness of motion Thus proceeding, his eye caught a horsewhip ticketed for

sale at two-and-sixpence in a saddler's window. Mr Jackman paused. It was decidedly *cheap*, nevertheless, after a solemn shaking of his head he slowly walked on,—then stopped again,—looked back hesitatingly, and, retracing his steps, scrutinized the article for a considerable time with the profoundest gravity. It was a cruel weapon to lay upon so young a child, but the weight of the hand *might* do him a greater injury. The idea of humanity was lugged in to justify severity. He bought the horsewhip, and, did he entertain any doubt as to the propriety of his conduct, he gave his indignation towards his son the full benefit of his uneasiness, and soon stood at the warehouse-door, flourishing his new purchase before the child.

"You will come here, sir! Come here, Frederick!"

The summons was certainly productive of a movement, but in the opposite direction to that pointed out by filial obedience.

"You had better come here, sir! You had better come here, Frederick!"

The child evidently entertained a different opinion. He quickened his retreat.

"Look sharp, little 'un, or you'll want no fire to warm ye this day. Now keep your eyes open, and hop for it, and if ye rin, isn't there a chance he'll not catch you for once, darling?" cried some one.

Mr Jackman drew himself up, and, looking with savage pride towards the place whence the words proceeded, beheld an Irish porter, whose face was glistening in the expectation of amusement from the proposed chase. Keenly sensitive to a parent's natural dislike of any interference, and peculiarly alive to the mortifying idea of his anger being food for an *inferior's* low amusement, Jackman muttered something "not loud but deep, and darted vigorously after his son, thinking to decide the question at once by a *coup de main*, but the child had considerable advantages,—he could glide in between bales of canvases, or creep through holes, which his father either could not penetrate, or was forbidden by dignity to attempt in the presence of a menial."

"Only let me catch you, you young villain! To expose your own father thus! Come here, sir!—will you come here?—ugh!—only let me catch you, sir!"

"Only do that thing, and *you*'ll catch it, little un!" jeered the Hibernian, capering with delight at witnessing Jackman's irritation. "Och! rin for the life of ye, rin! Iligant! If the ould un don't see whiskey till he whacks ye, sure there's a dry wake for him—Ah! missed that same, now—luck's on the side of ye. Rin, jewel!—och! ha! ha!—in, honey, rin!"

Goaded by the man's coarseness, what remained of Jackman's temper entirely forsook him. Blind with passion, he rushed wildly forward, flailing with the horsewhip without aim on all sides, but hardly had he gone a dozen paces ere, stumbling over a heap of goods, he measured his length upon the ground. The Irishman fairly yelled with delight, while Jackman, bounding from the floor, saw his son toddling almost leisurely along at a considerable distance. Become now, from rage, regardless of dignity, the father leaped over several intervening obstacles, and once more neared the boy, who was imprudent enough to quit his cover and cross the open

floor of the warehouse. It was evident that here he had no chance. With a short involuntary cry of exultation, his loving papa sprang forward, and had almost grasped Freddy by the hair, when, as if by magic, the urchin suddenly disappeared, and Mr Jackman shot some distance past the spot before he could check himself and return to examine it. He was hurrying to do this, when a huge black nose, reposing between two formidable paws, warned him to proceed no farther. Master Frederick had in fact, for refuge entered the kennel, at the extremity of which he was discovered crouching behind the dog.

"Lie down!" said Mr Jackman, as, resolved on punishment, he slowly advanced, though with considerable doubt as to what part the new actor intended to take in the scene, "he down, Lion!—fine fellow!—good old doggy!—poor old lion!—lie down!"

Notwithstanding this insinuating language, the dog remained, to all appearance, ignorant even of Mr Jackman's vicinity. Once, indeed, the deep muzzle slightly quivered, but it was hardly perceptible, and did not interrupt the settled expression of grave meditation which characterized the countenance of the brute. Emboldened by this stillness Jackman approached nearer and nearer still, and from the spot where he now stood might, if the animal should continue to act in the true spirit of neutrality, drag forth his rebellious offspring. However, previously to attempting this, he deemed it prudent to reconnoitre farther, and bent his body for the purpose. The dog instantaneously raised his small expressive eyes, looked Mr Jackman steadfastly in the face, and then slowly closed the orbs in apparent slumber.

"There's a good dog," cried Jackman, recovering his self-possession.

The sound of the voice now seemed to irritate the animal, and this alarming the child, Master Frederick patted the broad back of the brute with his little hand, which Mr Jackman perceiving, misconstrued into an attempt to make the dog attack him.

"You little blackguard!—set the dog at your own father!" cried Jackman, his rage aggravated beyond even its former excess. Thrusting forth one arm, he seized his son by the neck, but in an instant released him again, for he heard the Irishman shout, a chain rattle and the deep grinding of a dog's growl. He felt that there was danger, yet, before he could avoid it, a sudden agonizing pain demanded his immediate attention.

When the first flash of fear had passed away, Mr Jackman perceived that the dog was in his rear, and, what more nearly touched him, in possession of a considerable portion of his flesh. With consciousness returned his regard for the opinion of other people, and his sensitiveness to anything bordering upon the ridiculous, and apprehending that his present predicament was liable, if known, to become a jest among his friends, he struggled to restrain the cries that rose thickly in his throat. He remembered that the Irishman was present, and, notwithstanding the pain which it occasioned him, (as every movement on his part was now answered by fresh furor on that of the animal,) he managed to turn his body so as to face the porter, when, to add to his grief, he discovered the fellow, disabled through laughter, leaning for support against the wall. Resolved rather to be eaten up alive than call on others for assistance, what

could the unhappy Jackman do? Hope was not a feeling to be cherished by a man whose body was detained by a Newfoundland dog. It was too quiet a sensation for one who every moment felt the beast batting at him, as it were, with his nose, to renew his bite, or shaking him in an endeavour either to tear off the flesh or prove the firmness of his grip.

No means of escape presented themselves to the hurried glance of the sufferer, whose only chance, indeed, was through the interference of the porter. Stifling the hatred that this man's conduct had created, Jackman at length called to him for help, but the fellow only lifted up his head, and seeing Jackman's face, fell into another such excessive peal of merriment as precluded all hope from that quarter.

Pride, the proverb says, has no feeling, but those who indulge it have, and Mr Jackman grew faint as a probability of the dog's ultimately throwing him down and mangling him occurred to his imagination. Every moment his fears increased, even his desire to avoid exposure passed away, and, after making one or two strange guttural sounds, the voice at length burst forth in a volume that defies description.

The place was soon crowded. People passing in the street rushed to the entrance, the inmates of Mr Alexander's house hurried to the spot, while a sudden energy of terror lent Jackman strength to free himself from the animal, though at the loss of a considerable portion of that garment peculiar to his sex.

Any other man, under such circumstances, would have hastily sought concealment, availing himself of Mr Alexander's pressing invitation to "step in doors," but Mr Jackman's character was not of the ordinary stamp. When the immediate danger had passed, his conceit returned, and catching a glance of two servants who were tittering and whispering at the extreme end of the place, he resolved not to quit that spot before he had lent a dignity to his misfortune.

"Alexander!" cried he, endeavouring to look firm, though his every nerve was in motion, and the tears standing in his eyes, "Alexander!—d—n the dog!—The good-for-nothing!—Alexander, you see what a state I am in, and I request you will pull that boy out—Oh!"

"I dare na do it," replied Mr Alexander, with difficulty suppressing his laughter, "besides, any friend even o yours is welcome to my house, and I canna, therefore, refuse your ain son the use o my kennel."

"Now, mark me—that boy will ruin me if he's not corrected,—no friend of mine shall interfere. Now, Alexander, either drag him out, or, as I'm a mortal man, I'll leave your house this instant for ever!"

"What! in those breeks?" dryly asked the Scot, pointing to the drapery that hung in picturesque tatter.

"It is decent he is for travelling, sure enough, masther!" bawled the Irishman, emboldened by observing his employer smile.

This was no brilliant jest, but it came in just when one of some sort was wanted, and the bystanders now beginning to understand circumstances, the Hibernian's remark was, to the confusion of Mr Jackman, received with shouts. During their continuance, that gentleman thus addressed his son, who remained crouching, the picture of infant dread, in his humble asylum.

"You see what you're doing, young rascal! Will nothing but my positive degradation satisfy your blackguard propensities? To expose me first to that ruffian's laughter—then set the dog at your father—and now cause the mob to hoot him! Come out, sir, or I'll be the death of you!" and, in proof of sincerity, he shook the whip wrathfully at the child.

The heedless populace having chosen to side against "the old un," yelled when they observed his threatening action, and their remarks (such as could be heard) being forcibly expressive of indignation, Mr Jackman was soon glad to avail himself of the Scot's repeated invitation.

Weeks, months, passed on, and the outraged dignity of the father would not listen to a thought of reconciliation. "That boy had proved himself a blackguard!" He would renounce him for ever. Mr Alexander was becoming loud in his remarks on the evils of bearing malice, when Mrs Jackman presented her husband with another hope. Masculine dignity is incompatible with these occasions, the father struggled hard to maintain it, till, one day, dining off an ugly bone of mutton and clammy potatoes, in the back drawing-room, he felt suddenly overwhelmed by a rush of softness, and hastening to the second floor, communicated his intention of having Frederick home and sending him to school.

At the appointed time, his uncle took the boy home, and both were shown up-stairs into the mother's bedroom, who was beginning to "sit up a little every day." There things had evidently been prepared for a scene. Mr Jackman, effectively serene, was attitudinizing in an arm chair. The occasion, indeed, called for his grandest powers of speech.

After having been caressed by mamma, and remarked on by Mrs Dobson, the monthly nurse, Frederick was placed upon a high stool, which had been put purposely for him, directly fronting his papa.

It was time to begin. Mrs Jackman, who had experience in her husband's humours, looked the picture of patience, trying to go to sleep, while Mrs Dobson, feeling that something was going to take place in which *her* importance was no consideration, became obstreperously attentive to the wants and wishes of the little stranger.

Just as Mr Jackman had wiped his face and blown his nose, and was sighing deeply while pocketing his handkerchief with an exuberance of action, the footman brought the hickney-coach to the door which was to take his young master to school. The man had been told a coach *would* be wanted, and had mistaken the intimation for an immediate order. The blunder lost him his situation. He left the family that day month.

Thus Mr Jackman's ideas were likely to be nipt in the bud, unless he could muster sufficient magnanimity to pay the coachman for resting the miserable horses at his door. This, however, he could not easily bring himself to do. If he had an aversion, it was to part with money, the full value for which he had not received—but, on the other hand, was the wisdom he had concocted to be stifled at the very moment of its birth? was the pathos he himself almost wept to think of, not, after all, to astonish the monthly nurse? Mr Jackman pulled out his watch, and placed it in such a position that the index exactly fronted him. He would sacrifice one half hour, and with desperate generosity, the fervour of which made

him grasp hard the elbow of his chair, and emphatically thrust his face close to that of his son, he thus began —

"Frederick, my dear child!"

The dear child was stupidly watching the gambols of a blue-bottle buzzing against the window

"Frederick, my dear child, began Mr Jackman solemnly pathetic 'you do not know what it is to be a father

"Ar'n't in natur he should yet, but give the little rogue time, and he'll learn as well as the best of you, I warrant me, loudly interrupted Mrs Dobson, who was jolting her interesting charge upon her knees

"Silence, if you please, madam!" cried Mr Jackman, turning his back upon the speaker, that he might the more effectually stare at her over his shoulder Then, having bustled himself once more into composure, he again commenced

"My dear child! Frederick! To feel like a father is a very serious consideration

"There, do you hear that, you little beauty's beauty?" shouted the nurse, at the same time indulging in one of those sonorous smacks of the lips, which are peculiar to ladies of her sedate employment

"It is not three minutes ago, fired Mr Jackman rising and standing angrily before Mrs Dobson, "by any watch in the kingdom,—I repeat, that three minutes have not elapsed since, in the politest way imaginable, I troubled myself to tell you to hold your tongue Now, I command silence!"

"Mr Jackman, replied the monthly nurse, looking at the gentleman from under her brows, and speaking in a suppressed voice "I'm sure there's plenty of room in the house without your coming here to make a disturbance just when my poor dear lady ought to want to get to sleep

"Do you know, Mrs Dobson, who you are?—I'll tell you, ma'am, that I'll do as I like in my own house, and to give effect to this determination, Mr Jackman slightly raised his voice, which Mrs Dobson no sooner heard than she gave loose to her loudest powers, actually bawling

"Shame on e! shame on e! ough! here she indulged in a sound, between a scream and a grunt, of so emphatic a nature, that the delivery fairly shook her ponderous frame "Shame on e! You must have a bad heart to make a noise like this when you knows my lady didn't scarce touch a mouthful o' dinner Hoh! now mind my words, I won't take none o' the consequences, come what may of it If the dear soul dies—you may laugh, Mister Jackman, but it's no laughing matter to a woman o' my years Thank Heaven, my character's established Oh! when the doctor said, only this very morning, quiet and good nursing was everything to us now—when you might have had the whole house to yourself! I never was interfered with by no gentleman 'afore I've attended rich and poor—ah! though I say it, the best of people Lady Emily Smithson will speak to my character any day, I was with her as last June we had nothing of this sort there, and if you'd known to behave like a——"

A very natural consequence here interrupted this discursive harangue, Mrs Jackman, overpowered by the noise and confusion, had fainted

All crowded to the bedside, and her husband, who was really hurt at the result of the disturbance to which he had been a party, bore Mrs Dobson's glances and remarks with repentant humility, while the nurse, no ways moved by his sorrowful looks, made him hurry up and down stairs for sundry trifling articles, nor was it till he became incapable of further exertion, that she thought "the poor, dear, sweet sufferer might *do now*," then, treading with such extreme caution as fully impressed the necessity of preserving silence, she advanced to where the gentleman stood panting, and assuming an air of parental forgiveness, laid her hand upon his shoulder

"Now, as I m a Christian woman," said Mrs Dobson in a voice barely audible "let us hope, for the love of heaven, my dear Mr Jackman, you will another time——"

But he who delighted in lecturing, had an abhorrence of being lectured, and as any further dispute with Mrs Dobson was out of the question in that apartment, he cast his eyes round the room, and perceiving that Mr Alexander had taken the boy down stairs, and that the half hour he had so gloriously devoted to other purposes, had expired, he hastily said,

"My dear Mrs Dobson—there—say no more about it *You are not a father!*"

The woman stared and was about to reply, when Jackman darted out of the room, crying that "the coach was waiting, and he must see the child off"

As he descended the stairs, he thus soliloquised

"Was ever parent so afflicted with a child? He will thrive under no treatment I allowed him to come down after dinner—gave him fruit, wine, and all he could ask for—then he destroyed my property I tried severity, he set the dog at me—made me the butt of that Irish beast, and caused me to be hooted at by a mob Now when, with my heart overflowing, I endeavour to awaken him to something like a sense of respectability, there's his poor mother fainting—the whole house is disturbed—me with a dreadful headache, owing to that old woman's infernal clatter, and he himself the only person who has not ~~been~~ 'put out' by his dreadful low predilections The child is evidently unfit for genteel society, I don't know what can be done with him It's madness attempting to instruct him so he must go to school—the Good-for-nothing!"

CHARADE

THERE was once a knight both young and tall,
And blessed with a handsome face,
When he rode at the ring, or danced at the ball,
'T was done with a wonderful grace,
By the leaguered wall, in the battle's burst,
'Mid the foremost his name was reckoned,
But, alas! he always was my *First*,
Because he had not my *Second*
Fair ladies turned with a scornful look
When he ventured to draw near,
And fathers and mothers shuddered and shook
If he gazed on their daughters dear,
Often apart from the crowd he stole,
And cried as his fate he cursed,
"If my *Second* I had, I might e'en be my *Whole*,
But I never should be my *First*"

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY.

BY ALBERT SMITH

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LFECH

CHAPTER XXII

Joe Jollit hurries Mr Snarry from sport to sport, to banish his regret



THE name of the lodger who played the flute in bed, on the second floor of the house in Windmill street, occupied by the funny gentleman and his friend, was Fipps—Mr Rasselas Fipps. He was a harmless looking young man, with a long nose and his mouth was puckered into a perpetual simper from long practice on his instrument, which gave him a lively expression, although his nature was grave. Perhaps it was this harmless disposition that made him very popular amongst the fairer portion of the visitors to Gravesend, coupled with his musical propensities, for he knew a great number of ladies. Oftentimes as the benighted traveller returned from Cobham, he heard the dulcet notes of Mr Fipps's pipe—he was equally great upon the flageolet—floating in the soft and mellow eventide, and at a turn of the road would discover Mr Fipps reclining in a pastoral attitude against a stile, whilst two or three ladies, seated on logs of timber, listened to him in wrapt admiration, and donkeys browsed at their side, in classical grouping. The style of Mr Fipps's playing was usually ambitious and of a high school—indeed, he sometimes attempted to grasp such lofty notes that bystanders trembled for his bloodvessels, but in moments of light distraction he would essay the gay quadrille or popular waltz, and then, when nobody was by, the ladies would dance a gentle measure upon the green sward, calling each other “dear,” and laughing timidly, as though they blushed to find themselves thus employed, as is their wont on such occasions, from sylvan dances to the first quadrille after supper at evening parties. So that the life of Mr Fipps might be considered as Arcadian, and he would have formed, with his fair companions, a sort of drop scene of the nineteenth century, had any artist sketched them.

During the early periods of their residence Mr Joe Jollit did not get on very well with Mr Fipps. He pronounced him “slow,” and indeed what could be expected from a man who dined every day upon soda water and perriwinkles, for such did the jocular Jollit affirm was the case. And having won an opal smelling bottle and two mother-of-pearl salt-spoons, at Tulley's bazaar, he persuaded the elegant young lady with the long black curls, who personated the fickle goddess,—anything but blindly,—to change these prizes for an octave flute, upon which he accompanied Mr Fipps through the wall, in an uncertain obligato. When Mr Fipps found that his performance appeared to annoy the other lodgers, he took to playing in bed, making a sort of Esquimaux tent with the sheet, and getting under

it, together with his candle—a proceeding which, although advantageous in the aggregate, was, in the abstract, certainly prejudicial to his own safety, as well as that of the house generally. But finding that Mr Fipps was inoffensive, and put up meekly with messages and conduct of an insulting and pernicious nature, Mr Joe Jollit pronounced him a good fellow after all, and they finally got very excellent friends.

Meanwhile, Mr Snarry became more melancholy, in spite of all Mr Joe Jollit's recommendations to the contrary. He declared he could not rouse himself, and if he could not, it was certainly not from a paucity of attempt on the part of his friend to divert him, for Mr Jollit dragged him by sheer muscular strength to Rosherville every gala night, and even introduced him to the young lady who sang coquettish ballads from an exalted position in the orchestra gallery, between the dances, which was a distinguished honour many gallant hearts sighed for, but in vain. He took him to eat water-cresses at Spring Head, and drink tea at Cobham, he lured him into sailing excursions and balls upon the Town Pier, he practically demonstrated to him that the amenities of social life were in force at Gravesend—that nobody was proud, but pleasant and affable—that formal introductions were things unknown, even to the fanciest portion of humanity there loitering, but that soft words might be whispered during the fireworks, upon the strength of one or two minutes' acquaintance, when all was dark and romantic. But the more he took Mr Snarry into the whirl of gaiety, the more sordid that gentleness became. He preferred lonely walks, and at eventide would start forth to commune with nature, in cloth boots and a blouse, and, like the lovelorn Alcide, if he heard song or instrument about the house, he would weep without avail, so feeble were his spirits. What between Mr Jollit's voice, and Mr Fipps's flute and flageolet, frequent opportunities were afforded him of doing so, which increased rather than diminished his passion. Indeed, he one day wandered into the fields with the intention of weaving a chaplet of wild flowers, only in the first place he did not know how to do it, and in the second, if he had, he could not find any. And so the expedition was a failure.

"I say, Snarry," said Mr Jollit, one fine afternoon, when his friend returned from a stroll, "here's a lark! I met Hinkins and his wife, and Miss Hinkins's sister, to-day on Windmill Hill. They came down here on Monday, and they want to get up a picnic."

"Picnics are not for me," answered Mr Snarry, sadly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Joe. "I have said we'll join it, so you must try and see Bam to-morrow, when you go up to London Pratt's safe, I should think, and so's Bodle, if he is not within the rules of Miss Chicksand."

"And I," said Snarry, "shall walk into the joyous circle like the ghost of departed mirth."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Joe, "you'll walk into the lobster salad a great deal better. I think we ought to ask Fipps—eh? He'll bring his pipe, you know."

"By all means," returned Snarry. "I like Fipps, he is quiet, and suits my soul. And he has learnt not to believe in happiness."

Mr Joe Jollit was certainly invaluable in arranging parties. With-

in two days, he had worked so hard, that he had not only collected twenty or thirty people together, including several regular patrons of the Topaz steamer, but he had confidentially imparted to each what they were expected to bring. Mr Fipps he let off cheap, with the rolls and lettuces, in consideration of his musical attainments. Mr Snarry received hints of bottled porter and British champagne. Mrs Hankins and her sister agreed conjointly to furnish a pigeon-pie and some tarts, from their own fair hands. And Mr Bam implored, almost with tears in his eyes, that he might make the cold punch, and dress the salad himself.

Mr Bam was one of those men who think that the compilation of punch and salad is the great arcanum of life, known to them alone upon the mighty earth. And on the occasion of dinner-parties at houses where he was intimate, nervous people, who bolted by mistake into the dining-room instead of going up stairs, might always see Mr Bam at the sideboard, with his cuffs turned up strenuously high, mashing a hard boiled egg in a crockery bowl with feverish assiduity, or spooning up the dressing and letting it fall again, for twenty-seven successive times,—that was the exact number one more or less would have spoilt it,—in order that it might be mixed to the exact point of incorporation. And in making punch, Mr Bam was so impressed with the grave responsibility of his task, that the attention required in transmuting metals, or preparing the universal solvent, was nothing to it. Delicately exact cubes of sugar were rubbed on precisely chosen lemons. Tea spoonfuls were poured into wine glasses and tasted therefrom every ten seconds. Rum was measured out with medical accuracy, and brandy added with alchemical care, until Mr Bam, radiant with pride, triumphantly announced the attainment of perfection. And if after that any rash and hapless guest timidly suggested the presence of a little more of anything, he was soon sorry that he had spoken. For Mr Bam's look of mingled scorn and anger, when he told him that punch once made was immutable, drove him into obscurity, from which he never more emerged. As far as the transmutation and the universal solvent were concerned, Mr Bam's punch, when he made it at somebody else's house, bore affinity, in a manner, to them. For then it was so strong, that it transmuted previously dull people into amateurs of parlour magic, and imitators of popular performers, and as a solvent loosened the tongues of retiring visitors into the perpetration of comic songs, interspersed with dialogue illustrative of curious states of society, where people were constantly asking one another questions for the purpose of giving smart answers calculated to wound the feelings, or convey the imputation of exceeding mental inferiority.

The anxiety of preparation had a happy effect upon Mr Snarry's shattered spirits. Still more so, when Mrs Hankins's sister would persist in coming every evening to see it, as a bachelor, Mr Snarry did not require some little assistance. And in return, Mr Joe Jollit would intrude at Hankins's lodgings when the ladies set about making the pastry, and was so funny.—Mrs Hankins's sister never knew such a mischievous creature. For he insisted upon superintending the ornamental portion of the confectionary and even made a puerile statue of Mrs Hankins's sister's intended,—an imaginary person,—with currants for his eyes and buttons, and a pigeon's sea-

ther in his hat, which gave him rather a martial appearance than otherwise. Then he fashioned a dough heart, as a present for Mr Snarry, to supply the place of his own, lately lost, and the way in which he ornamented the pie with little frogs, and snipped the edge with scissors into fanciful ornaments, required to be seen to be understood.

Mr Snarry was admitted to these little meetings, and they relieved his mind. For no one could watch the diverting conceits of Mr Joe Jollit without being amused, especially on the last day, when he once more invaded Hinkins's lodgings, and put on an apron and a tall nightcap, with a tassel on the top, which belonged to Fipps, to make himself look like the *chef de cuisine*. And on this occasion he floured the head of the boy who cleaned the shoes and knives with the dredger, and sent him in this state several times to the bakers, to caution them lest Mrs Hinkins's sisters intended should be done too much, or burnt. And lastly, by clandestine leger demain and threatening the life of the aforesaid boy if he ever revealed it, he abstracted the cups from the interior of the two fruit pies, and supplied their places with something very remarkable, sure to produce an effect which would be ruined by premature disclosure. But Mr Joe Jollit inwardly determined that the pies should be cut by Fipps,—both of them.

At last, all was arranged. Mr Bam's brother was a surgeon, just setting up in practice in the Borough, and he kindly wrote medical certificates for all those who required them. Snarry had palpitation of the heart for two days, Pratt was laid up with any hard name the practitioner liked to insert, and Mr Joe Jollit having successively stated that he was labouring under elephantiasis, with the additional infliction of a bone in his leg, and something green in his eye, and an access of 'Delirium Threadneedlens,' consented to be clummerically confined to his bed with the ever-servicable influenza.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Gravesend party of pleasure, and the fate of Fipps

THERE has been from time immemorial a conventional notion, that all picnic and *al fresco* parties should end in rain and misery. But, on the present occasion, such was not the case, for the weather was lovely, with every prospect of keeping so. The seaweed in the passage of Mr Snarry's lodgings was crisp and rustling, the parasol of the fashionable lady in the gilt alcove on Mrs Hinkins's mantel piece was raised in token of sunshine, and, better than all, Mr Fipps's barometer, which was celebrated for foretelling what never happened, stood at "much rain." On the other hand, to be sure, there was a gala advertised at the Gardens, but there is no rule without its exception, and perhaps the gala might prove that one.

The party was to meet at one o'clock, and then depart for the spot fixed upon, which was about three miles out of Gravesend.

At the appointed hour everybody had arrived, and almost in uniform,—the ladies being attired in lined muslins, with shot silk parasols, and the gentlemen in white trousers and stocks of won-

drous luxury, light blue with gold sprigs being in the ascendant Mr Snarry simply turned down his collars, and wore a black ribbon, whilst the pleasant Jollit, in that absence of pride upon which he so much plumed himself, put on a blouse and straw-hat. Carriages had been ordered for the ladies, and refreshments, under the care of Mr Hawkins and some other Benedicts but Mr Jollit pronouncing these vehicles, in his own dialect, as "ramshackled," proposed donkeys for themselves which the others immediately agreed to, with Mr Snarry at the head, whose forced spirits were such that they approached the hysterical.

Mr Rasselas Fipps was the last who made his appearance. Joe Jollit had evidently enjoyed the delay, chuckling at it inwardly, as if he were conscious of the cause, which was the case. For the funny gentleman, having risen betimes, had seen Mr Fipps's gloved boots standing like sentinels at his chamber door, and had wantonly placed in each a handful of live shrimps, which lively *crustacea* were productive of consecutive alarm, anger, and exertion, before the toilet was accomplished, and subsequently pervaded the entire house after their ejection. But Fipps had recovered his usual placidity by the proper time of meeting, having put on another pair, nearly as good-looking, but a little older, with a small hole at the sole, from which a species of dusty firework shot out every time they were drawn on. And they also, from the same cause, made a noise when he walked, something between a toy bellows dog and a cuckoo but this, in Jollit's opinion increased the hilarity.

The donkeys were led up to the door by the retainers, and followed by a throng of boys, who entered into the proceedings with the highest glee. Funny gentlemen always want an audience to come out "rich, and these boys were quite enough to draw Mr Joe Jollit forth, and make him go through a variety of performances, equestrian and otherwise, before he started, amidst the cheers of the spectators. And then bidding Mr Fipps play something martial on his flageolet, which Mr Fipps immediately did, with the air of a man knowing he is making a fool of himself but afraid to refuse, the party set off along Windmill Street, preceded and surrounded by the boys. The steed of Mr Joe Jollit, familiarly termed "Bottle" by the owner, was so decked with fern, that it looked like Birnam Wood out for a ride, and its hilarious ruler had muzzled its mouth with a strip, placing a short pipe therein, as well as tied a pocket-handkerchief over its head. And there was a mysterious bundle hanging from the saddle, which some times moved, as if its contents were uneasy in their minds, or annoyed by each other's society. But nobody knew what these might be. And so was the setting forth accomplished, Mr Fipps being placed at the head with his music,—a position assigned to him, ostensibly on the authority of Chaucer, for whom he always professed great reverence, but in reality to bear the weight of the complimentary salutations from the urchins who accompanied the *cortege*. Next followed the Jollit then Snarry and his friends, and lastly, the boy at the lodgings, riding in great trepidation, with a hamper slung on each side before him, like kettle-drums, on one of which was stuck a flag, formed by a Union-jack pocket-handkerchief tied to the old joint of a fishing-rod, with an orange on the top, the lads cheering round him.

"That's a good idea, Fipps, about Chaucer and his pilgrims," said Jollit, as they got out of the town, and left the boys behind them, "we will call ourselves by their names."

"But we are not going to Canterbury," replied Rasselas.

"No more did they, that anybody ever knew of," returned Joe. "I think they all got jolly, and spent their money half-way, or else quarreled. It must have been very slow, how could nine-and-twenty people, all on horseback, hear what one was saying. No, no—crams—depend upon it."

Mr Fipps thought otherwise. He did not like to hear his favourite author slightly spoken of, but, inspired by the foliage of the country he murmured

"Whanne that April with his shoures sote ' "

"What's 'sote'?" interrupted Joe, maliciously funny.

"Well, 'sote, you know,' answered innocent Fipps. "oh—'sote' means anything—pshaw! its Chaucerian."

"I call 'sote' great nonsense," replied Mr Jollit, "shut up Chaucer, and play a pleasant melody. Something sporting."

Rasselas was very tractable, and immediately struck up *The Huntsman's Chorus*, which lasted all the way through a pleasant village which they were approaching. And after that they rode in facetious styles and instituted practical jokes upon each other's animals, until they arrived at the place selected for the dinner, where the rest of the company had already assembled. It was a sloping wood, with fine old trees surrounding a smooth piece of turf, and a beautiful view at the end of the avenue, framed as it were by the quivering branches.

The ladies, who had been accompanied by Mr Bam, and the married gentlemen, had not been idle. The cloth was already spread, and the hamper unpacked. Mr Bam was hard at work at the salad, upon the stump of a tree, and Mr Hankins was acting as butler, uncorking all sorts of unknown bottles, and tasting each under pretence of seeing what they were. The fairer portion of the company were laying the rolls and spoons in order, and Mrs Hankins's sister, as soon as Mr Snury arrived, lured him into an empty carriage to cut up the cucumber, which took so long doing, that there was no end of pleasantries from the rest when the task was accomplished. At these, Mrs Hankins's sister smiled and blushed, and looked confused, and pleased all at once, in the manner of the lady in the front row of the pit at Astley's, whom Mr Merryman sits down by the side of, for protection, when pursued by the whip of the irritated master of the ring.

Mr Joe Jollit had provided the cruets, and in a jocular manner, which made great fun, for the vinegar was in a scent-bottle made like Bonaparte, his head forming the stopple, and the mustard and pepper in the glass and sand-box of a china inkstand. The salt was in a little cedar lucifer-box with a flapping lid, and when, as the *bonne bouche*, he produced a blacking bottle full of brandy-cherries, the hilarity of the party was beyond all bounds, Mr Snarry quietly informing Mrs Hankins's sister, "that he never knew Jollit so rich."

The funny gentleman retired with the fruit pies for a few minutes,

unseen in the excitement, and when he returned they all took their places, after such laughing, and spreading out shawls to sit upon, and covering up of pretty ankles, and peeping feet! And then the meal began, and Mr Joe Jollit came out in proportion. First he balanced a spinning plate on his finger, which finally tumbled down and broke. Then he crawled upon his hands and knees across the table cloth for a remote roll, preparatory to tossing up three at once, and so arranging, that at the conclusion of the performance, they all fell upon Mr Fipps's head in succession, and finally, he fastened the claw of a lobster to his nose, and gave an imitation of Mr O Smith, in the Bottle Imp, telling somebody he must learn to love him, which was pronounced admirable, especially by those who had never seen the original.

"Now, Fipps, cried Joe, who always followed up his jokes by distracting the company's attention, as is usual with funny gentlemen who labour intensely to be thought off hand, "Now Fipps, what are those tarts made of?"

"I will tell you directly," said Mr Fipps, affably.

Mr Joe Jollit entreated the attention of the company by a clandestine wink, as he added, turning the dish in a certain direction "Here, this way will be best to cut it, will it not?"

The heedless Fipps plunged the knife through the crust, and cut away vigorously, but he had scarcely done so ere the whole of the top crust flew up into the air, accompanied by some of the fruit, as if a mine of gooseberries had been sprung in the interior, and a diadeful image of the nameless one darted up amidst the ruins, to the consternation of Fipps, and the screams of astonishment and rapture of the ladies.

"There's a love!" cried Joe, as he drew forth the fiend, which was of the jack-in-the box class, won at Fully's, and hitherto tied down by a string. "Bravo, Fipps! you managed it capitally, your health, Fipps. Gentlemen—bumpers, if you please, to Mr Fipps."

Applause and toasting prevented Mr Fipps from saying a word. But he looked paralyzed with astonishment.

"Never mind, Fipps," continued Joe, "go in at the other. I'll be bound you have some little new surprise for us."

"Ha! ha! capital! very good!" said Fipps, with about as dreary a laugh as any one could well conceive.

And assuming indifference, he attacked the second pie, but had hardly commenced, ere Joe, exclaiming, "Bless me, what's that!" tipped it completely over, and half a dozen live crabs—of the three-penny species, which children buy, dry and dusty, in poor neighbourhoods, and which had formed the contents of the mysterious saddle-bags—rolled out, and began to scuffle away sideways over the tablecloth. And then, indeed, there was something like consternation amongst the young ladies, requiring all the assiduity of the gentlemen to tranquillize. Indeed there was a report that Mr Snarry's emotion carried him so far as to place his arm—may we chronicle it?—round Mrs Hankins's sister's waist, and assure her energetically that there was no danger.

Order was at length restored, and they all laughed heartily, except Fipps, who did not see the joke, the less so, in proportion as every one complimented him upon his drollery. But a very shining pair of eyes on his right hand, in whose light he had whilome played the

flageolet in the quiet eventide, exerted all their influence to sooth him, and before long he had recovered his wonted serenity, and was even persuaded into the performance of an anacreontic melody, with variations

The corks leapt joyously from the long-necked bottles, which, capped with tinfoil, were presumed to contain champagne, or if they did not, something quite as good, which had the same effect, and if anything, much sooner. The sparkling liquid, alive with tiny balloons, that rose in myriads from nobody knew where, creamed over the edges of the glasses and the taper-fingers that held them, and all went merry as a marriage-bell,—or rather as that signal of the loo of life in which a good hand is sometimes thrown away for a miss of uncertain advantage, is popularly supposed to go. What a relief from the dusty pavement, and glaring baking walls of the city, was the soft turf and the waving foliage. How every breath of sweet summer air blew the dust and blacks from the lungs. Mr Pratt, who, not having a lady at his side, lay down in the attitude assigned in the Eton Grammar to ineligible shepherds, as he watched the transparent green leaves quivering against the clear blue sky, thought if ever a bank forgery was venial, it was that which Mr Bam's relation had passed off upon the governors in the present instance.

"Gentlemen," cried the undying Jollit, "charge your glasses. Come, Ippps, that won't do—no dry toast here."

The glasses were filled, and there was a moment of expectancy.

"Gentlemen," continued Jollit, "and ladies," he added with fascinating softness, "I am sure the toast I am about to propose will be drunk by you with the liveliest enthusiasm. The individual I am about to mention is one of rare merit."

Here Mr Jollit's eye rested upon Ippps, who coloured exceedingly, whilst one or two knocked their plates with their knife handles, not knowing who was meant, but because it is proper to do so.

"In those who have met him before to-day, his name will be sufficient to awaken all their warmest enthusiasm, to those who have not, the manner in which they see the toast will be received will alone teach them to cultivate his friendship."

Mr Jollit here looked affectionately at Snarry, who immediately gazed upon the table-cloth, whilst his breast heaved with emotion, as he felt Mrs Hanks's sister's arm pressed against his own, as much as to say, "He means you."

"His moral worth is only surpassed by his beauty," continued Joe, bowing to Mr Bam, "and his intellect by both. I can keep you no longer in suspense, for you must have already made up your minds as to the individual in question. Need I say, that it is *myself*? I beg, therefore, you will drink my health with three times ever so-many, thanking me at the same time for my kind exertions in promoting the festivity of the party."

There was great laughter at the unexpected conclusion of Mr Joe Jollit's address from everybody except Ippps, Snarry, and Bam, each of whom thought it was himself that drew forth these compliments, and were already meditating a reply. Mr Ippps had got as far as, "It is with feelings of the deepest emotion and gratitude," Mr Snarry had accomplished, "The honour so perfectly unexpected that you have just conferred upon me," whilst Mr Bam had resolved to

fall back upon the old joke of, "Unaccustomed as I am," &c But Mr Bam was rich in old jokes — especially dinner ones Tongue, hock, calves'-head, lettus (lettuce), and rum, never escaped Mr Bam, in common with all men who are great at concocted salad and punch

The toast was drunk by all, however, at last, with great enthusiasm, and in bumpers, although every lady cried out, "Oh, that's quite enough," as soon as her glass held about a teaspoonful Mr Jollit returned thanks, with his hand upon his heart, in a neat and appropriate speech, and then called upon Mr Snarry for a song After much pressing, which required the solicitation of Mrs Hankins's sister's eyes to render of some avail, he obeyed

We have said Mr Snarry was of portly figure, albeit he walked much, was in love, and wore a broad zone of elastic fabric, and therefore he sang with a delicate fluty voice some enamoured stanzas And thus it is always, that those who look as if their notes would knock down the walls of a house, incline to ditties, as tenor as tender

When this was finished Mr Joe Jollit still kept the fun alive He cut ducks out of apples, and made pigs from orange-peel Then he presented Mrs Hankins's sister with cherry teapots against she commenced housekeeping, at which Mrs Hankins's sister said, "Get along, you strange creature, do!" The fruit was a perfect windfall to Mr Jollit, for he conjured with the cherries also, and wore four as carriages, and tied knots in the stalks with his mouth, and popped gooseberry-shucks upon his hand, which Mr Fipps could not manage after many attempts, and was altogether the life and soul of the company,—more especially in his taking an orange and imitating the invalid traveller on board the steam-packet, by artful incisions, and subsequent compression And, finally, he proposed a dance

Mr Fipps was forthwith elevated on the stump of the tree with his flageolet, and told to play unlimited quadrilles The first set was soon formed, the ladies taking off their bonnets, one of which Mr Jollit put on hind side before, and disported therein merrily, plying Mr Fipps with strong-beverages between each figure, to make him play with spirit And this he did, until the exertion, the excitement, and the sun combined, threw his notes into great confusion, and produced that vague melody common to an overworked musical snuff-box when its barrel has shifted halfway between the two tunes

And so the day went on, to the joy of everybody But everything must have an end, from a quartette at a classical concert downwards, and although Mr Snarry apostrophized the shades of evening to close not o'er them, day began to decline The things were packed up, and they mustered their party to return, when, to their discomfort, Fipps could not be found

A search was immediately instituted, and the company dispersed in various directions, until a cry of joy from Mr Jollit drew them to one particular spot And there, in a romantic hollow, reclined Mr Fipps, with an empty champagne bottle by his side, still trying to evoke sweet sounds by playing at the wrong end of his flageolet His first statement was, that everything was right his second, that he believed in happiness It was therefore thought advisable to place him in one of the vehicles, with the boy to look after him, whilst Mr Jollit insisted upon riding postillion The passengers were transferred to another carriage, and this made more fun, for they were

crowded for room, and the ladies were compelled to seek such accommodation as they could obtain, which Mr Snarry observing, prevailed upon Mr Hankins to change places with him, and then squeezed in amongst the rest, very close to Mrs Hankins's sister.

The journey home was not less pleasant than the coming, and when they arrived, Mr Phipps was taken in solemn procession to Mr Bam's lodgings, and there placed to rest, with severe instructions to Mr Bam's boy that, when the gentleman awoke in the morning, and asked where he was, he should be told in the Tower of London, upon a charge of high treason, and then locked into his room until they came to release him.

The married gentlemen retired to their homes, but the bachelors resolved to make a night of it. Long after Gravesend was wrapped in slumber, sounds of conviviality broke forth from "The Falcon," amongst which Mr Joe Jollit's voice was ever prominent, and even Mr Snarry became wildly excited, and forgot his deep attachment. But the next morning came, and with it the early steamer from the Town Pier, and then the steward found a record of the past hilarity in the diminished quantity of eighteen-pences from those who, hitherto, had patronized his rolls and coffee with constant uniformity. One or two pint-bottles of pale ale but ill compensated for the deficiency.

CHAPTER XXIV

Clara Scattergood obtains a "situation" with the Constables

ON the very day that Freddy ran away from Merchant Tailors', but before his absence from the house of the Rev Mr Snap was made known, another separation took place in the family of the Scattergoods.

Looking to the limited circumstances in which they were at present placed, it had been Clara's intention, from the first day of their arrival in London, to seek some occupation which might enable her to maintain herself in some degree independent of the others, and this object, as far as she herself was concerned, was never lost sight of. But even the situation of a governess, unpromising and slightly lucrative as it was, was difficult to be obtained, for many hundreds besides herself were striving for the same thing. Advertisement after advertisement was inserted in the papers, but without bringing any suitable answer. Her name was entered at registry offices where the same placard, exposed in the window, contained the names of governess and scullery-maid, the alpha and omega of those who were anxious for employment,—and still to no purpose. And she received little assistance from her parents, it being scarcely within her mother's province to exert herself to that effect, whilst Mr Scattergood set out each morning, as usual, apparently with the idea that some advantageous offer would be thrust upon him as he walked along the streets, and each night returned no nearer fortune than when he started forth. But he unvaryingly asserted that everything would come in good time, and that there was no occasion to hurry.

At length, through private recommendation, which, after all, is what these endeavours usually depend upon, an apparently advan-

tageous situation presented itself With some little trouble the father was prevailed upon to make the necessary inquiries, and, finally arranging everything, it was decided that Clara should, for the first time in her life, leave home, and go as governess in the establishment of the Constables, who were friends of a former connexion of her own family, and the engagement was pronounced a rare and eligible opportunity

The Constables resided in Fitzroy Square, a locality of the metropolis which subsists chiefly upon its past grandeur A singular place is Fitzroy Square It reminds one of a decayed family struggling to keep up appearances upon small means and former greatness You can fancy all the starched, formal houses, containing carefully-preserved articles of furniture, which had once been very good too ancient to set off a room, but not old enough to be fashionable—a most unpleasant medium The buildings look with the same contempt upon the turmoil of the contiguous New Road as the venerable oaks of some county estate do upon the noisy, clattering line of railway that intrudes upon their majesty, and the carved stone-work, and grave, heavy roofs of the houses, seem shrinking with disgust from the flaunting cement eagles, composition vases, fancy monuments, and zinc chimney pots that enliven the borders of the neighbouring thoroughfares

The name of the Constables will not be found in the Royal Blue Book if you look, and so the trouble may be saved But they were “most nice persons” with many of their friends, for all that Mrs Constable was of excellent family,—at least so she said,—and kept up her husband’s genealogy upon its credit, always telling wonderful tales, without plot, interest, or termination, about her own relations For Mr Constable’s ideas of his great-grandfather were more vague than ancestral There was a “Conestable,” to be sure, in the muster-roll of Battel Abbey, but he could make out no authenticated line of consanguinity with that family He could go back two or three generations, and the other came down twenty or thirty, but then there arrived an awkward hiatus, in which all traces were lost,—a thick fog upon the river of lineal descent, which effectually precluded anything from being followed by anything else

Still the Constables were, as we have said, considered “most nice persons” by a great many who knew them, and chiefly for the following reasons They kept a carriage, in which they sometimes took their friends round the parks They visited very few “strange sets,”—by which were implied odd people who preferred agreeable friends to grand ones, without looking to money or position They imagined nothing could be good, unless it came from conventional shops who studied high prices They attended to their religious duties in fashionable chapels, well aware that no Sabbath could be properly kept in an obscure parochial church, and that the worship thus paraded before the great world was far more important than the silent religion of the heart, which eligible connexions could possibly know nothing about They were very reserved, could accommodate the focus of their eyes, like that of a double opera-glass, to any object they wished to see, or pretend not to, and, whilst they considered the good points of their own immediate friends through the lenses in their proper position, they reversed them to look at the excellences of those not

in their circle, diminishing them to an incredible distance. Those folks of vivid imagination who, when they are at a very minor theatre, look at the stage through the wrong end of their glass, and fancy themselves at the opera, will best understand the effect of this optical delusion.

It was with this family that Clara Scattergood, after many vain waitings and ineligible offers, at last found a situation, and a day was fixed for a preparatory interview with Mrs. Constable, before she actually entered upon her new vocation. There were three children, —two girls about eleven and nine, and a boy not more than seven, and Mrs. Constable had been particular to impress upon the Scattergoods, as a point of unusual advantage, that she kept a nursery-maid, so that Clara need not expect that anything derogatory to her position or education would be required from her.

She decided upon going alone to see Mrs. Constable, not more from her usual quiet spirit of independence, than from a wish to save her mother from any unpleasant feelings of her present position with respect to those who might formerly have been in her own circle of acquaintances, and, consequently, she set off from home on the day appointed for the interview. When she got to Littry Square there was a carriage at the door, waiting for some morning visitors, and the footman was talking to the housemaid, who was listening to him down the area, in the position best calculated to bolt away from, as soon as the drawing room bell should ring. They paused in their dialogue for a minute as Clara approached the door, but, as soon as they heard the kind of knock she gave, went on again, just as if there was nobody there. And so there was in their own minds, for none but nobodies come on foot, and announced their arrival in such a modest manner. It was a timid, faltering knock, to which the very echoes in the hall, accustomed to high society, and a rattling sort of existence altogether, appeared ashamed of replying.

A livery-servant, in an extreme state of plush, opened the door, and perceiving by her deportment that she was not a privileged or dashing visitor, immediately shewed her into the library, —a chilly, formal room, looking out upon the leads, with a smoky portrait, in a powdered wig, over the mantelpiece, traditioned to be Roger Constable, sometime steward of Chiltern, and latterly of Wardour Street, Middlesex, in whose features complimentary guests found a singular likeness to Mr. Constable, which Mr. Constable thought very singular, too, but he never said so. And, having shewn Clara into this agreeable room by herself, the footman left her to her own meditations for the next quarter of an hour.

At last Mrs. Constable came down to the library, and poor Clara rose to receive her. The lady was not grand, but rather patronizing, speaking to her in the same haughtily affable manner that she used towards her dressmaker, and husband's distant relatives, who came once a year, in new clothes, and a hackney-coach, to make a call. She even asked after her father and mother, and pushed her courtesy to inquiring about some other relatives who never existed, previously to recollecting that she was thinking of somebody else. And then she told Clara of the distress she had been in through the departure of the last young woman, who was a perfect imposter, and had, if anything, put the children back in their education besides

which, she had so many strange people about her, who were always writing melancholy letters, that her head at last was much fuller of her own family's troubles than the care of the children. But she had heard a very decent account of Clara, although to be sure she did look rather young to inspire her little girls with respect, however she was willing to give her every trial.

All this was uttered with a volubility which prevented poor Clara making any reply, beyond an occasional monosyllable. So she sat quietly, bowing her head in coincidence with what Mrs Constable said, until that lady came to more direct questions in the course of which she persisted for some time in addressing her in French—more or less correct, but with an imitative pronunciation that concealed the defects of grammar from a casual listener. But the “Paris accent” was evidently a great point with her, and she seemed rather disconcerted at hearing that Clara had learnt the language only at Boulogne. Drawing and music were also spoken of, and finally, she came to religion, which she stated was an important point, as Clara would have to take the children to church every Sunday, and her own delicate health did not always allow her to go—she might have added especially when the morning service had been preceded by the opera, or was to be followed by the Zoological Gardens.

“And now, with respect to remuneration, continued Mrs Constable, “I believe no terms were settled. What salary do you expect?”

“I must leave that entirely in your hands, ma am,” replied Clara, “for I have never been out before. I should be most happy to accept the terms upon which you engaged the last lady.”

“Why, that requires some little consideration,” returned Mrs Constable, playing with a ring of keys, and trying to make the little ones go through the big ones successively, for the sake of appearing unconcerned. “You see, not having been out before somewhat decreases the value of your services.”

“I taught my brother up to the time he went to school,” observed Clara, plucking up courage to throw in the remark, whilst she was fluttering with expectancy.

“Oh—I have no doubt of that,” answered Mrs Constable, “but my children would require a different style of education to what your family might think right and proper.”

The blood rushed up to Clara's face, and she crimsoned with anger at this indirect sneer. Fortunately, however, she was sitting with her back to the light, and Mrs Constable did not observe it. The lady continued—

“Our last young person had five and twenty guineas, but we found that too much. Our out-of-door expenses are necessarily so great that we are compelled to retrench at home. Besides, my friend Mrs Hamley, St John's Wood, tells me that many governesses at present will come merely for a home. There are so many families in reduced circumstances just now.”

“There are, indeed,” Clara exclaimed, sadly, and almost unconsciously.

“Mrs Hamley has five children,” Mrs Constable went on, “she sends them all to learn the piano and French, after five o'clock, at sixpence each, the hour. Fortunately, the person who teaches lives near them—some broken down schoolmistress, I believe. However,

to return to the subject of terms, I think I may venture to offer you twenty—if that will suit your views I will speak to Mr Constable about it, and let you know his decision by an early post’

Clara expressed her readiness to accept the engagement upon this salary, indeed, had the lady offered her half that sum she would have availed herself of it, in her wish to lighten the expenses of her own family. A double knock at the door closed the interview, and waiting in the hall an instant, while the fresh morning visitors arrived, she slipped out unheeded in the bustle of their reception.

Poor Clara—how glad she felt at leaving the house! The dingy foliage of Fitzroy Square never before appeared so grateful—never before seemed to blow as much for the shade of the nobodies outside the rails, as for the exclusive residents who had keys. Even the hot dusky atmosphere came fresh and free in comparison with the air of dependence she had been breathing for the last twenty minutes.

A britska was waiting at Mrs Constable’s door as she left the house, belonging to the visitors who had just arrived, and a young man was sitting on the box, indolently fly-fishing with his whip on various parts of the horses and harness. As Clara turned from shutting the door after her, for the servant was announcing the callers, she saw that he was looking at her with all the sight-destroying energy which a glass held in one eye is fitted to produce. And so with very becoming modesty, as is the usual plan pursued by decorous young ladies upon similar occasions, she directly placed her parasol in the position best calculated to entirely intercept the gaze of admiring young gentlemen. But somehow or another—it was very awkward—her dress caught on the scraper, and she was compelled to turn half way round to release it, when she saw, by the merest accident, that he was still looking at her, and then immediately finding an object of peculiar and continuous interest in the pavement and cellar roundabouts, she walked rapidly on.

She was passing down Russell Place—a region time out of mind dedicated, with its adjoining streets, to wonderful people of every description in music and the arts—to middle first floor windows run to seed, for mysterious purposes of light and shade—to plurality of addresses on the doors, and sounds of grand pianos playing ceaseless chords from the windows—to board and lodging upon modest terms for those who love the confines, but cannot afford the centres of the west—when she fancied she heard a quick step following her. It came nearer and nearer, and then a gentleman wheeled round before her, and presented a pocket-handkerchief which she saw was her own—a fairy-like, lace-edged parallelogram of cambric with her name embroidered in the corner, by herself. Another glance also informed her that it was the young man she had seen on the carriage at Mrs Constable’s door.

“I beg your pardon,” he exclaimed gently, “but I believe this is your handkerchief?”

Clara was terribly flurried at the unexpected rencontre, but she took the handkerchief with a smile, and thanked him with her eyes, if she did not with her tongue. The young man hesitated an instant, he felt that, his mission accomplished, he ought to go away, and yet he was anxious to say something more. At last he spoke.

“Am I to have the pleasure of meeting you at Mrs Constable’s fancy ball?”

Clara uttered a hurried negative, and then bowing to the polite unknown, walked on in great confusion

"A fancy ball," she thought, "it is possible after all I may be there" And then she added with a sigh, "But it will only be as a governess in a family, and then he would not think of noticing me"

No further incident occurred to her on her way home, but this little occurrence had been enough to occupy her mind even more than her late interview with Mrs Constable, or the prospect of her approaching occupation

"It was very strange that he should come after me himself," thought Clara "I wonder why he did not send the servant And to go on talking, after he had given me my handkerchief!"

And then she began to settle in her mind that such a proceeding was very impudent on his part, coming at last, however, to the conclusion, that he was very courteous and good-looking for all that

A very short time was necessary for Clara to make every preparation for her new situation, and the day was fixed for her departure That she felt the estrangement, and somewhat sharply too, cannot be denied, but she was unwilling that her father and mother should for a moment perceive how her happiness was affected by it, and so she went about everything in her usual quiet and cheerful manner, keeping all her sorrow to herself, and only giving way to it when she retired to her own room at night, when she generally relieved her heart by a good long cry before going to sleep She was well aware how even Freddy's boyish griefs had affected her mother, and she also knew that her own would be taken more to heart, if she made a display of them, by reason of her advanced age and sense It was perhaps at this time that she felt the absence of her brother Vincent, as a protector, more forcibly than she had yet done But it was many months since they had heard of or from him and her father, good easy man, although indulgent and even tempered even to a fault, was not one upon whom she could rely, in any business that required energy or decision

The day arrived, and Clara left amidst exclamations of regret from everybody in the house Indeed, Mrs Chicksand was most loud in her lamentations, having, at the same time, another room thrown on her hands to increase her grief Mr Bodle stayed at home all day, for the sake of insisting upon carrying her boxes down to the coach himself, but then, perhaps, this was not altogether disinterested, as he wished to excite a mild pang of jealousy in the breast of the young lady who lived next door, and who was legended to have declined his addresses, upon the authority of Lisbeth

Clara went alone, for reasons before stated On arriving at Constable's in the evening, she found the family had gone out to dinner, but she was expected, and the extreme plush received her in the hall in dignified silence, but condescended to take her things up to her room, which was quite at the top of the house, looking out upon a corroded stone coping, evidently hitherto used as a servant's bedroom, from its general appointments And here he left her to unpack her things, placing a flat candlestick upon the uncovered painted toilet-table, and asking if she wanted anything more, in the most careless tones of compulsory attendance There was something so cheerless in the appearance of the room,—so strange and heartless in everything around, that Clara could bear up against it no longer

She had combated her sorrows all day for the sake of those at home, but now the sense of her unprotected and companionless position came upon her with double keenness. She sat down by the side of the bed, and wept long and bitterly.

She was recalled to herself by the nursery-maid knocking at the door, and asking her if she would not come down into the nursery. Anything was a relief to the dreary room, and she followed her down stairs, where her future charges were at tea. The children stared at her for some minutes most attentively, then they began to whisper to one another, and finally to laugh heartily at private jokes, such as little people have generally one with another, but of which Clara was evidently the subject.

The servant was a civil and respectable young woman, she reproved the children, and then asked Clara to join them at tea, whilst her charges regaled on milk-and-water. The trio were what people term "sharp little things, — precocious children, always on the fidget, the delight of their parents, and annoyance of everybody else, who cannot feel any great interest in their hot-house acquisitions.

"Take your spoon out of your mouth, Master Neville, this instant," said the nursery-maid to the little boy.

"I shan't," was the answer. "I don't care for you, do I, Blanche?"

"No," replied the eldest girl, "nor more do I. I hate somebody here. It is isn't you, Eleanor, nor it isn't you, Neville, nor it isn't her," pointing to Clara. "I know who it is, though."

"What's your name?" asked the eldest girl.

"Clara Scattergood," answered our heroine.

"What an ugly name!" observed Eleanor. "Mamma hates people with ugly names. How much does she pay you to teach us?—ever so many shillings, I know."

"Hold your tongue, Miss Eleanor, for shame!" exclaimed the servant.

In reply to this correction, Miss Eleanor projected her lower jaw considerably, in the manner of a china inkstand, and made a grimace at the nursery-maid.

"You've been crying," said the little boy, after looking attentively at Clara. "Miss Wilson, that taught us last, was always crying. Mamma hates people that cry."

"Have you got a sweetheart?" inquired Blanche. "I've got a sweetheart, and Eleanor hasn't."

And these words were repeated over and over again to music, as a song of triumph, whilst the child danced round the nursery.

"My sweetheart's always in the square," she resumed, in confidence to Clara. "If you tell, Neville and me will pull your hair. We always pulled Miss Wilson's hair when she behaved bad."

"I hope we shall be good friends," said Clara, with every wish to conciliate.

"Perhaps," said the boy, "only don't give us books. I hate books, and so does Blanche, and so does Eleanor."

And this speech was worked into another vocal performance and incidental dance, only cut short by the announcement that it was bed-time, upon which Clara once more sought her room, to arrange her things in their respective drawers and closets, previously to retiring herself, and with a very heavy heart, to rest.

LINES ON THE CARNIVAL AT ROME

THE Carnival is o'er, with its strange and wild delight,
Now my heart is sad and heavy, like a tired child at night,
And my dream of gushy forms is gone, and hands so small to see,
And wavy hair, and boddice tight, and necks of ivory,
And eyes that tremulously glanced from balcony and car,
And the beauteous lady bending near, and the fair girl beck'ning far
Like faded flowers trodden late in the City's gorgeous street,*
In few short hours Time's chariot wheels have crush'd my fancies sweet

The mask'd *festini*† all are o'er, with liquid orbs half seen,
Like glimpses round of crystal wells through dark umbrageous green,
And shrill acrost and jest are hush'd, and playful, saucy feet
No longer now, at dead of night, the round fantastic beat
The visor black that lately hid both passion's deadly frown
And joyous stare of innocence, a thing of nought is grown
And robes of mystery, that wrapp'd around each working breast,
Mere shapeless things of silk, are cast into the silent chest,
All revelry is dead whilst the gaunt and shaven priest
In the cold and stately church proclaims the moral of the feast ‡

But moments of intenser life my soul still cling around
As I wake from dreams of fairy bliss, or tired sleep profound,
Some pearly sounds are ringing still, that make my chill'd heart beat,
Like summer voices heard amidst a calm and green retreat,
When the humming of the fields is o'er, and silence ushers eve,
And the very flowers our feet press down their languid heads scarce heave—
When, lost in July reverie, with half closed eyes we see
A dreamy wizard shape assume each Dryad haunted tree,
The equal feather'd cypriess, or the olive's mystic age,§
Liloon-like, that upward wreathes its limbs, distort with rage,—
When even the shadowy sprite that sighs amid the poplar leaves
Is lapp'd in gladness by the hour,—or grieving silent grieves

The lips which spake those silvery sounds I ne'er again may see,
But oft, like dreams of childish love, they'll haunt my memory
Looks, too, there were, as one had trac'd bright crystal gales within,
Where spirits dwell, and met their eyes without reproof or sin,
And hands clasp'd hands unknown before, with strange, magnetic charm
Then, all abash'd, their clasp unloosed, with sudden, sweet alarm
Oh! glorious is the *Carnival*, that rayless pride subdues,
Decking the common things of life with rich, unwonted hues

* The chief amusement of the Carnival consists in throwing flowers at the beautiful women in the carriages and balconies, and exchanging *bouquets* and *confetti*. The profusion of flowers on these occasions is incredible.

† These *festini* are the masked balls at the theatres, which take place every night of the Carnival. Some of them begin at midnight. By the "shrill acrost," is meant the peculiar, disguised, and somewhat *alto* tone, which the Italians adopt with much facility.

‡ Immediately after the *abandon* and intoxication of the Carnival comes the *Quaresima digiuno di quaranta giorni*, during which no public amusements are allowed. It is dreaded equally by the gay inhabitant or the gayer stranger, and is the reign and triumph of priestly mummery, ending with the *Holy Week*.

§ The age of the olive tree is literally unknown. It is pretended to show an olive near Tivoli which was dear to Horace! Certainly these trees have the appearance of extreme age. The fantastic, gnarled and distorted trunks of an olive grove have a very peculiar effect particularly when seen at night silvered by the clear moon shine. Nothing can be wilder and more bizarre and grotesque than the shapes this tree assumes.

Right glorious is the *Carnival* ! that likes not hollow mould
Of hearts from eager sympathies fenced round with cautious gold
The poet and the painter then walk forth with step unbound,
And gaze abroad with glistening eye, that never seeks the ground,
Like the fiction bravely coin'd of the poet devotee,
Nature, that shackled ever was, triumphantly seems free

But it is past—strange, innocent *Millennium* of a week
Next morn their usual pasture dull the sober'd herd will seek ,
And I, that raise my midnight dirge, can scarcely longer trace
Already aught of those lost hours, that ran so joyous race,
As Rome, beneath me, like some mammoth skeleton of old,
Sleeps silent in the moonbeams ribb'd with columns wan and cold
Where late they lay, of impulse bright, the myriad handmaid throng
As swept that fair array the streets red timestried along,
Sweet hecatombs of flowers, that were, with unseen power alone,*
And tiny fragrant voices cry from every perfumed stone,
Bidding the night breeze fan me, as with scent of gardens near
Whilst in the sleeping street I wake chill Echo from her bier
Ye early gather'd innocents, fresh, gladsome, earth-born flowers
Your fate was good, as late ye died, to wreath those glorious hours

As ceased the twinkling fires of the *Moccaletti* quaint,†
So now my song must find an end with accents weak and faint

BELLS

YE bells, your clang the thoughtless
deem
A joyous and exciting sound ,
To me ye but a mockery seem,—
I hate ye with a hate profound !

I hear ye peal your merriest notes
For victory or for bridal day,
Strutting amain your brazen throats
To bid a careless world be gay

And then I view the blood stain'd field,
The dead the dying,—and I hear
The groans the fated wretches yield,
And mark the orphan's, widow's tear,

Or think how little cause for joy,
Perchance, have those the Fates unite,
The worm that sweetest flowers destroy,
Springs oft, O Hymen ! from thy rite

I hear ye call the throng to pray,
And sadly sigh for wretched man
'Tis Sin he flies to cast away,
Or folly draws with subtle chain

Then comes the slow and dolorous toll,
The voice which tells us death is near ,
Dark horror lowers upon the soul,
And all is anguish, gloom, and fear !

Night—everlasting night steals on
We only view the gaping grave
' We only feel that life is done ,
Be mute, thou dread and gloomy slave !

Be mute for aye , your iron tongue,
Oh ! may it never speak again,
Ne'er bid the bells its clang prolong,
Or fright from peace the silent plain
W LAW GANE

* The flowers that have been trodden under foot by day in the *Corso*, leave at night a faint, sickly, but not displeasing, odour in the streets,—a kind of smell of green fields, which lasts for more than one night after all is over

† The custom of the *Moccaletti* is curious enough It is the funeral of the Carnival Each person, at dusk, on the last day whether in carriage, balcony, or on foot lights one or more little wax tapers, which there is an universal struggle to extinguish on the part of others with handkerchiefs &c, with cries of *Senza moccaletti* This childish amusement, which amongst this goodnatured and frivolous people, though it is a kind of romp, never proceeds to mischief, presents a magnificent *coup d'œil* as one gazes down the *Corso*, perhaps a mile long It is one tumult of waving, glancing lights, brilliant as diamonds, borne by the richly-costumed crowd '*lege solutus*' All the balconies are hung with scarlet drapery, adding to the splendour of the scene On one occasion, some years past, when the Carnival, from motives of political apprehension was forbidden, the *moccaletti* alone were allowed This caused a serious tumult the people crying that they would not be mocked with the funeral of a Carnival that had never been born

THE MURDER OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN

THE murder of the Duke d'Engbien is deservedly regarded as the greatest moral blot on the character of Napoleon. He felt it to be so himself, for he frequently referred to the subject during his exile at St Helena, and on each occasion, without absolutely declaring the crime indefensible, showed that he did not know how it could be defended. But this is not the only instance in human affairs of men fancying, under the influence of surrounding circumstances, that they were doing something great, just, and noble, which, when the influence of the adventitious circumstances had passed away, they discovered to be paltry, iniquitous, and base. There can now be no doubt that some of the royalists of the French Revolution, defeated in the open field, and persecuted with a virulence to which the proscriptions of the Roman triumph scarcely afford a parallel, had in their despair entered into plots, from which they would have shrunk with horror at an early period. Napoleon, through the agency of his police, was well aware that mines of destruction were everywhere formed around him, but the agency prepared for their explosion escaped all the researches of himself and his agents. Although the period has not yet arrived for the complete solution of that state problem,—the seizure and murder of the Duke d'Engbien,—it may nevertheless be desirable to narrate in detail the circumstances of the transaction, which have not yet been laid before the English public with all the minuteness necessary to the formation of a fair opinion. In this atrocious proceeding, hastily resolved upon and still more hastily executed, it is easy for accomplices to shift the blame from one to another, and to attempt self-vindication by giving prominence to those particulars in which others were conspicuous, and suppressing the incidents which showed the extent of their own responsibility. From the actors in the tragedy we can only expect partial truth, the apologies published by Savary and Hulín, the excuses which Napoleon made for himself, are equally remarkable for suppression of fact, and insinuation of falsehood. Their statements are inconsistent with themselves, and with each other. But as the interest attached to this atrocious outrage is unfading, and as the question involves the character of many more than the immediate actors and sufferers, we here give a consecutive narrative of the events in the order of their occurrence.*

Louis-Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Engbien, son of Louis-Henri-Joseph, Duke of Bourbon, and of Louisa-Thérèse-Bathilde of Orleans, was born at the château of Chantilly, August 2nd, 1772. His mother suffered the most acute pains for forty-eight hours in bringing him into the world, and the Duke d'Engbien felt their effects at the moment of his birth, for he came into the world quite black and motionless. To restore him to life, he was immediately wrapped in cloths steeped in spirits of wine, but the remedy nearly proved more fatal to the young prince than the evil itself, a spark flew on these inflammable cloths, and it was only the most prompt assistance

* We have availed ourselves of a work recently published, entitled "*Recherches Historiques sur le Procès et la Condamnation de Duc d'Engbien par Aug. Nougarede de Fayet*."

that prevented his perishing. He thus commenced, under gloomy auspices, a life, the end of which was destined to be so mournful.

The greater part of the Duke's childhood and youth was passed either at Chantilly or at the chateau of Saint Maur les-Fossés, near Vincennes, the air of which appeared to suit his constitution, which was naturally sickly. The Count of Virieu who brought him up, neglected no means of strengthening his health by all kinds of exercises, and his tutor, the celebrated Abbé Millot of the Académie Française, directed his whole attention to the development of his mind. The strongly-marked features which from that time displayed themselves in his disposition were, a lively and ardent imagination, which he derived from his mother, and a decided predilection for everything military. The example of the great Condé, which naturally was always placed before him, was calculated to increase this last inclination.

On the bursting out of the French Revolution, he shared the misfortunes of the whole royal family, and on the 17th of July, 1789, three days after the taking of the Bastille, together with the Prince of Condé, his grandfather, the Duke de Bourbon his father, the Count of Artois, and others he quitted France. The two Princes repaired first to Brussels, but afterwards to the King of Sardinia, at Turin. Here they endeavoured to bring about, with the European Powers, a counter-revolution. They secretly collected troops, under the command of Viscount Mirabeau. This project, however, being discovered, was abandoned, and Count d'Artois, with the Princes of the House of Condé, betook themselves to Worms and to Coblenz. It will be recollected that it was in order to join them at this time that the unfortunate Louis XVI. made his ineffectual attempt to escape from France, in conjunction with the Count de Provence. The latter only was able to reach the frontier, the King being arrested at Varennes.

Towards the end of 1791, in consequence of a rising among the emigrants hopes were for a moment entertained of renewing a similar attempt upon Strasburg to that which had been projected in vain upon Lyons during the preceding year. With this view the Princes came to Ettenheim*. These attempts, however, only tended to render the position of Louis XVI. more perilous, and the most violent decrees were issued against the emigrants, particularly the Princes of the House of Condé. At this period the death of Leopold, and the accession of the Emperor, Francis II., revived the hopes of the French royalists. In concert with the King of Prussia, Francis II. led an army to the Rhine. The emigrants flocked to Coblenz, and such was the excess of their confidence, that they even refused to admit into their ranks those who they said arrived too late among them†.

The emigrants were formed into three corps, the command of one being given to the Duke de Bourbon, and under him the Duke d'Enghien prepared to make his first campaign. The allied army took the field at the beginning of July, when the Duke of Brunswick issued his famous manifesto. At first, it will be remembered, the Austrians and Prussians were very successful, and after the capture of Longwy and Verdun, they proceeded to march on Paris. Deceived, however, by the absurd confidence of the royalists, the

* "We remained a week at Ettenheim. Twice we hoped to enter Strasburg, whence we were only four leagues distant, and where my grandfather maintained a communication, but orders from Coblenz compelled us to remain inactive. The system of Coblenz has always been to wait for the aid of other powers. The King wished us to do so, he wrote to that effect and his orders were followed. Who knows, however, whether a vigorous blow might not have saved the life of our unfortunate monarch,—and could we not have served him against his will? To save the King to avoid a bloody page in our history,—what excuses were there not for disobedience!—and all this without any foreign assistance!"—*Memoirs of the Duke d'Enghien by himself*

† "We expected to find the greatest facility for penetrating into France, not one of us thought of meeting with the slightest resistance. 'The patriots,' we said, will fly at the mere sight of an army everything will give way before men who are enemies only of disorder. We shall be called for on every side, we shall have rather a procession to make to Paris than a campaign."—*Id.*

generals of the allied forces took no adequate precautions, on entering France, for the supply of provisions for the army. Consequently, famine and disease soon made dreadful ravages, and having been beaten at Valmy and Jemappes, the allies were obliged to retreat in October 1792. This disastrous campaign cooled the zeal of the allied sovereigns for the royalist cause.

During the two succeeding campaigns the emigrants (for whom the allies had no further occasion as they did not contemplate again entering France,) suffered severely from the insufficiency of their pay, and the neglect of the Austrian and Prussian generals. Their endurance, however, was equal to their courage. The Duke d'Enghien particularly distinguished himself. He displayed great courage at the siege of Mayence, at the attack on the lines at Weissenbourg, and at Berstheim, in 1793, where, upon his father being wounded, he led on the cavalry, and made many brilliant charges. The only error with which he could be reproached was, that he yielded too readily to an impetuous ardour. From the year 1795 to 1797 the Duke d'Enghien had many opportunities of signalizing himself. At Kehl, being abandoned by the German troops under his command, and separated from the rest of his corps, it was only by the greatest efforts that he succeeded in rejoining them.

It was observed in the course of these latter campaigns that, with all his former courage, he displayed more calmness and self-possession, and was less carried away by enthusiasm, on the other hand his military *coup-d'oeil* was developed, and if his duties were restricted within narrow limits, at least he fulfilled them with talent.

In private life the Duke d'Enghien shewed rather a frankness of character than great powers of mind. The liveliness of his imagination too frequently led him to the two extremes of confidence and despondency. Being as humane as brave, he had always disapproved of those sanguinary reprisals so frequent between the republicans and the emigrants, and the wounded of both parties were his especial care. Passionately fond of military glory, and devoted to France, notwithstanding his exile, he did not conceal his admiration of the glory of the republic in arms, and that of General Bonaparte in particular. This admiration often drew upon him the reproaches of his friends, especially as the openness and vivacity of his disposition would hardly allow him to dissemble his thoughts.* The emigrants about the Prince of Condé (for the most part implacable enemies to the Revolution) could not forgive these sentiments in the young Prince, consequently, notwithstanding his affection for his grandfather, he avoided visiting him, remaining almost constantly at head-quarters. His estrangement afforded his enemies an opportunity of pretending that he meditated a separation from his grandfather, and that he entertained the design of forming a corps in his own name, distinct from that of Condé.

On the dissolution of the corps of Condé, in 1801, the Duke d'Enghien having obtained from the English government, together with the half-pay of a general officer, permission to remain in Germany, repaired to Kttenheim, near the Cardinal de Rohan. For the Cardinal's niece, the Princess Charlotte de Rohan-Rochfort he had long conceived the most ardent passion, and although Louis XVIII (who hoped through him to secure for himself a useful alliance among the sovereigns of Europe,) had always refused his consent to this marriage, the Duke had never given up the desire of espousing her. Accordingly about this period he married her, and settled at Kttenheim †.

The death of the Cardinal, in the beginning of the following year, 1802, threw the Duke once more into a state of uncertainty as to his plans. At first he thought of repairing to England, to his grandfather, then of enter-

* On one occasion the Duke used these expressions — 'It is terrible to be obliged to despise people, and keep silent. I shall find some difficulty in accustoming myself to this.' However, I am continually told that it is more necessary than ever.

† Although there exists no proof to this effect, there appears to be no doubt that they were married at this period by the Cardinal de Rohan.

ing the service of one of the great European powers With this last design he wrote to his grandfather in England, to ask his permission To this letter the Prince of Conde thus replied —

“Wanstead House, 28th Feb 1802

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“So far am I from recognising an opinion which you did not yourself entertain three months back—since you then expressed to me your impatience to join us—that I persist more than ever in thinking you ought not to enter the service of any foreign power Such a step is not proper for you, and no Bourbon, past or present, has ever adopted such a course Whatever you may be told, not all the revolutions in the world can prevent your continuing to be, till the end of your life, what God alone has made you this it is very proper to bear in mind At the beginning of the war, which I venture to believe I carried on as well as others did, I refused to accept any rank in foreign service, it is thus you yourself ought to act The line of conduct you advocate might possibly cause you to become the ally of French rebels, and expose you to fight against the cause of your King

“Such are the sentiments, my dear grandson, with which I write you this letter May God inspire you with those that you owe to us, on so many accounts! You will then lead a happy life within yourself, while anticipating the continuance of your glory, at which we shall rejoice as much as yourself

“Adieu! I embrace you

“L H J DE BOURBON”

Upon the receipt of this letter, the Duke d'Enghien renounced his project and soon afterwards obtained permission to continue at Ettenheim

At this place he inhabited a small gothic castle, near the house occupied by the Princess Charlotte and her father, and field-sports constituted his principal occupation Being still attached to France, he did not conceal the regret he felt at his exile, and he often envied the lot of those whose birth and position permitted them to return thither It was reported, too, that he went secretly several times to the left bank of the Rhine, and even to the theatre at Strasburg His conduct of the Prince, the report of his journeys to Strasburg, his well-known sentiments, furnished grounds, it would seem, for the supposition in London, at the beginning of 1803 that he intended to treat with the First Consul, for his grandfather considered it his duty to write to him on the subject of these reports the following letter —

“Wanstead House, June 16, 1803

“MY DEAR CHILD,

“It has been asserted here for more than six months, that you have been on a journey to Paris, others say you have only been to Strasburg You must allow that this is risking your life and liberty somewhat uselessly As for your principles, I am quite easy on that score, they are as deeply engraven on your heart as they are on ours It seems to me that you might now confide to us what has passed and, if it be true, tell us what you have noticed on your journey

“As regards your own welfare, which is for many reasons so dear to us, I sent you word, it is true, that your present position might be very useful in many respects, but you are very near,—take care of yourself, and do not neglect any precaution in order to make your retreat in safety, should the First Consul take it into his head to have you carried off On this point, do not suppose there is any courage in braving everything, it would be nothing better, in the eyes of the whole world than an unpardonable act of imprudence, and could be followed by no other but the most fearful consequences Therefore, I repeat, take care of yourself, and satisfy us by replying that you feel perfectly what I ask of you, and that we may be at ease as to the precautions you will take I embrace you

(Signed) “L J DE BOURBON”

To this letter the Duke thus replied —

“ASSUREDLY, my dear sir, those must know me very little who can have said, or endeavoured to create a belief, that I should set foot on the republican soil

* This is strongly denied by one attached to the Prince's service The report was, however, credited at the time

otherwise than with the rank and in the position in which chance has placed my birth I am too proud to bow my head meanly The First Consul may perhaps accomplish my destruction but never shall he humble me

"A man may assume an *incognito* to travel in the glaciers of Switzerland, as I did last year, having nothing better to do, but as for France, whenever I do take that journey, I shall not have occasion to hide myself there I can, then, give you my most sacred word of honour, that such an idea has never entered, and never will enter, my head Mischief makers may have wished, by relating to you these absurdities to injure me still more in your eyes I am accustomed to such good offices, which they have been always anxious to render me, and I am only too happy that they should be at last reduced to employ calumnies so absurd

"I embrace you, my dear sir, and I beg you never to doubt my profound respect, any more than my affection

"L H A DE BOURBON"

At this time, however, being informed of the rupture between France and England, and of the departure of Lord Whitworth, with the view of entirely contradicting these reports, the Prince lost no time in writing to London, to solicit service in the war about to commence against France He proposed to place himself at the head of a body of auxiliaries to be formed on the banks of the Rhine, who might be joined by deserters from the republican armies

Such was the state of affairs at Ettenheim, when the prefect of Strasburg received, on March 14th, a letter from the French government, directing him to ascertain immediately whether the Duke d'Engbien were still in that city The result of this inquiry was, that the Duke was ascertained to be at Ettenheim, that he hunted daily, that he was in person in communication with Dumourier, that his foreign correspondence had lately become more active, that he was much beloved at Ettenheim, and that the people of the electorate seemed generally to anticipate some approaching change in the French government One of these statements (that relating to Dumourier) was false for he was not near Ettenheim This mistake, arising from the corrupt German pronunciation of another name, was of serious importance to the Prince

At the very time the First Consul was engaged in instituting these inquiries, the conspirator Georges Cadoudal was arrested This event likewise was prejudicial to the Duke d'Engbien, for some of the conspirators declared, on their examination, their constant expectation of being joined by a French prince Several circumstances made it appear highly improbable that either the Count d'Artois or the Bourbon Princes (then resident in England) were concerned in these plots, and it was therefore concluded that this expected Prince could be no other than the Duke d'Engbien

The result of these reports and conjectures was, an order, transmitted on the 10th of March, under the dictation and signature of the First Consul, to Generals Caulaincourt and Ordener to proceed with an armed force to Ettenheim, to make the Duke prisoner and bring him to Strasburg They were ordered to go together to Ettenheim, and when there, carefully to reconnoitre the Prince's residence, to learn his habits, and find out whether any resistance might be apprehended on his part, or on that of the inhabitants

Having arrived at Ettenheim about eight in the morning of the 14th March, they repaired immediately to the Prince's house Notwithstanding all their caution, however, and the perfect air of indifference they assumed, their presence was noticed by the Prince's servants, whose suspicions had been awakened by several circumstances For some time previous, it was known that the prefect of Strasburg had sent various agents to the right bank of the Rhine, and many of the Duke's friends, among whom the King of Sweden himself, had requested him to take precautions At length the Princess Charlotte received secret notice that the proceedings of the Duke d'Engbien were narrowly watched Those immediately about the Prince were accordingly on the alert, and Féron, his valet, as he was standing behind a window, observing two strangers, who, while making the cir-

cut of the house, appeared to be examining it with unusual attention, immediately called Canone, another of the Prince's domestics, who had followed him in all his campaigns, and had even saved his life in Poland. Canone particularly noticed the face of one of the men, and declared him to be a *gend'arme* in disguise, whom he had often seen at Strassburg. Forthwith he ran to warn the Prince, who treated these fears as imaginary, still, in order to satisfy Canone he begged one of his officers to ascertain the truth. The officer questioned the strangers, but they contrived to impose upon him. For more than a league he followed them, and then observing that they took the road opposite to that leading to the French frontier, he returned to Ettenheim, declaring that no suspicion need be entertained of them. However, for greater precaution, and yielding to the entreaties of the Princess Charlotte and the persons about him, the Prince consented to remove in a few days. That very night, however, the execution of the scheme took place.

The Duke had projected a hunting-party for that day. He was already dressed, and ready to set off, when Fern came in to inform him that the house was surrounded by soldiers, and that their commander summoned them to open the doors, if they did not wish to see them burst open! "Well then, we must defend ourselves!" exclaimed the Prince, as he ran to the window, armed with a doubled-barrelled fowling-piece, and followed by Canone, who brought a second. Colonel Grunstein also joined them. When he reached the window the Duke d'Engbien levelled his piece at the officer who had summoned him, and he was preparing to fire, when Colonel Grunstein perceiving that some *gend'armes* and dragoons had already forced their way into the back entrance, put his hand on the guard of the Prince's gun. "Monseigneur," said he quickly, "have you compromised your-self?" "No," replied the Prince. "Well, then all resistance is useless—we are surrounded, and I observe a great many bayonets." The Prince, turning round, saw the *gend'armes* in fact enter the hall, and Colonel Charlot came in also. Colonel Grunstein and his three servants were arrested at the same moment with the Prince. In the meantime cries of "fire" were raised from without. They arose from the side where it was supposed General Dumourier resided and were repeated in different directions. Colonel Charlot, uneasy as to the disposition of the inhabitants, which he knew to be favourable to the Duke d'Engbien and the emigrants, lost no time in proceeding thither. Scarcely had he left the house, when he encountered a man who appeared to be directing his steps with haste towards the church. He was a farmer, who having got up early and understanding what was going on, was proceeding to sound the tocsin. Colonel Charlot immediately arrested him. He met afterwards the grand huntsman of the Elector of Baden, who had been attracted by the cries of "fire," him he satisfied by observing that all that was going on had been agreed upon with his sovereign. He made the same reply to a great number of the inhabitants, also, who shewed themselves, at the doors of their houses, greatly alarmed.

On his return to the Prince's dwelling, he found Chevalier Jacques his secretary, whom he thought proper to detain although he was not on the list of persons to be arrested. He made the chevalier deliver up the key of his room, and took away all the papers in it. He also seized and sealed up those which were found in the Prince's cabinet. Everything being thus concluded, he informed General Ordener that he was ready, and the latter immediately made his arrangements for their departure.

While the troops dispersed round the town were being collected, the Prince and the other prisoners were placed in a mill, called *La Tuilerie*, a short distance from the gates of Ettenheim. Chevalier Jacques had several times been to this mill, and, recollecting that one of the doors of the room in which they were, opened outside on a plank by which the stream which turned the mill-wheel was crossed, he made a sign to the Duke, who approached him by degrees. "Open this door," said he rapidly, "pass over the plank, and throw it into the water, I myself will bar the passage against pursuit." The Prince proceeded to the door, but a child, frightened by the

presence of the soldiers, had run out to the other side, and had fastened the bolt. Warned by this movement, the commander caused two sentinels to be posted there. The Duke d'Engbien then asked leave to send one of his attendants to Ettenheim, to bring him some linen and clothes. This was immediately consented to, and permission was also given to such of his domestics as might not be willing to follow him, to depart, but all of them refused, and begged to share the fate of their master.

As they were in haste to repass the Rhine, the Prince and two of his officers were obliged to get into a waggon surrounded by grenadiers. They took him on first, the other prisoners followed on foot.

On the road which separates Ettenheim from the banks of the Rhine, the Prince and his officers fancied that one of the leaders of the escort evinced an intention to save the Prince at the moment of embarkation. Whether they were mistaken in this idea, or whether the arrangements which had been taken did not allow him to follow up his design, no attempt of the kind was really made.

The Prince was placed in the same boat with General Ordener, and during the passage endeavoured to enter into conversation with that officer, in order to ascertain the cause of his being thus carried away. He even reminded him that they had fought against each other in an affair which he mentioned, but the general, desirous of avoiding all explanation, pretended not to recollect this circumstance, and there the conversation dropped. When they reached the frontier, General Ordener left the charge of the Prince to Colonel Chulot, and returned to Strasbourg.

After having travelled on foot as far as Pfofheim, the Prince stopped to breakfast. There they found a carriage which had been previously prepared, into which he got, with Colonel Chulot. During the journey, the Duke d'Engbien entered into conversation with Colonel Chulot, and asked him, as he had previously desired to ascertain from General Ordener, the motives for his seizure. The colonel replied, that as far as he could judge, the first Consul regarded him as one of the principal leaders in the conspiracy of Georges. The Prince repelled this imputation with warmth, observing that such projects were wholly contrary to his views and habits, but at the same time admitted that as a prince of the House of Bourbon, although he personally admired the renown of General Bonaparte, he could not but always oppose him. He then asked Colonel Chulot what he thought they would do to him? Upon Chulot replying that he did not know, the Prince evinced great dread of being brought to Paris to be imprisoned there, observing, that he would rather die at once, telling Colonel Chulot that he was on the point of firing upon him when he summoned him to surrender, and adding, that "he almost regretted he had not done it and thus have decided his fate by arms." Chulot, in his turn, asked him respecting Dumourier. The Prince assured him that he had not been at Ettenheim, that it was possible, as he was expecting instructions from England every moment, that the general might be the bearer of them, but that in any case he should not have received him, as it was beneath his rank to have to do with such people. They reached Strasbourg about five in the afternoon, and while waiting until General Leclerc should be apprized of their arrival, Colonel Chulot took the Prince into his house. There taking advantage of a moment when they were alone, the Prince tried to persuade Chulot to allow him to escape. The colonel, however, would not understand him, and half an hour afterwards, a hackney-coach arrived which conveyed the Prince to the citadel.

Here he was received by Major Machim, commandant of the place. "He was," says the Prince himself, (in the journal which he wrote day by day, hour by hour, from the time of his seizure, and which was found upon him after his death,) "a man of very obliging manners." He shewed the Prince the greatest attention, and since there was not time to prepare a room for him that evening, it was agreed that he and the other prisoners should pass the night (March 13th) on mattresses laid on the floor in the commandant's parlour. Dressed just as he was the Duke d'Engbien threw himself on his mattress, after writing a few lines in his journal. Baron Grunstein was

placed near him. Being uneasy on the Prince's account, he again asked him, in a low voice, whether there was anything in his papers which was likely to compromise him. "They contain only what is already known," replied the Prince. "they shew that I have been fighting for the last eight years, and that I am ready to fight again. I do not think they desire my death, but they will throw me into some fortress to make use of me when they want a hostage, to that sort of life, however, I shall have some trouble in accustoming myself."

In this disquietude the Duke passed the night, the next morning, Major Machim having gone to him, the Prince entered into conversation with him, protesting anew, as he had previously done to Colonel Charlot, that he was entirely ignorant of the plot against the life of the First Consul, and that he had always disapproved of all such projects. The Major observed, as that was the case, he did not think the matter could be followed by any serious consequences, and that it would doubtless only cost him a few days' detention.

Meanwhile the Duke, who, from the moment of his seizure had not ceased to think of the uneasiness which it must have caused the Princess Charlotte, asked Major Machim whether he might not be allowed to write to her. The Major replied, that he could not take upon himself to forward the letter, but could only refer the matter to General Leval, but that if the letter contained ordinary news merely, he did not doubt that the latter would cause it to reach its destination. The Duke accordingly addressed the following letter to the Princess Charlotte.

"Citadel of Strasburg, Friday, March 16th

"I HAVE been promised that this letter shall be faithfully delivered to you. I have only this moment obtained leave to console you with regard to my present condition, and I lose not an instant in doing so, begging you also to cheer all who are attached to me in your neighbourhood. All my fear is, that this letter may not find you at Ettenheim, and that you may be on your road hither. The happiness I should feel in seeing you would not nearly equal my fear of causing you to share my fate. Preserve for me your affection, your interest: it may be very useful to me,—for you can interest persons of influence in my misfortune. I have already thought that you had perhaps set out. You have learned from the good Baron Ischerlheim the manner of my being carried off, and you may have judged, by the number of persons employed that any resistance would have been useless. Nothing can be done against force. I have been conducted by Rheinau, and the route of the Rhine. They show me attention and politeness. Except as regards my liberty, (for I cannot go out of my room,) I may say I am as comfortable as possible, all my attendants have slept in my room because I wished it. We occupy part of the commandant's apartment and they are getting another ready into which I shall go this morning, where I shall be still better off. The papers taken from me, which were sealed immediately with my seal are to be examined this morning in my presence. By what I have observed, they will find some letters from my relations, from the King, and a few copies of my own. All this as you know, cannot compromise me in any way more than my name and my manner of thinking may have done during the course of the Revolution. I think they will send all this to Paris and I am assured that, from what I have said, it is thought I shall be at liberty in a short time. God grant it! They looked for Dumourier, who was to be in our neighbourhood. They thought, perhaps, that we had had conferences together, and apparently he is implicated in the conspiracy against the life of the First Consul. My ignorance of all this leads me to hope that I may obtain my liberty. Let us not, however, flatter ourselves yet. If any of the gentlemen who accompanied me are set at liberty before me, I shall feel very great happiness in sending them to you while waiting for the greatest. The attachment of my attendants draws tears from me every moment. They might have escaped,—they were not forced to follow me, but they would do it. I have Féron, Joseph, and Poulain. The good Moylof has not left me an instant. I have seen the commandant again this morning, he appears to me to be a courteous and charitable man, at the same time strict in fulfilling his duties. I expect the colonel of gen. d'armes who arrested me, and who is to open my papers before me. I beg you will direct the Baron to take care of my property. If I am to remain longer, I shall send for more of them than I have. I hope the landlords of these gentlemen will

also take care of their effects. Pray give my affectionate regards to your father. If I one day obtain permission to send one of my attendants, which I desire greatly and shall solicit, he will give you all the details of our melancholy position. We must hope, and wait. If you are good enough to come to see me, do not come until you have been to Carlsruhe, as you mentioned. Alas! in addition to all your own affairs, and the insupportable delay attendant on them, you will now have to speak of mine also. The Elector will no doubt have taken an interest in them, but, I entreat you do not on that account neglect your own.

"Adieu, Princess. You have long known my tender and sincere attachment for you free, or a prisoner it will ever be the same.

'Have you sent the news of our misfortune to Madame d'Ecquevilley?

(Signed) "L A H DE BOURBON"

Having written this letter, the Duke delivered it to Major Machim. General Leval now came to visit him. He announced to the Prince that a room had just been prepared for him in the pavilion, on the right of the citadel, to which he would be removed, and that he would be at liberty to walk in the little garden adjoining the pavilion. In other respects, the coldness of the General's address prevented him from speaking either of his own situation, or of the letter to the Princess Charlotte. The apartment to which the Duke was transferred communicated by passages with those of Thumery, Jacques, and Schmidt. As for Colonel Grunstein, it was thought right to separate him from the Prince, and to give him a solitary apartment on the other side of the court.

At half-past four in the afternoon, Colonel Charlot and the Commissary-General of Police, came to open the Prince's papers, which, after a rapid examination, were tied in packets previously to being sent to Paris.*

* Journal of the Duke d'Enghien, written by himself, and of which the original was forwarded to the First Consul, April 22nd, 1804 —

"Thursday, March 15th —at Ettelheim, my house surrounded by a detachment of dragoons, and picquets of gend'armes, in all about two hundred men, two generals, the colonel of dragoons, Colonel Charlot, of the gendarmerie of Strasburg, at five o'clock. At half past five, the doors forced, taken to the mill near the tilc kiln, my papers seized and sealed up, conveyed in a waggon, between two files of fusileers, to the Rhine. I embarked for Rheinau, landed, and walked to Pfofsheim, breakfasted in the inn. Got into a carriage with Colonel Charlot, the quartermaster of the gend'armerie, a gend'arme and Grunstein on the box. Arrived at Strasburg at Colonel Charlot's house, at about half past five, transferred, half an hour afterwards, in a hackney coach, to the citadel. My companions in misfortune came from Pfofsheim to Strasburg, with peasants' horses, in a waggon, arrived at the citadel at the same time as I did. Alighted at the house of the commandant, lodged in his parlour for the night, on mattresses upon the floor. Gend'armes on foot in the next room. two sentinels in the room, one at the door. Slept badly.

"Friday, 16th —Told that I am to change my room, I am to pay for my board, and probably for wood and lights. General Leval, commanding the division accompanied by General Krinon, one of those who seized me, have been to visit me. Their manner very cold. I am transferred to the pavilion on the right of the entrance of the square in coming from the city. I can communicate with the apartments of MM Thumery, Jacques, and Schmidt, by passages, but neither I nor my attendants can go out. I am told, however, that I am to have permission to walk in a little garden, in a court behind my pavilion. A guard of twelve men and an officer is at my door. After dinner I am separated from Grunstein, to whom they give a solitary room at the other side of the court. This separation adds still more to my misfortune. I have written this morning to the Princess. I have sent my letter by the commandant to General Leval, I have no answer. I asked him to send one of my people to Est. no doubt everything will be refused.

'The precautions are extreme on all sides to prevent me from communicating with any one whatever. If this state of things continues, I think despair will take possession of me. At half-past four they come to look at my papers, which Colonel Charlot accompanied by a *commissaire de suite*, opens in my presence. They read them superficially, they make separate bundles of them, and give me to understand that they are about to be sent to Paris. I must, then, languish for weeks

The next day (Saturday, March 17th,) the Prince rose early, uneasy and full of thought "Saturday, 17th March," says he, "I know nothing of my letter I tremble for the Princess's health, one word from my hand would restore it, I am very unhappy They have just made me sign the *procès verbal* of the opening of my papers I ask and obtain permission to add an explanatory note, to prove that I have never had any other intention than to serve, and to make war"* The Prince thus continues his journal, March 17th — "In the evening I was told that I should have leave to walk in the garden, and even in the court, with the officer on guard as well as my companions in misfortune, and that my papers are despatched by an extraordinary courier to Paris I sup and go to bed more contented"

Meanwhile the telegraphic despatch, addressed to the First Consul from Strasburg on the 15th, had arrived the same day at Paris, and orders were thereupon sent to General Leval to send the Prince instantly to Paris The courier arrived during the night of Saturday, March 17th A carriage was in consequence immediately prepared, and Colonel Charlot was sent to the citadel for the Prince It was now about one o'clock in the morning, and the Prince, startled at being thus suddenly awakened, and surprised at seeing himself thus conveyed alone, and separated from his companions, demanded of Colonel Charlot the reason of it, the latter replied that he only knew that General Leval had received orders from Paris The Duke quitted his prison therefore, in a state of great uneasiness "Sunday, the 18th," he thus writes in his journal, "They come and carry me away at half-past one in the morning, they only give me time to dress myself, I embrace my unfortunate companions, and my servants, I set out alone with two officers of gend'armie and two gend'armes Colonel Charlot tells me that we are going to the house of the General of division, who has received orders from Paris, instead of that, I find a carriage with six post-horses in the square of the church They place me inside, Lieutenant Petermann gets in at my side, Quarter-Master Blittersdorff on the box, two gend'armes, one inside the other outside"

But his uneasiness was converted into joy in the morning, when he learned from Lieutenant Petermann that they were proceeding to Paris Nothing could have afforded him more pleasure than this news, not doubting that on his arrival he should be permitted to see the First Consul "A quarter of an hour's conversation with him," he repeated frequently on the road, "and all will soon be arranged" He appeared at the same time pleased to revisit France, called to mind as they passed through various places, those whom he had formerly known, and, moved by the kind attention of those who accompanied him, he presented to Lieutenant Petermann one of the rings he wore, and which the latter afterwards preserved with the greatest care

perhaps months' My grief increases the more I reflect on my cruel position I lie down at eleven o'clock I am worn out, and cannot sleep The major of the place, M Machim, is very obliging, he comes to see me when I have retired to rest, and endeavours to console me by kind words"

* This appears to be the note said to have been written from Strasburg to the First Consul by the Duke It has not been preserved, but, from the recollections of Napoleon at St Helena, and from other documents relating to this affair, the Prince, repeating in this note what he had said to Colonel Charlot and Major Machim most earnestly protested his innocence of any participation whatever in a plot against the life of the First Consul He added, "that if this plot existed, he had been left in ignorance of it, and had even been deceived on the subject, that he, more than any one, was attached to France and admired the genius of the First Consul, that he had often regretted his being unable to fight under his command, and with Frenchmen, and that perhaps, far removed as he was from the throne and with no hope of attaining it he might have thought of doing so, if the duties annexed to his birth had not imposed on him the necessity of acting otherwise, that in short he could not believe that the First Consul would consider it a crime in him to have maintained by arms the rights of his family and his own rank"

The journey was performed with more rapidity than would appear possible for the escort of gend'armes, and on March 19th, about nine in the evening, after having passed through the city of Chalons-sur-Maine, about forty leagues from Paris, they arrived the next day about three, P M at the Barrier La Villette, thence, following the outer boulevards, the carriage entered the Faubourg St Germain by the Rue de Sevres and stopped at the Hotel of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, then in the Rue de Bac. Having entered the court-yard, the carriage door was opened, and the Prince was preparing to alight, when some one hastily ran up, directing them to wait. In a few minutes a carriage was observed to approach the entrance, to take up a person and leave the Hotel in great haste. Half an hour afterwards the postilion who had remained on horseback, received orders to proceed towards Vincennes, where they arrived at about half-past five in the afternoon.

During the same afternoon, the two following letters were addressed to General Murat, Governor of Paris, and to Harel, Commandant of Vincennes.

"SECRET POLICE

"29th Ventose, Year XII, 4 1 M

"To the General in Chief Murat, Governor of Paris

"GENERAL,

"AGREEABLY to the orders of the First Consul, the Duke d'Engbien is to be conducted to the Castle of Vincennes, where arrangements are made to receive him. He will probably arrive to-night at this destination. I beg you will make the arrangements requisite for his safety as well at Vincennes as on the road of Meaux, by which he will arrive. The First Consul has ordered that his name, and every thing relative to him, should be kept strictly secret, consequently, the officer in charge of him must not make him known to any one. He travels under the name of Plessis. I desire you to give the necessary instructions, that the intentions of the First Consul may be fulfilled."

"SECRET POLICE

"29th Ventose, Year XII, half past 4 P M

"To Citizen Harel, Commandant of the Castle of Vincennes

"AN individual, whose name is not to be known, citizen commander, is to be conducted to the Castle the command of which is intrusted to you. You will lodge him in the place that is vacant, taking precautions for his safe custody. The intention of Government is, that all which relates to him should be kept strictly secret, and that no question should be asked him, either as to what he is, or in regard to the cause of his detention. You yourself are not to know who he is. You alone are to communicate with him, and you will not permit him to be seen by any one till further orders from me. It is probable he will arrive to night.

"The First Consul relies, citizen commander, on your discretion, and on your scrupulous fulfilment of these various orders."

Harel had only just received this letter when, about half-past five, he observed the carriage and six, which brought the prisoner, stop at his door. He came forward immediately to receive him, and as the morning had been cold and rainy, he invited the Prince into his room to warm himself, until the apartment destined for him was prepared. The Prince replied, "that he would warm himself with pleasure, and should not be sorry to dine, for he had scarcely broken his fast since the morning."

As they ascended the stairs together Madame Bon came down. She was an aged nun, a school-mistress at Vincennes, who having had Madame Harel's two little girls at her house during the day to take lessons, had brought them back at night. She overheard the conversation of the Prince with the Commandant. The Prince, on his part, observing a lady in the dress of a nun approach him, made way to allow her to pass. He appeared to her, she afterwards said, "of an ordinary height, slender, and of a distinguished deportment. He was dressed in a long brown uniform riding-coat, and wore on his head a cap with double gold lace band, he was pale, and seemed much fatigued."

The Prince, meanwhile, having warmed himself, was conducted by Harel

to the King's pavilion, into the room which had been prepared for him, where a fire had been made, and some furniture brought in—a bed, a table, and some chairs. While waiting the arrival of the supper, and as he walked up and down the room, the Prince conversed with Harel. He told him he had formerly accompanied his grandfather to the Castle and woods of Vincennes, that he even thought he remembered the room in which they then were, and, not foreseeing any fatal result to his seizure, which he imagined would end in detention only, he spoke to him of his love of field-sports and said that if he might be permitted to hunt in the forest, he promised not to attempt to escape.

The supper, which had been ordered at a *traiteur's* in the neighbourhood, was brought in not long after, and the Prince approached eagerly to partake of it, but perceiving some very common pewter covers on the table, such as were commonly given to prisoners, he took them in his hands, examined them, and replacing them, continued his walk. Harel understood what this meant, and sent for silver covers. The Prince then sat down to table, and a favourite hound, which had not quitted him since his removal, having placed himself at his side, he gave it a part of the food which had been served up. "I think," said he to Harel, "that there is no indiscretion in doing this."

The repast being finished, Harel retired, and the Prince having gone to bed fatigued with the journey, soon fell fast asleep.

At the moment of the arrest of the Duke d'Enghien, Napoleon was at Malmaison. On the pretence that the Prince was concerned in the plot of Georges, &c., he immediately set about arranging the mode of his trial. A military commission having been decided upon, he sent orders to Murat to nominate the members of it. He also caused a detailed report to be drawn up of all the facts relating to the Duke d'Enghien, to be laid before this commission.

The following decree was issued in conformity with the above report, to serve as the ground of accusation.

"LIBERTY—EQUALITY

"Paris, 29th Ventôse, Year XII of the Republic,
One and Indivisible

"Article 1. The *ci devant* Duke d'Enghien, accused of having borne arms against the Republic, of having been, and of still being, in the pay of England, of taking part in the plots laid by the latter power against the internal and external safety of the Republic, shall be brought before a Military Commission, composed of seven members, nominated by the General Governor of Paris, and which shall assemble at Vincennes.

"Article 2. The Grand Judge, the Minister of War, and the General Governor of Paris are intrusted with the execution of the present Decree.

"The First Consul
(Signed) "BONAPARTE"

The Minister of War was commanded by the First Consul to direct the members of the commission immediately to repair to the residence of Murat, to take his orders. He was at the same time to assemble at the barrier Saint Antoine a brigade of infantry, which, together with the legion of *gendarmerie d'élite*, of which General Savary, the First Consul's aide-de-camp, was colonel, was to guard the Castle of Vincennes during the continuance of the trial. General Savary was to have the command of these troops, as well as of the Castle.

When Savary arrived at the Barrier Saint Antoine, he was stopped. It was night, and, having only recently returned to Paris, he was not aware of the rigorous measures which had been adopted, and had not, therefore, asked for a special order from Murat to leave the capital, the guard posted at the barrier would not consequently allow him to pass, and he was obliged to send to Murat to obtain his authority to enable him to do so. On his arrival at length at Vincennes, about half-past eight in the evening, Savary placed the brigade of infantry on the esplanade, on the side next the park, and marched

his legion into the inner court and at the various outlets, with directions not to allow any communication from without under any pretext

The commissioners having received their instructions to proceed to Vincennes, to try a prisoner, they accordingly proceeded thither, nor was it until they were assembled in the apartment of the commandant that they were made aware of the precise object of their meeting. General Hulin then shewed them the documents sent by Murat, and at the same time, in order that the Prince might be interrogated by the chief judge, gave orders to bring him into the adjoining room

The Duke d'Enghien was in a deep sleep, when, about eleven o'clock P.M. Lieutenant Nonot entered his room, accompanied by two gendarmes. He dressed himself immediately, and followed them into the presence of *le capitaine rapporteur*. The latter then proceeded to his examination, which he drew up as follows —

The prisoner was asked his surname, Christian names, age, and birthplace?

Answer Louis-Henri-Antoine de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, born August 2nd, 1772, at Chantilly

Question At what period had he quitted France?

A I cannot tell precisely, but I think it was the 16th of July, 1789. That he went with the Prince of Condé, his grandfather, his father, the Count d'Artois and the children of the Count d'Artois

Q Where he had resided since leaving France?

A On leaving France I passed, with my relations, whom I have always followed, by Mons and Brussels, thence we proceeded to Lun to the King of Sardinia, where we remained nearly sixteen months. Thence, always with my family, I went to Worms, and the banks of the Rhine. The corps of Condé was then formed, and I joined them. I had before that made the campaign of 1792, in Brabant, with the corps of Bourbon, under Duke Albert

Q Whither had he gone upon the ratification of peace between the French Republic and the Emperor?

A We finished the last campaign near Gratz. It was there that the corps of Condé, which had been in the pay of England, was disbanded, that is to say, at Wendisch Fastritz, in Styria. After that I remained for my own convenience at Gratz and its neighbourhood from six to nine months, awaiting intelligence from my grandfather, the Duke de Condé, who had gone on to England to ascertain what pecuniary assistance the English Government would allow him, which had not been decided upon. During this interval I asked permission of Cardinal de Rohan to reside at Ettenheim, in Brisgau, formerly the Bishoprick of Strisburg. There I remained two years and a half. On the Cardinal's death, I requested officially of the Elector of Baden to be allowed to reside in that country, not desiring to remain there without his permission

Q Whether he had not been in England, and whether he was not in the pay of that Government?

A That he had never been there, that England always granted him pecuniary assistance, and that without such aid he had not the means of subsistence. He added, that his reason for remaining at Ettenheim no longer existing, he intended to reside at Fribourg, in Brisgau, a more pleasant town than Ettenheim, where he had only remained because the Elector gave him permission to hunt, of which he was passionately fond

Q Whether he kept up any correspondence with the French Princes in London? If he had seen them for some time?

A He had kept up a correspondence naturally with his grandfather since he had left him at Vienna, whither he had conducted him after the disbanding of the corps of Condé, that he had also maintained a correspondence with his father, whom he had not seen, as far as he could recollect, since 1794 or 1795

Q What was the rank he held in the corps of Condé?

A Commander of the advance-guard before 1796. Previously to that time he was a volunteer at the head-quarters of his grandfather, and on every

occasion, since 1796, commander of the advance-guard After the army of Condé passed into Russia this army was formed into two corps, one of infantry and the other of dragoons, of which he was appointed Colonel by the Emperor, and in that rank he rejoined the army on the Rhine

Q If he was acquainted with Pichegru? Whether he had any communication with him?

A I have not, I believe, ever seen him I have had no communication with him I knew that he desired to see me I am proud not to have known him, after the base means of which, it is said, he has made use, if it be true

Q Whether he was acquainted with the Ex-General Dumourier, and whether he had any communication with him?

A Not at all I have never seen him

Q Whether, since the peace, he had not held a correspondence with persons in the interior of the Republic?

A I have written to some friends who are still attached to me, who have fought by my side for their own interests as well as mine Such correspondence is not of such a nature as, he thought, they meant

"From this examination the present document has been drawn up, which has been signed by the Duke d'Enghien, Chef d'escadron Jacquin, Lieutenant Noirot, two gendarmes and le capitaine rapporteur

The examination being terminated, the Prince earnestly asked the *capitaine rapporteur* the mode of obtaining an audience of the First Consul He was advised to state his demand at the end of the examination, which would be laid before the judges, and upon which they must necessarily pronounce The Prince wrote, in consequence, the following words at the foot of his examination —

"Before signing the present *proces verbal*, I entreat to be allowed a private audience of the First Consul My name my rank my mode of thinking, and the horror of my situation, lead me to hope that he will not refuse my request

(Signed) "L A H DE BOURBON "

The *capitaine rapporteur* then went back to the apartment where the commissioners were assembled, and having communicated to them the result of the examination, they deliberated on the propriety of acceding to the request just made by the prisoner, but Savary declaring that it would not be agreeable to the First Consul, they decided on passing immediately to judgment

The president therefore gave orders to bring in the Duke d'Enghien, and at the same time, also, part of the officers assembled at Vincennes General Savary was also present, and stood warming himself at the fire-place behind the chair of the president

The Duke d'Enghien having been brought in, General Hulín put those questions to him contained in the decree of the Government, namely — Whether he had borne arms against the Republic? Whether he had been, and still was, in the pay of England? Finally, whether he had taken part in the plots laid by that power against the internal and external security of the Republic, and against the life of the First Consul

"The Prince," General Hulín said, 'presented himself before us with a noble confidence He admitted that he received pay from England, that he had made, and was ready again to make, war on the Republican Government, to sustain the rights of his family, and of his own rank As to secret plots, and particularly plots of assassination, he denied them with vehemence, as a species of insult, declaring to the judges that such a mode of acting was so wholly contrary to his rank and birth that he was surprised it could be imputed to him

The General, however, expressed his incredulity of the Duke's ignorance of these plots, alleging as a reason that very rank and birth to which he had just appealed, and concluded thus — "By the manner in which you answer us, you appear to mistake your position Take care, this affair may become serious, military commissions judge without appeal"

The Duke d'Enghien remained silent for a moment, and then replied, "I

can only repeat, sir, what I have just told you. Hearing that war was declared against France, I solicited from England a command in her armies. The English Government sent me for answer that they could not give me one, but that I was to remain on the Rhine, where I should soon have a part to play, and I waited. This, sir, is all I can tell you.

This answer of the Prince closed the examination. The president, Hulst, ordered the accused to retire, and the commissioners preparing to commence their deliberations, General Savary, and the other officers who had been present, retired also.

The consultation was not long, the Prince, as has been seen, did not deny having received pay from England, that he waited, on the banks of the Rhine, the part which might be assigned him by that power, that he had borne, and was ready again to bear arms against France, finally with regard to the conspiracy against the life of the first Consul they would not believe notwithstanding his denial of it, that he knew so little of a project so beneficial to his family and himself, nor that he felt so great a repugnance to means which they had observed were employed by other members of his family, finding, therefore, in the very admissions of the Prince together with the documents in their possession relating to the conspiracy, a sufficient answer to the questions conveyed in the act of accusation they unanimously declared him guilty of the crimes laid to his charge, and condemned him to the penalty of death incurred by those crimes.

This sentence having been delivered, the president, Hulst, immediately gave notice to General Savary and the judge that they might take the necessary measures for its execution, and himself drew up a statement, concluding in these words:

"The Commissioners having ordered the foregoing declaration to be read over to the accused, and having asked if he had anything to add in his defence, he replied he had nothing further to say."

"The president ordered the accused to retire. The council deliberating with closed doors, the president collected their votes, beginning with the lowest in rank, the president reserving his opinion till the last. The Prince was unanimously declared guilty and condemned to death."

Ordered, that the present sentence be forthwith executed, under the direction of the judge, after having read it to the prisoner, in presence of the different detachments of the garrison.

"Done, sealed and decreed, without dissent of the court, at Vincennes, on the day, month, and year here subjoined, and signed."

"P. HULST, &c. &c. &c."

"This day, 30th Vento (year VII of the Republic,
2 o'clock A. M."

While the President Hulst was drawing up this sentence of condemnation, General Savary and the judge had concerted measures with Huel for its execution. The court and the esplanade being crowded with troops, it was resolved to conduct the Prince to the moat of the Castle, and for this purpose, Huel received orders to give all the keys and necessary directions, as well as to send for a labourer to dig the grave intended for the condemned. A gardener named Bontemps, living in the Castle, was sent for. Bontemps having descended into the moat with his spade and pickaxe, thought, in order to save time, that he would make use of a hole which had been dug the day before, at the foot of the Queen's pavilion, in the middle of a small wall, for the purpose of throwing in rubbish, and, in order to light himself, having placed a lantern with many candles, on the little wall, he had begun digging the grave to a proper size. At the same time, General Savary ordered a parquet to be got ready for the execution, and gave directions to march down into the moat the different detachments of the garrison who were to be present.

The arrangements being thus completed, Huel returned to bring forth the Prince. At the close of his examination, the Duke d'Anguin had been reconducted to his prison by Lieutenant Norot, who, having heard in the interval, who the prisoner was, had made himself known to him, as having

formerly served in the regiment of Royal Navarre cavalry, and as having sometimes seen him at the house of the Count de Crussol, his colonel reminding him also of some particular circumstances which occurred at that period.

The Prince, who in the midst of the danger in which he stood preserved an entire presence of mind, conversed tranquilly with him, asked him what he had been doing since that time, what rank he now held, and whether he liked the service. While they were thus conversing, Harel entered, accompanied by Brigadier Aufort.

In a voice of emotion although without announcing what was about to take place, Harel begged the Prince to follow him, and, with a lantern in his hand, preceded him in the court and the different passages they had to cross. Lieutenant Noirot followed them, together with the *gend'armes* and Brigadier Aufort. In this order they arrived at the Devil's lower, which then, as at the present time, contained the only outlet to the ditches of the Castle. The Prince, seeing the narrow and crooked staircase by which it was necessary to descend, asked, "Where are you leading me? If it be to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would much rather die at once." "Sir," replied Harel, "have the goodness to follow me and call up all your courage." When they reached the foot of the staircase, they followed the ditches for some time as far as the Queen's pavilion and having turned the angle of this pavilion, they found themselves in front of the troops, who were seen by the uncertain light of some lanterns. A party of them was detached, for the execution. At this moment a fine cold rain was falling.

The adjutant who commanded the detachment advanced holding in his hand the sentence of the military commission. On hearing that he was condemned to death, the Prince remained for a moment silent, then addressing the group before him, he requested to know "whether any one there would render him a last service." Lieutenant Noirot approached him, and the Prince having spoken to him in a low voice, "*Gend'armes*," said he, turning round "this is my one among you a pair of scissors." Receiving a reply in the affirmative the scissors were passed from hand to hand, and given to the Prince. With them he cut off a lock of his hair, wrapped it in paper with a gold ring and a letter,* and entreated Lieutenant Noirot to convey the packet to the Princess Charlotte de Rohan Rochefort.

The Duke then asked for a priest to confess him, but was told there was not one either in the Castle or the village, and that it was impossible to send for one. Upon receiving this reply, he prepared to die, and recommended his soul to God. After a moment of secret prayer, the Duke advanced a few steps, the party of soldiers placed themselves before him at the proper distance, and the adjutant having ordered them to fire, the Prince fell motionless, pierced with many balls.

It was now about three in the morning. The body of the Prince was hurriedly dressed just as it was, to the grave which had been prepared for him, and which was covered over again with earth a foot high. In one of his pockets was found the Journal to which we have referred, and which was sent to Bonaparte, together with the little packet intended for the Princess, which Lieut. Noirot felt it his duty to place in the hands of Gen. Hulin.

All being now over, while General Savary was giving the necessary orders for the return of the troops to their barracks, the members of the commission, and Brunet, the commander of the squadron, returned immediately to Paris. The latter went to give an account of what had taken place to Murat. Murat, who was capable of appreciating courage, manifested notwithstanding his conviction of the Prince's guilt strong emotion, and his wife, who was with him, shed tears. Little did he think, while he lamented the death of the Duke of Enghein, that he should one day experience a similar fate himself. Shortly after the departure of the commissioners, General Savary and the troops departed, and Vincennes was again restored to its accustomed silence. Harel then wrote to the Minister

* The exact time when this letter was written is not known, nor what it contained. The probability is, that it was written between supper time and his going to bed and that it conveyed to the Princess the news of his arrival at Vincennes.

Real, an account of what had passed. After he had written this letter, and as soon as day began to dawn, he went to the *trattoria* who had supplied the Prince's repast the evening before, to pay for it, and to relate the details of the important event which had taken place during the night.

In 1816, a commission was appointed to proceed to Vincennes, to disinter the body of the Prince in order to its being transferred to a chapel in the Castle. They examined before them Jean Baptiste Blancpain, a retired brigadier of gend'armie. He was ordered by General Savary to proceed from the barracks of the Cistercians, Rue de Petit-Musc near the Arsenal, to Vincennes, with the gend'armie in which he served. Upon his arrival there he was placed in charge of a prisoner of great importance, who he since learned was the Duke d'Enghien, and was placed as sentinel at the top of the staircase of his apartment. He accompanied him twice to the Pavilion called De la Porte du Bois, in which the council of war was held. After the sentence General Savary placed him in the foss under the bridge of the Porte du Bois, at the foot of which the execution took place. He was witness without, however, being able precisely to distinguish what passed, except that he heard General Savary (who stood on the outer side of the foss,) twice or thrice repeat the order to Adjutant Pell to command the detachment to fire. There was no other light than that of a lantern with many candles, placed at some distance.

Immediately after the Prince had fallen the gend'armes approached the body and carried it, dressed just as it was, into the foss prepared behind a wall of about five or six feet high which served as a depot for rubbish. The grave was immediately closed. The Prince was dressed in grey pantaloons, hussar boots, white neckcloth, having on his head a cap with a double gold band, which was immediately thrown into the foss. He had two watches, one of which only was brought away by a gend'arme to General Savary, the other was found with him, as well as the jewels which he had on his fingers, one of which was a brilliant.

After the following witnesses had been examined viz, Bonnetlet, who dug the grave, M. Godard, a cannonier of the 6th regiment of artillery, who supplied the pickaxes and shovels, and Madame Bon, schoolmistress to the children of Madame Huel, the Commissioners proceeded to dig up the grave. They discovered successively,

1st A gold chain with his ring, which Chevalier Jacques recognized to be that constantly worn by the Prince. This chain, and the little non keys which accompanied the silver seal mentioned below, had been previously pointed out to us by Chevalier Jacques, the faithful companion in arms of the Duke, who was confined with him in the citadel of Strasbourg, and who was only separated from him when the Prince was conveyed to Paris, because he was not permitted to accompany him.

2nd An earring, the other could not be found.

3rd A silver seal, with the arms of Condé encrusted in a mass, in which we recognized a small non or steel key.

4th A morocco leather purse, containing eleven gold pieces, and five of silver or copper.

5th Seventy gold pieces, ducats, florins, and other coins, forming, apparently, part of those which had been remitted to him by Chevalier Jacques at the time of their separation, enclosed in *rouleaux* of red wax, of which some fragments were found.

They found also some fragments of his apparel, such as two boot-soles, and fragments of his cap, bearing still the impression of a ball which had pierced it. These remains, as well as the earth which surrounded them, were collected with the bones, and placed in a leaden coffin.

The coffin was soldered down and enclosed in one of wood, with this inscription on a brass plate, "Herein is enclosed the body of the high and mighty Prince, Louis Antoine-Henri de Bourbon-Condé, Duke d'Enghien, Prince of the Blood, and Peer of France, who died at Vincennes, March 21st, 1804, aged 31 years, 9 months, 19 days."

ETON SCENES AND ETON MEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR HOOKWEIL

If in that hour a single tie
Survive of local sympathy
My soul will cast the backward view
The longing look alone on you !

WORDSWORTH on School

THE Eton Montem ! What an associating name, and what in enchanting sight to many thousands ! First, there are all the old and middle aged men of the earth who were educated at Eton—statesmen, bishops, law dignitaries, country gentlemen, fellows of colleges, members of Parliament, with clergymen and barristers *ad infinitum*—just think, even with the bills of mortality before our eyes, what numbers have escaped as yet the ills that flesh is heir to, and then with these set down in a number which no man could count, the still greater multitudes who have been spectators only in that scene where the others were active participators. Add to these the generation that has more recently bid adieu to Eton—think of their Montems, and the multitudes attendant on them, and then take into the reckoning the nearly seven hundred boys now at Eton, with all their connexions, and the number of spectators that gazed upon their Montem, and then truly we may say that the Eton Montem becomes a national matter—an affair worthy to be headed by the Queen and the Prince, and from every corner of the land some *viva* in favour of its continuance must arise.

Whatever may have been its origin, whatever more barbarous custom it may have superseded, albeit a once religious ceremony has become a gorgeous spectacle of flaunting gaudy—who that has ever been a partaker in its mirth can say that there is an atom of harm belonging to it ? but rather, will not hail it as a pleasant remnant of good old English days yet clinging to us, despite the modern philosopher, the sour politician, and their miserable jargon of political economy. O yes, here we go, juvenile as Lord Palmerston,

‘ Whang ! bang ! ting ! ting !
With a whiz, and a buzz and a hum and a cling,
Which is heard by Chalvey, and Datchet and Upton,
Is striking four by the clock of Lupton,
And those who went full early to bed,
Thinking of feathers, and coats of red,
And had slept with their boots and cocked hat on a chair
And fancied in dreams that ‘ the Duke ’ stood there,
Peep out and wonder, and well they may,
That they are still a bed upon Montem day ! ’

But now we must change our tone, and relate our recollections that cling faithfully to the name of Montem, and that dearer name of Eton ! What a magic word ! Well did Richard West, when recalling the scenes of early friendship to the recollection of his Etonian friend Gray, exclaim, “ the very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view ! ” Well did Matthews, in his beautiful *Diary of an Invalid*, note the cricket-match

at Rome, "Eton against the world and the world beaten in one innings, and well does D Israel applaud Eton to the very skies, even in his random picture of Eton life and Eton Montem. And when Cowper sat down to indite his *Tirocinium*, suppose we that for a moment he could have thought upon Eton and Etonian kindness and humanity? oh no, he had Westminster too vividly before his excited imagination, and it is recorded by the commentary of the world that Westminster boys never meet in after life on the same congenial terms that ever amalgamate in heart and soul the scions of "Henry's holy shade." We will safely aver that the truest portion of Gray's melancholy ode on a *distant* prospect of Eton College, is that which records the mental oasis of life's wilderness, the looking back even from "bitter scorn and "grinning infamy," to happy hills and pleasing shade, with the certain and welcome sensation,

"I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wings,
My weary soul they seem to soothe
And, ridolent of joy and youth
To breathe a second spring

Well do we remember our first parting from the bosom of a large family, and from the precincts of "hound and horn, of ancient hall, for that bugbear place of youthful minds, a school. The journey had been borne with more than fortitude, even with boyish bravery and nonchalance, of the same kind with which a child consents to have a tooth drawn who *has never had one drawn before*, until our arrival at the Christopher Inn where a dense throng of boys surrounded the chaise and four—and in quick succession came introductions to dunces and tutors, the putting with a father, and the first sleepless night in a room crowded with boys at Dame Slingsby's, amid numerous questions as to name, lineage, father's profession, under the consciousness that any sulkiness would procure a good cuffing, any slip of the tongue a nickname for school-days existence, and under the fear of certain well-known tricks being played on self and bed, during the dark and melancholy hours of night. No hours in after-life can be more painful than a boy's first introduction to a school.

But Eton, dear Eton, you soon smile upon your happy victim. It is dreadful uphill work before he successfully encounters the arduous routine of education, and well is it for him that a "first fault" is sacredly followed by a free pardon. But then, among the motley group of young boys are some who are "new boys" like himself, and many others who cherish a gentlemanly and generous spirit. In this little world are found those who do not like to see others "put upon, and very soon some manly fellow will take your part, and see you righted. Moreover, you soon find some boy of kindred sentiment with your own, and then a friendship is formed and what will not this pure and gentle friendship effect in your cause? Your companion will point out the lesson to be learned, will learn it with you, will walk and play with you, perhaps he sleeps in the same room with you, and then you gain confidence indeed. After awhile, your circle widens none treat you roughly, or as a new comer, and you have only to remember to be kind and merciful in your turn.

I was fortunate in this respect. There were two boys, and what was vastly to my advantage, they were sixth-form boys, to whom (for I will now speak in the singular number) I had been recommended. The one was John Louis Petit, who is now writing so skilfully on architectural subjects, the eldest son of L. H. Petit, Esq., late M.P. for Ripon, and the other that son of genius and kindheartedness, the late William Muckworth Pried, M.P. Petit was a large-grown and healthy lad, and one whose physical strength at once shielded and protected me. He willingly gave me the use of his "name," that is, if any other boy of the sixth or fifth form wished to tag me at cricket or in any other way, I had only to say "I was tagging for Petit, whether really so employed or not." And if my word was disputed, it was Petit who was to feel offence, and seek revenge. But there is great honour at Eton on this point, and the use of a "name" is as good as the Bank of England, or a ticket from O'Connell amid the bog-trotters of ould Ireland. Pried was a different man altogether. He was very slimly made, not tall, and pale and cadaverous-looking, with rather large glassy eyes, and these sad eyes weakened and reddened with excessive reading and writing. But then he was the cleverest one in the whole school—among the sixth form boys he was *facile princeps*—he set the fashion too of certain colloquialties to the whole school—and moreover, he was conducting that very clever periodical, so well known as the "The Etonian." In short, Pried and the *Etonian* was a later edition of Canning and the *Minuteman*. And then he was good-humoured, gay, and pleasant to a degree, and even when a wicked punster in school hours handed to him the following *jeu d'esprit* on his own name,

"Warped in body, warped in mind
Warped in name as you will find."

his observation was, 'Very impudent, but very clever,' and he handed on the scrap of paper with much glee. Of course Pried had a host of friends and when he took a decided interest in me (for my father and his uncle were the oldest friends) all his friends and acquaintances also looked on me with a favourable eye, and among these were many stalwart fellows, some perhaps tyrannically inclined, but all of whom it were better to count on as being for you than against you. Petit was reckoned very clever also, so under the protection of these two mighty ones in their "new generation," I soon found myself comfortably settled, and could write home volumes of happy things to my delighted family.

But more than all this, I could clasp to my heart that prodigy of prodigies, that extraordinary miracle in Uncle Toby's eyes, a friend. O! Jean Paul says truly, "Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all, if the accomplished and most amiable authoress of "Blue Stocking Hall" (Mrs Wilmot of Clifton) echoes the sentiment of Jean Paul when she writes, "those who love a few best will love all most," then, Alexander William Wellesley Leith! in loving you with warmth and sincerity, how must I have embraced as brethren the whole human kind. Leith was the eldest son of Sir George Leith, Bart., and his uncle, Sir James Leith, had borne a brave and conspicuous part in the Peninsular War. At the siege of Badajoz, Wellington must have been greatly indebted to the skill

and gallantry of Sir James Leith. The father and uncle of my friend were both generals in the British army, and I believe the clan of Leith, as a Scotch clan, is now nearly extinct. But never has it been my lot, in all my intercourse with mankind, since leaving Eton, to meet with any one at all approaching the nobleness, talent, and real benevolence of Leith's character. How we first became acquainted, I cannot now remember, but from that first hour up to the very last of my sojourn of nearly eight years at Eton, we were the very marked Pylades and Orcestes, the genuine Nisus and Euryalus, of the school. Yes,—I feel confident Leith would have risked his life for me, and I am sure I would very cheerfully have laid down my life for him. It was not the romance of friendship, but the true answering of heart to heart that cemented our affection, and in those young days it was pure, unadulterated, and sincere. Leith was vastly my superior, and I beheld him with admiration, he saw something in me that he loved, and thus he singled me as his bosom companion out of a number of nearly six hundred boys. So great was our attachment that the approach of the holidays became almost a subject of regret, and my long journey homeward, with all its delightful anticipations, was somewhat saddened because Leith was not with me. As Bishop Patrick says, "I felt but half a man without my friend." And then on my return to Eton, the first endeavour was to find out if Leith had arrived—or, if we met by good chance at the inn at Slough, how joyous was our meeting, how much had we to say, how much to resolve on doing. We cared not for the rude and boisterous games of other boys, but we loved long and difficult walks into various portions of the country, and above all to roam far and wide through Windsor Park, to watch the deer, the hares, the squirrels, and other creatures at their gambols. On one pastime we were united with other boys and that was rowing in boats upon the Thames. This "pulling in the boats" is a great and healthy recreation at Eton. It is, *par excellence*, the aristocratic and the manly recreation. Timer boys play it cricket in the summer, and hockey in the winter, but the manlier youths pull in the boats during the summer, and play at football in the winter. Leith was a youth of uncommon prowess, and the most athletic in the school. I speak of him for the few last years he was at Eton, and he was a noble fellow indeed. Like Napoleon among his marshals, none other could approach him in feats of strength and skill. About five feet ten inches in height he possessed singular depth of chest, and vigour of limb. It was said that no model in Jackson's sparring-rooms in London surpassed the symmetry and robustness of his arm. In that day, pugilism was at its height—and Spring and Langan were in training near Virginia Water, and many of the superior pugilistic contests took place in the neighbourhood of Eton. The Marquis of Worcester, now Duke of Beaufort, used then to walk arm-in-arm with Spring, who was a finely-made, Roman countenanced looking fellow—and Colonel Berkeley (now Lord Segrave), the unfortunate Pea Green Hayne, and many other sporting characters of *ton*, were accustomed to assemble there, and of course Eton boys would catch the spirit of the age, and go to see these fights, as well as lay their bets on them. Moreover, there was Cannon, the Eton bargeman, an object of great attraction to all young Etonians, and he was to contend with one Joshua Hudson, a noted pugilist in the

London ring. When he returned from his successful contest, no Roman conqueror was ever more triumphantly received, for every street in Windsor was blocked up as though the whole tide of population from all parts had flowed in, and he was borne on stilts and shoulders amid the dense masses and their loud huzzas the king and dictator of that vast mob. Leith and myself, and nearly the whole school, caught the reigning infection of the day and never were we happier than when we could steal away in chaise and four, a merry and crowded party, to witness a first rate fight at Colnbrook. And we may be pardoned this, when it is recollected that Oxford herself leanned and pious Oxford, was not free from the contagion, for when I went up to be matriculated, well do I recollect the compliments made by the stud tutors of the numbers of young men who had craved leave of absence, some to meet relatives, some feigning domestic afflictions, some obliged to meet their London dentist, but all going to Chichester to witness the second contest for the championship between the Silurian born Spring, and the Hibernian Langin.

Now Leith was well formed for practice in all athletic exercises, while I was more slender in form, but not without a high spirit. Leith and myself had rigged our way up the school, ever keeping near from the lower fourth even to the sixth form, and we worked our way not without distinction. Leith especially, was a beautiful Latin verse writer, and several of his compositions were read before the assembled school, and some verses of my own on the stile subject of angling, wherein I caused the angler to hold converse with his tiny captive —

‘ And when he fun would pull thee out
 God help thee then, thou little trout,
 To pull old Isaac in.’

rendered me notorious for the introduction of a sort of humour and wit into Latin verse, and loud were the plaudits, incessant the peals of laughter, and which the excellent Doctor Keble read out my selected lines from the elevated rostrum. Leith was in ecstasies during this performance, and more pleased than if he had written them himself, and to this day I have his good-natured, clever eye sparkling before me with delight, though his eyes are now perished in the cold and hard grave!

Leith soon became everything to Eton. No Beau Brummel ever exercised such a sway. No one at all came near to him in personal appearance and few in intellectual power. How well will the present Earl of Burlington then the clever and accomplished Cavendish remember him, and the Duke of Buccleuch, the most amiable of beings, and his brother, Lord John Scott the bravest and most daring of all Eton boys. The Marquis of Douro and Lord Charles Wellesley were very fond of Leith, and in short, the whole school looked upon him as a kind of admirable Crichton. O when he entered the huge upper school room, wherein all the boys were seated on each side what cheering, what shouts of gratulation rose. There is a peculiar time at Eton, on a Sunday between the chapel services when the boys all meet, while the head master reads to them from the Spectator, or some other work of that order, at which time they have licence to express approbation or disapprobation.

tion of any upper fellow-scholar—and if there be a tyrant he gets a tremendous hooting and if there be one who is peculiarly liked for his manliness and kindness, he is applauded till rafters beams, and all shake again. I do think I have seen Leith applauded for a full quarter of an hour, the reiterated bursts becoming louder and louder, and I, as the friend of Leith, his very shadow, have often come in for a share of the honours popularity. As may be expected, in our day, there was much imitation of the great world in the little world and therefore pugilistic contests were not uncommon. At one time these boyish encounters were strictly forbidden and the consequence was that a boy, on a sudden quarrel with another, stabbed him with his penknife in such a manner as to bring on ultimate death. There is a monument in the chapel on which the circumstance is related. After that painful event the system of boxing was no longer forbidden. With Leith there was no one in his later years at school to contend, and for myself I abhorred it, but still, when dragged into a contest, went through with it in the best manner I could. There was a boy named Biggs, the son of a great Wiltshire courser and sportsman, with whom I used most frequently to contend, for he would not let me alone, and I scorned to cull in Leith's majestic and yet Biggs and myself were good friends, for he was naturally good-natured, and I should like to meet him again. One circumstance which led me into an encounter may just here be related. The young Lord Rothes had been particularly put under my care for I was high up in the school, and vested with authority. His guardian was the present Lord Devon, who was at that time Mr Courtenay, and who was acquainted with my father, and I had also known Lord Rothes when with a private tutor, before he went to Eton. Now on a certain day, when a great Caledonian festival in honour of St Andrew takes place, the Scotch boys at Eton celebrate the day at a large dinner, and to this dinner the young Lord Rothes sought admittance, but was refused admission by the Duke of Buccleuch and others, on the score of the inappropriate marriage of his mother. This nettled the irascible young Lord, and he instantly came to me. On my interference, sharp words passed between the Hon Mr Ashley and myself, and the surrounding boys soon cried out "a fight, a fight" and led the way into the pugilistic arena, the playing fields. There I was victorious after an arduous and spirited combat, for young Ashley was a lad of true courage. Lord Rothes, who is now deceased, was a good-hearted daring fellow, but once imprudently and thoughtlessly cut through the enormous rope by which the heavy barge on the Thames is drawn, and the barge floating down from the Blooms across the bridge, was placed in imminent danger, and it was said his lordship was obliged to pay a considerable sum of money in the arrangement of matters.

Though never liking pugilistic encounters, and not being of that tough and hardy genius to bear punishment from the fists of a fellow-mortal yet still if good could be done when a fight could not be prevented, or when being unfairly conducted, I did not flinch from the line of duty. An instance of this latter I will relate. Once on going accidentally into the playing-fields, I beheld the usual circle of boys, and heard the shouts which proclaimed the existence of a contest. On getting up to them, I found not very many present, and the most unfair work going on. One of the combatants was the

present Earl of Hillsborough, then a "new boy, and the other was a commoner of long standing, and who held what might be called rather a "blackguard" reputation among his schoolfellows. But, in this case, he had assembled his friends around him, and all, with the exception of a very few, evidently wished to see the young lord beaten, merely because he was a lord, and well to work the commoner went, as though he had particular carnal satisfaction in drubbing one of the aristocracy. I perceived how matters stood, and it was near the end of the fight. The young nobleman was being beaten, but seemed resolved never to give in. There he was, sitting on his second's knee, the second himself pale and fearful of being attacked, yet faithful to his principal, his face one clot of blood, and becoming exhausted every minute. The friends of the other called "time" just as it suited their combatant, sometimes hurrying it on if they saw his opponent suffering, and, *vice versa*, sometimes delaying it. I was so struck by the heroism of the young lord, that at once I determined on supporting him, and stepping into the ring immediately had it cleared out, and set him on my knee. This was as a godsend to him—it cheered him, while it struck terror into the others—and he rallied so as to contest three or four rounds with considerable energy. Had I appeared sooner, he would have beaten his opponent. I verily believed, but matters were too far gone, and instead of prolonging a useless contest, I gave in for him, and took him safely home to Luckel's house, which was near, and saw him attended to. I then left him, and as the upper boys rarely knew very much of those below them, though all lower boys knew the upper, I know not whether I ever came in contact with him again, but some while after I left Eton he became the pride and flower of the school in all athletic matters, and could beat as many braggarts as could stand before him—indeed, he could easily clear Windsor bridge of them, and enter the very barges themselves in pursuit of fugitives. Since a melancholy occurrence at Christ Church, Oxford, wherein the Hon. Mr. Osborne was injured fatally, in a mere sportive wrestling match, I have little doubt but that any exhibition of his giant strength has been in abeyance. But he is a fine fellow, and when he bide defiance to the advance of O'Connell and his repeilers into the north, the protestants of Ireland cheered him as though he were a demigod sent to lead them on to certain victory, and monster, as O'Connell is, physically speaking, the gallant young earl would have loved to throw Ireland's king a summons that would have mystified his ideas of repeal for a season more than all the sound law of Mr. Attorney General, and caused him, to use a favourite expression of his own, to grin like a brass plate upon a coffin.

Of course it was always expected that Leith would superintend any affairs of honour that arose out of feuds that boys invest, like other children of larger growth, with singular importance. This he did in the most humane way. One unfortunate circumstance, however, occurred just at the close of his Etonian career, which cast a heavy gloom over the whole school and neighbourhood. A very handsome, spirited little boy, named Ashley (the *fourth* son, I should suppose, of the Earl of Shaftesbury) quarrelled and fought with another boy named Wood, son of Colonel Wood, M.P. for the county of Brecon, and who is now, I believe, the member for Middlesex.

Wood was a lad of noted courage, and taller than young Ashley, but perhaps not much stronger. The fight was a fur one, and very long, but at length young Ashley was carried off the ground in a kind of stupor, caused from some flow of blood to the head from over-exertion, and after being put to bed at his tutor's house (the Rev Mr Knipp's) he died. Leith had wished him to give in, but he would not, and other lads urged him to continue. Of course this melancholy result led to an inquiry and coroner's inquest, and on finding a verdict of manslaughter by the jury, young Wood was arrested as a principal, and Leith and others as seconds. They were bailed out in heavy recognisances to appear at the Aylesbury assizes, and Leith repaired to Lillies, the seat of Lord Nugent, near Aylesbury, there to abide the time. On the morning of the assizes all were all put to the bar, accompanied by Lord Nugent and the members of several leading families, but no prosecutor appearing against them, they were acquitted. Indeed, it would have been no distraction to the Shaftesbury family to have sought anything like revenge or punishment, for nothing could replace their lost son. That dreadful result of fighting is often in my mind, although I had left Eton just before it happened, and I have the look of that brave boy with his cheerful manners and handsome countenance, ever before me as freshly as though I had seen him but yesterday. His brother my antagonist, was greatly affected, and I heard that he sought a commission in a regiment that was about to proceed to Malta for the sight of his home and family *unaccompanied by his little brother*, would totally have unnerved him. All the Ashleys were boys of acute and benevolent feelings, but exceedingly high spirited in look and manner, and every one of them were beloved in the school. It was on behalf of this little fellow that Leith not long before, had chastised a man named Shutes, a circumstance that will be vivid in the remembrance of every old Etonian of that day.

I might relate much of Leith's feats of extraordinary prowess—how skilful he was in the sword exercise—how he beat the best Highlanders in Scotland at hurling the bar—how he traversed throughout France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy &c, challenging the students and others everywhere—how he walked fifty miles a day for many days, climbed mountains, rowed up before impassable rivers, and how he at last married a very amiable lady, and settled down in a beautiful cottage on Loch Lomond—although he used to say that a house at Athens, with a hill of vines rising behind it, was the acme of his wishes—but I must first say a word on the high and gifted powers of his mind and intellect.

It was the extraordinary power of his mind, combined with his unusual strength, that led me in the commencement of this account, to regard him as an "admirable Crichton," and in the days of the ancient philosophers, when vigour of body as well as of mind was held necessary for the character of a complete philosopher, Leith would have been considered as a Plato indeed. In our happy days, at Eton the fame of Lord Byron was at its height, Sir Walter Scott was publishing his novels, and his poems were in high request, and Moore's poetry was perused by every body. Leith, as well as myself, was a great reader, and we literally devoured Byron, Scott, Moore, and others, reading them at breakfast every morning, and

until late at night in bed. O how I have hated the summonses into school, when Waverley, or Guy Mannering, or Ivanhoe, or the favourite of all, Old Mortality, was to be relinquished. There was a very large Byronian party at Eton, of whom Leith, Kinglake, and myself, were the chiefs, and perhaps we used too much to *affect* Byronism—and sure I am that it would have been better to have been imitators or followers of Southey and Wordsworth. But the “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” had just come out, and who then could have courage to professudent admiration of the Lake Poets? Of that “Excursion, which was “my aversion according to the misanthropic Lord, Southey has spoken more in accordance with public estimation now, when he writes “Jeffrey talks of having written a crushing Review of the ‘Excursion.’ I desired my informant would tell him, that he might as easily crush Skiddaw. I believe, if we had fallen in with Wordsworth’s poems, we should have liked them, but somehow or other they did not cross our path, and not until I went to Oxford did I know the value of Wordsworth and Southey—albeit the Roderick and Thalaba of the latter had certainly been extremely admired by Leith, and Kinglake and myself. Leith wrote a most elegant poetical epistle to his aunt, Lady Fletcher, of Ashley Park Surrey, mother of the present amiable and Etonian baronet. and Kinglake penned a very superior monody on the death of Lord Byron, which appeared in the *Taunton Courier*. I shall never forget the effect of the intelligence of the death of Byron upon our little literary coterie at Eton. For days I could not learn a lesson with my spirit, and when his remains were lying in state in London, I wished to run away from school and witness the funeral procession. We felt as men would feel when a refreshing stream has ceased to flow, and they are parched with thirst without prospect of relief.

Poetry, history, and biography, were all read largely by Leith. We carried books with us, and read aloud in Windsor Park, in Stoke Park, and anywhere in the fields, always choosing some retired and romantic spot. Leith, I believe, was never punished by flogging, and yet very few at that time escaped the vengeance of the rod in the snowy arms of Dr Keble. He became so perfect a master of the Latin and Greek languages that he was never at fault in construing, and all his exercises, including his excellent copies of Greek fables, and his poetical translations of Greek choruses, met with the highest approbation of his teachers. His tutors, the Rev Mr Pluntre and the Rev Mr Okes, both men of known talent, will bear me out in this remark. After he left Eton, and while studying law at Edinburgh, he wrote some capital articles for Blackwood’s Magazine, as well as furnishing those pages with translations from the Greek poets, and this at the time when poor young Pice, of Hereford (an Etonian too), was enriching that Magazine with such singularly beautiful translations also of the poets of Greece.

And now my pen must desist awhile. If I have dwelt on bodily accomplishments as connected with the character of Leith, it is because they were in accordance with the spirit of the day. Lord Byron even celebrated a Jackson in verse, and Lord Byron’s friend, whom he thought incomparably of more genius than himself even Charles Matthews, who was drowned at Cambridge, he the learned and witty fellow of Downing College, had cherished thoughts of

going into training to compete with Dolly Smith in the London ring Thanks to the temper of this time, that pugilism is no more ! completely knocked on the head through its own bivery, and the barbarisms of its very nature What Scipios are it known now, I know not—whether the succession be continued or broken, I cannot tell I am sure I should designate them as “puny moderns” when the noble form of Leth arose in my recollection But to every *old Etoman* I would exclaim, in the words of Crabbe,

“Can you not, brother, on adventures past
A thought, as on a lively prospect, cast
On days of dear remembrance ! days that seem,
When past, nay even when present like a dream,
These white and blessed days, that softly shine
On few, nor oft on them—have they been thine ?

OLD TIME

BY GEORGE LINNÆUS BANKS

Time is a mighty old spirit abroad in the air,
And his footsteps are visible everywhere
He hath been on the mountain, all hoary with years
And left it bedew'd in an ocean of tears,
He hath clamber'd o'er turret and battlement grey,
And wrapt them in mantles of silent decay,
He hath swept through the forest and laid it a blow
The stalwart oak, chief of the leafy tribe, low
In it, is in nature the vast and sublime,
All speak of the visits of greybeard “Time”

He is a skeleton thing, with a countenance grim
All toothless his gums, and his eyeballs dim
A two-edged scythe in his link, honey-hind,
His scutcheon is a hatchment, and glass-ebbing sand
With trim of jewels, worm-eaten and black
And arrows unimpotent slung, at his back
He leaps with the lightning, and mounts with the wind
Destroying and scattering, before and behind
The sun dial's shadow, and old abbey's chime
Denote, with a warning, the mission of “Time”

He roameth, unweary'd by night and by day
A dumb, old foot pad, still tracking our way,
He fetcheth no dungeon, no judicial fate,
But plund'reth alike from the beggar'd and great
He nestleth with youth in its valley of flowers
And sporteth with love through the eagle wing'd hours
But the bald-pated laird and the tremulous knight
The most he delighteth with ever to be
While the wounded in battle, and the deepest in crime,
Beg a call from the mighty physician old “Time”

He mindeth the trifle both early and late
That lineth the road to eternity's gate
And passeth none by, shod with earth's clayey mire,
But he taketh the body as toll for his hire
The landee may sit in his richly carved chair
And the life's blood of insects and gnats gently wear —
And the monarch may rule as a god on his throne,
On the leirshold of ashes ' he maketh his own
But the spoiler at last round their strongholds will climb,
And “six feet of earth” be the conquest of “Time”

A RAMBLE THROUGH STYRIA, THE TYROL, AND ILLYRIA, IN 1841

BY C F FYNES CLINTON

CHAPTER III

The Tyrol its inhabitants, and its scenery — The Pass of Funstörung — Meran
— Trient — Lombardy — Venice

THERE are perhaps few people in Europe more interesting than the Tyrolese. Their loyalty and affection for their Emperor, and the ardour and courage with which they defended themselves against the French and Bavarians, have made their name famous in the history of Europe. This little province, containing only seven hundred thousand souls, under the guidance of the peasant hero, Hofer, successfully resisted the Bavarian yoke, attempted to be imposed upon them by French interference. We have seen, indeed, other mountaineers fight boldly for their rights and for liberty, but the case of the Tyrolese is a rare one. Their struggle was not for independence, but to return to the subjection of their old master. By being handed over to the Bavarian, they merely exchanged tyrants,—nay, I do believe their internal condition would have been benefited by the exchange, but they would not leave their Emperor. In his cause they used their utmost efforts, and shed their blood in his defence. The reverence of this people for their Emperor is wonderful, they speak of Franz with the love and respect of children for a kind parent. His brother, the Archduke John, uncle of the present Emperor, who headed them in the great war, is still governor of the province. He has married a peasant girl, and lives entirely among the people, by whom he is much and very deservedly beloved. And I firmly believe that there is not a more amiable family in Europe than the Imperial family of Austria. They watch over the interests of their vassals with a parental kindness, and do all to enlighten and civilize their subjects (at least the German portion of them) that the unfortunate form of government, which it has fallen to their lot to administer, will allow.

The southern portion of Tyrol, from a little below Botzen to the frontiers of Lombardy, is inhabited by Italians. Trient is the capital of this district, which is called Welsch-Tyrol by the Austrians. The people seem to pull rather with the Lombards than with the German Tyrolese, and are therefore not such trusty adherents of the Emperor as are the latter. But throughout Tyrol there appears to be a stronger infusion of Italian than of German blood, at least judging by the physical appearance of the peasants: the clumsy form, and heavy, sluggish features of the German, give place to the sparkling eye and more graceful figure of the Italian. The Tyrolese afford the best riflemen of the Imperial army, and the jäger regiments are chiefly drawn from among these hardy mountaineers.

Although, in the matter of grandeur of scenery, Switzerland undoubtedly ranks before the Tyrol, yet I infinitely prefer a tour through the latter country. *Die Schweiz* is so completely overrun

with travellers of all nations, horse and foot, that the character of the people is ruined. I do not know a more grasping, selfish, impertinent set of peasants than the Swiss, nor a more honest, simple, good-natured, and civil race than the Tyrolese. This, however, will in all probability not last long. In proportion as its valleys become more known and explored by the *English Lords*, so will the simplicity and honesty of its inhabitants disappear.

There are, after all, only two great routes from Innsbruck southwards through the heart of Tyrol. The one crosses the Biennin Pass, and then follows a branch of the Adige to Botzen, the other runs westward up the valley of the Inn for about seventy miles, then, turning to the south, climbs the pass of Funstermung, and descending the Adige, meets the former route at Botzen. Here united, the road follows the valley of the Adige by Trient and Rovereto, into the plains of Lombardy. By this road of Funstermung I determined to direct my march to Trient, one hundred and seventy-five English miles from Innsbruck. Passing up the valley of the Inn, which becomes narrower and grander as one advances, I reached Landeck, with its old castle, and turning to the south, entered the pass of Funstermung. It is a wild, narrow gorge. The road is carried over the foaming river by a bridge, with a tower and gateway at one end, and then climbs by a steep ascent to Nauders, a village in a high plain, about four thousand feet above the sea, near the sources of the Inn and the Adige. In the midst of the pass the Emperor has lately constructed a fort, which commands the road.

On leaving the plain of Nauders, one finds the streams running southwards to contribute their waters no longer to the Black Sea, but to the Adriatic. The view, as one descends from this elevated point, is splendid. Right before me lay the Ötztal Spitz and his gigantic neighbours, their snowy peaks glittering in the blue and cloudless sky. The best point of view is from Mals, a most picturesque village, with many church towers, and an old castle. A few miles below Mals begins the new road, which the Austrian government have lately carried by the Stelvio into Italy. This grand route crosses the ridge of the Ötztal Spitz, at a height of 8850 English feet above the sea-level. It is, consequently, the loftiest road in Europe, and it is also one of the safest and the best. Avoiding this route, I held on by my left, through a not very fertile valley, inclosed by sterile mountains, until I descended, amidst chestnut groves and vineyards, (the first I had seen since leaving Vienna,) to the curious old town of Meran, the ancient capital of Tyrol.

Meran is a charming spot, with its old churches, gateways, and arcade-sided streets. The situation is lovely—in an amphitheatre of mountains, whose sides are fringed with orchards, and with vineyards, and open out to the south, where the fertile valley of the Adige conducts to Botzen. A mile from Meran is the old castle of Tyrol, romantically perched among the hills, and commanding one of the most delicious views in the world. Botzen is a pretty, Italian-looking town, at the junction of four valleys.

One of the fairest scenes in Europe is the valley which leads from Botzen to Trient,—forty English miles of admirable road. It was on a glorious day, towards the middle of August, that I wended my way down this fine valley. The mountains are bold and craggy, and the vale, watered by the Adige, is filled with the richest ver-

ture The broad leaf of the Indian corn mingles with the bright foliage, and the ripening clusters of the vine The transition from Germany to Italy is singularly abrupt I dined at Neumaslet, about twelve miles down the valley, in Germany, and among Germans I stopped for a glass of wine at St Michael, a little farther on, and suddenly found myself in Italy, and among Italians Not only the language, but the features of the people, and the construction of their houses, is of another land, and this abrupt transition occurs in the same valley, along a direct line of road, without any natural division between the two nations I confess I found it a relief to exchange the rough and guttural *Deutsch* for the sonorous Latin

Trient, or Tiento, is quite an Italian city There is a fine fountain in the large piazza, some good churches, and the castle is a handsome pile The neighbourhood is beautiful Here I finished for the present the walking part of my tour, and proceeded in a *vettura* to Rovereto The road lies along the Adige through much the same sort of valley as that between Botzen and Trient The following day I went forward to Verona in a similar conveyance The road still follows the Adige, but the rugged mountains here close upon the river, leaving nothing but a rocky gorge This was the scene of some of Napoleon's fighting in his Italian campaigns, and I was much amused at the way in which my *vetturino* an old, sun-burnt rascal recounted to me the affair, in which he said that he had borne a part He pointed out the spot where Napoleon had stationed himself during the greater part of the action, and told with glowing cheek and kindling eye, how the French and Italians had beaten the Austrians out of the country, and sent them, broken and flying, through the pass The *Tedeschi*, whom he called dogs and *barbari*, met with very little mercy at the hands of the worthy Lombard Indeed, there is but small affection for the Austrian rule in any part of the Italian dominions of the Emperor It requires the presence of eighty thousand bayonets, and the constant watchfulness of a lynx-eyed police, to repress any little aspirations after liberty in a population of little more than four millions The greater part of the Italian troops are judiciously transported to Vienna or Hungary, while the sturdy infantry of Bohemia, the hussars of Hungary, and the Austrian artillery are considered to be a safer guard over the volatile spirit of the Italians Everything that can debauch and enervate the minds of the inhabitants is resorted to in the great towns, yet every measure of precaution is not always sufficient to chain down the spirit of man, and some who have had the imprudence to inveigh against the kind watchfulness of the paternal government, have been consigned to prison The published accounts of one or two of the survivors have informed the world of the treatment experienced by the prisoners In spite of the terror of the police, Italians of all classes, in Milan, in Venice, and in Verona have spoken to me in no measured terms of the Austrian government, which, however gentle it may be towards its German subjects, and however popular among them, has but a small share of the affection of its Italian provinces, who seem to look upon themselves as conquered states, held by a victorious army

It may be asked, what business have I, or any stranger travelling in Austrian Italy, to meddle in the relations of the government? Only this,—that when I see a fertile and populous province misgo-

verned, unquiet, and discontented, as a man, and a native, thank God! of a free country, I cannot help feeling sympathy for the inhabitants. It is, doubtless, a difficult task to govern well a people of different race, language, and habits from their rulers, yet it may reasonably be doubted whether such an iron rule as we find in Lombardy is necessary for the preservation of those provinces. The French, at least, managed these matters better. The affection of the Italians for the French is just as great as their hatred of the Austrians. No Frenchman can speak in warmer terms of admiration or reverence for Napoleon than do the Italians. The reason is obvious. He taught them to consider the interests of both nations as one,—to identify their fortunes and their glories with those of the Empire. Whatever happiness or glory the Italians have achieved of late was gained when they were protected by the sheltering wing of the French eagle, and to France, in any European convulsion, they would again attach themselves.

As I had visited this part of Italy in the previous year, I did not tarry long amidst the rich plains and populous cities of Lombardy, but passing rapidly through Verona, and taking a hasty glance at its magnificent amphitheatre, and at the beautiful piazza and noble palaces of Vicenza, I arrived, at daybreak of the 23rd August, at Mestre, and embarked for Venice. There lay the wonderful city, appearing to float upon the still waters, its spires, and domes, and towers glittering in the beams of the rising sun, but the charm of the island city will soon be dissolved,—the spell is about shortly to be broken. A railway from Milan to Venice is in the course of completion, a bridge and embankment, of five miles in length, will connect Venice with the mainland, and the hiss and scream of the steam-engine will be heard amidst the halls of the doge's palace and the domes of St Mark.

CHAPTER IV

Aquileia — Journey through Illyria. — Valley of the Drave — Hofer's house —
Return to Innsbruck — Arrival at Munich

I LEFT Venice by the steam-boat in the evening, and at sunrise of the following morning we entered the picturesque bay of Trieste. I remained some time at this handsome and oriental-looking city. It is rapidly increasing in size and importance, and if ever the line of railroad is completed, which is intended to connect this place with Hamburg, Trieste will rival Marseilles.

Having determined to explore the site of the once famous Aquileia, I walked one day from Trieste to Monfalcone, twenty miles along the gulf. The road winds along the face of the cliff, among terraces of vineyards and olives, with a fine view to the left over the Adriatic. I could see Trieste, with its castle and harbour, and background of mountains, and the high coast of Istria, indented with numerous bays. The road soon ascended the hills, and gave me a view into the interior of Illyria, a desolate, sterile country. The Julian Alps, above Laibach, closed the prospect to the north and east. Monfalcone is a pretty little town, with mineral baths, and a comfortable inn. It was formerly a place of strength and importance under the Venetian republic. The old castle crowns a barren

hill, the last in this direction. The mountains here recede from the coast, and the fertile plains commence. Upon these plains, about ten miles south-west of Monfalcone, stands Aquileia, commanding the entrance to Italy. Modern Aquileia consists of a few houses scattered amidst the fields, with here and there the fragment of an ancient wall, or pillar. One column stands alone, tall and large, in a corn-field. The church, whose lofty tower is seen from Monfalcone, is an ancient temple, the pillars are of white marble, but bad in style and proportion. It is probably in the palaces of Venice that we must look for the stones of Aquileia. So convenient a quarry would not be neglected when the inhabitants moved thither, and, indeed, this is the only way in which we can account for the almost total disappearance of so large a city, which was existing as a strong and populous place so late as the middle of the fifth century.

Either the ancients had a more complete method of draining than their descendants possess, or the whole face of the country is much changed in the present day, for we continually meet with the sites of great and once-flourishing cities in the midst of pestilential plains. Aquileia, Pæstum, and even Rome itself, are instances of this. For my part, I should be sorry to pass a night either at Pæstum or Aquileia.

One day in the middle of September I left Trieste by the *calmagen*, in order to see something of the interior of Illyria. This province contains a million of inhabitants, chiefly of Slavonic race. It is as rugged and mountainous as Styria, but the valleys are not so fertile. Between Trieste and Laibach, in particular, which is a day's journey in a carriage, the country is extremely barren, and destitute of water. The mountains, however, are rich in mineral productions. In this neighbourhood is Idria, one of the largest quicksilver mines in the world, and at Adelsberg, not far from Laibach, is the famous grotto, into which a road runs for ten miles, following a river which is lost there and reappears finally on the other side of the mountain.

Laibach, or Lubiana, is a respectable town, with a castle on a hill. Here we stopped for the night, and went on next day to Mahsburg, which we reached in eighteen hours. The country all the way is very pretty—wooded hills, prettily-shaped mountains, and comfortable-looking villages. There are, however, robbers in this district, particularly between Laibach and Trieste. Guard-houses have been established by the government at intervals, and parties patrol the roads day and night. Bears and wolves are found in the mountains. A reward is offered by the government for every wolf's head. Last winter, a priest was proceeding in his sledge, accompanied by his servant, from his own to a neighbouring village, the wolves coming round them, he shot one, and dismounted to drag it into the carriage, in order to claim the reward. The horses, taking fright at the wild animal, (it was a bright winter's night,) galloped off to the village, and the unfortunate priest was devoured by the wolves.

The situation of Mahsburg is very pretty. It stands on the north side of the Drave, whose banks here are steep and wooded. The river is crossed by a wooden bridge one hundred and seventy yards long. The country round is varied and fertile,—the town completely German-looking,—plain white-washed houses, with high tiled roofs, and not a single building of beauty or interest in the whole place. The same may be said of Graetz, the capital of Styria, lying

in a large plain, about forty miles north of Mahsburg. The Slave population of lower Styria are quite as ugly and as sombre in their attire as the German inhabitants of the upper provinces.

Having visited Graetz and Mahsburg, I determined to make my way up the great valley of the Drave, and to cross by the sources of that river into Tyrol, and so over the Brennen to Innsbruck. Finding a conveyance about to proceed to Clagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, as the Northern Division of Illyria is called, I took my seat among the passengers. The vehicle is a *stellwagen*, a sort of omnibus, which barely accomplishes five miles per hour, but I have often found such conveyances very amusing, as affording an insight into the manners of the people. On the present occasion we had a motley collection of passengers. I found all of them civil and good-natured, and one or two very agreeable companions. The Drave hereabouts rolls his dark and rapid waters through a confined valley, inclosed between wooded mountains. There is an air of neatness about the white-washed houses of Lower Styria, with their thatched roofs and pretty gardens, which is far preferable to the dirty, squalid appearance of the Italian villages. We halted for the night at Unter Drauberg within the confines of Illyria, and the following evening reached Clagenfurt. The valley of the Drave expands between these two places, and the road following the high ground, gives one a grand view of a fine chain of mountains to the south.

Clagenfurt is one of the nicest looking towns, and its inhabitants the most civil and hospitable, that I have met with in any part of the Austrian dominions. The streets are wide, clean, and handsome, there is a fine *platz* or public square, and the buildings have quite an Italian aspect. The population is about twelve thousand. The town lies in a spacious and fertile plain, which is inclosed by wooded hills and lofty mountains. The views on all sides are charming. All around are agreeable walks, and altogether I was so much pleased with this spot, that I lingered many days to enjoy it, and left it with regret. From Clagenfurt I sent forward my baggage to Innsbruck, and pushed on, once more free as the air of the mountains, to prosecute my adventures on foot. The direct distance before me was one hundred and sixty-five English miles, but a circuit which I took, in order to visit Hofer's house, made it not less than two hundred and fifty.

September 25, I gaily buckled on my pack, and, wishing a hearty good-bye to my kind friends at Clagenfurt, I stepped off on my way up the fine wild valley of the Drave, a country seldom visited by Englishmen, or indeed by travellers of any description, as the deserted appearance of the roads fully testified. Indeed, the roads themselves although in other respects in admirable condition, presented a forlorn aspect: they were completely grass-grown, save a small track in the centre. This district is but scantily peopled, and I hardly met anything, in a march of many days, except now and then a solitary peasant, stretched at full length in his low, light cart, in which they rattle along at a great rate. It is, however, a country that well repays the trouble of a visit to the lover of mountain-scenery,—if indeed it be considered a trouble to ramble all day in the fresh air and bright sunshine, and to pass the evening among an honest, rustic peasantry.

My walk lay for about four hours, after leaving Clagenfurt, up

the margin of a very pretty lake, then, entering a romantic defile, the road descends upon the plain of Villach, where it rejoins the Drave, and remains by that river to its source. The road is everywhere beautiful, sometimes shut in between the rugged mountains and the foaming torrent, at others winding through spacious and fertile valleys. The situation of Lienz, in a plain of this description, is very pleasing. It was in this plain that the Carinthian chivalry were cut to pieces by the Turks in the fifteenth century. On the fifth day's march I reached the sources of the Drave. Nothing can be more beautifully wild than the mountain-ridge to the south, which forms the barrier of this shoulder of Italy. The bare, craggy, and snow-capped peaks form a singularly picturesque outline. The road after this descends a branch of the Adige to Brixen, in Tyrol, from whence I started in search of Hofer's house. I first walked up the wild valley of the Eisach to Steining, on the Innsbruck road, and then made over the mountains to the left. The path (where visible) lies right over a steep ridge, and through a pine-forest. Nothing can be more wild and majestic than this scenery. After losing my way two or three times in the forest, I at length reached the mountain top, where, a storm of rain and snow coming on, I became regularly puzzled as to my direction, and was not without apprehensions of pitching over some of the precipices around me, whose depths I could only guess at by the roaring of the streams which rushed down their rocky sides, now buried in mist. I began to repent of not having taken a guide, till, after remaining some hours on the mountain, I heard the tolling of a bell below me, and the mist partially clearing, I discovered Hofer's church in the valley, and reached the house in the dark in a tremendous thunder-storm, after wandering twelve hours among the hills.

Hofer's house, Sand, is now, as in his time, an inn, such as inns are in the wild valleys of Tyrol. It is unchanged in appearance, and is inhabited by his daughter and her husband. It is a complete rustic peasant's house, with large projecting eaves, and spacious wooden balconies. It lies in a deep and lonely glen, where there is but just space for the house and a roaring torrent, which dashes by it. The church, and the other cottages that compose the village, are scattered along the valley. The inhabitants of this district, Passeir, are the finest peasants I have ever seen. In a group of a dozen of them at the door of the inn, there was hardly one under six feet. Their features are uncommonly handsome, and their looks free and fierce, like the Spaniards. Their quaint, but becoming, costume sets off their straight, muscular forms to great advantage. I do not wonder at the French finding it no easy matter to contend with such light infantry as these. I remained a whole day in the valley of Passeir, rambling about this, to me, most interesting spot in all Tyrol, and listening to many a stirring tale from the heroes of the immortal struggle against the French.

From Sand I wound down a lovely valley to Meran, which I reached in four hours, and thence by the old ground to Botzen, then ascending the romantic valley of the Eisach, by Brixen, I crossed the pass of the Brennen, and once more entered Innsbruck, October 7th. It was time to cease campaigning in the mountains, as the weather was breaking up rapidly, the snow already covered all the higher ridges, adding much to the grandeur of the scenery.

I do not know whether I have yet mentioned a characteristic of the Tyrolese peasant, which is met with universally in this country, I mean the strict discharge of all the duties of their religion. The moment the bell of a neighbouring village announces the hour of noon, the labourer in the field lays aside his spade or his scythe, and, uncovering the head, gravely recites his prayer, the party at the inn-door cease their noisy mirth, and join in devotion. It is an impressive sight when, in one of their rustic inns, the family and their guests at the supper-table rise and chaunt their grace, the host taking the lead, and men, women, and children joining in the prayer. As one walks through the Tyrol, one meets here and there large numbers of peasants going to a fair, or some other meeting in the neighbourhood. They invariably chaunt as they walk, the men first, bare-headed, giving out their deep sonorous notes, and the women following, and chiming in with their treble pipes. I never saw such a country for crucifixes and images: there is one at the corner of almost every field.

At Innsbruck ended the pedestrian part of my tour. I had walked over more than seven hundred miles of beautiful scenery, and I now put myself into the *eilwagen* for Munich. Taking the Landeck road for some distance, we turned to the right through the mountains, and entered Bavaria by one of the most lovely passes I have ever met with. A journey of twenty four hours from Innsbruck brought us to the capital of Bavaria, and into a flat, dull, and uninteresting country, in every respect differing from that in which I had been rambling for so long.

Munich and its King are among the wonders of modern Europe. In support of this assertion, I need only observe that Munich in 1812 was a shabby town, containing a population of 40,500 inhabitants. At the present moment it numbers little short of one hundred thousand, and contains a splendid picture-gallery, a gallery of sculpture, a noble palace, churches filled with costly marbles, gilding, and mosaics, porticos adorned with frescos, a magnificent theatre, handsome streets and squares, a university, library, and other fine public buildings, and all this the work of the present King. The splendid Pantheon (the *Walhalla*) near Regensburg, the improvements at Baureuth and at Regensburg, and the Ludwigs canal, connecting the Danube with the Rhine, are additional proofs of the King's zeal for the welfare of his country.

There is, however, little that pleases me in the Bavarians. They are a coarse and an unintellectual people, addicted chiefly to sensual pleasures, while their national history is one of the worst in Europe. On two notable occasions have they deserted the common cause of Germany, and attached themselves to the French, with the view of benefiting their private interests, and they glory in the manner in which they turned upon their former friends, when they found the day going against them, and in having on the field of battle poured their fire upon the French, in whose lines they were drawn up. The Germans are undoubtedly a great, and an enlightened people, and there is much warmth of heart and kindness of feeling in their domestic relations with each other, nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that we English are apt to rate them too highly, and that our admiration of their fine literature has become quite a German mania. Much of that dreamy speculation and false philosophy

which abounds in their literature is, doubtless, attributable to the limited range which a strict censorship of the press allows to their genius, debarring them from all present, tangible, and political transactions, and driving them to the realms of fancy. But why is this restraint permitted? I quarrel with the Germans, because they are for ever talking of themselves as the greatest, the most enlightened, and the most civilized people in the world, and boasting that it was the infusion of German blood into the various provinces of the Roman empire which made Europe what she now is. For my part, I am unwilling to concede so much in favour of the heathen savages who desolated and ruined Europe in those dark ages, nor do I think it speaks much for the present enlightenment of the German people, that a nation, counting thirty-four millions of souls, and capable, if united under one constitutional government, of being, what it now fondly imagines itself, the head of European states, should allow itself to be trampled under foot by a dozen different despots, who misdirect and waste her resources for their own petty and selfish objects.

A SUMMER EVENING

THERE is a magic in the dewy close
Of summer's eve, which o'er the senses
throws

A melancholy spell,
Tears then unbidden flow
For loved ones not below,
A sacred, soothing woe,
For some that early fell

Then not in sorrow's wild extreme,
But memory's soft and hallow'd dream,

Those visions floating by,
Draw from its shrine the crystal tear
Which speaks their memory still most
dear

To those they fondly loved while here,
And love perchance on high

Perhaps the friends of early years,
Long mourn'd in silence and in tears,
Look from their seats of bliss

If seraph spirits e'er can know
Aught passing in this world of woe,
Surely they turn their thoughts below
On such an eve as this

Sacred and soothing is the thought,
With heavenly consolation fraught,
That still they may behold,

And from those orbs of purest light
Crown'd with immortal glory bright,
Though veil'd awhile from mortal sight,
With us communion hold

It must be so! else what the power
That in this lone and pensive hour
Instils its secret balm?

That gently checks the breathing sigh
That wipes the trembling tear drop dry,
That points our hopes to rest on high,
And o'er us sheds its calm?

Dear is the thought that sever'd love
Shall reunite in heaven above,

In purer, holier ties,
That when the dreaded day shall come,
That ruthless summons to the tomb,
Joyful the soul shall hail the doom
That calls her to the skies

Oh! from thy cloud-girt throne
Immortal power look down,
And guide my wand'ring feet,
When time shall be no more,
Oh! gently waft me o'er
To some far distant shore,
Each friend in bliss to meet!

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE

BY J FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON"

CHAPTER XXII

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

IN our last number we left the impatient reader at the door of the Commons House of Parliament, while we went to solicit for him a Speaker's order of admission to the body of the House

With recollections of the power—somewhat profanely called the *omnipotence* of Parliament, we felt so much oppressed that a sensation of uneasiness, amounting to nervousness, at the prospect of being introduced to this august assembly, overcame us

We imagined how venerable must be the aspect of these six hundred and fifty lawgivers of the Lower House, and three or four hundred of the Upper, upon whose will, made *law*, depend the lives, liberties, and properties of the people of England

Regarding each individual Senator as the representative of the thousandth part of the men, women, and children of this empire and its almost ubiquitous dependencies, standing, as it were, *in loco parentis* to a large small family of two hundred thousand or so, of electors, non-electors, colonists, and their dependents, throwing the weight of his vote into the scales, in which tremble the fate of nations, by his "Ay, Ay," proclaiming all the horrors of war, or by his "No, No," restoring to desolated nations the blessings of peace

Considering all this, I say, we anticipated the awful majesty, the grave aspect, the deliberative silence of this tremendous assembly, men in all the honours of silver hairs, grave deliberation, and authority unlimited

St Stephen's Chapel is, perhaps, hardly worthy its high position as the place of meeting of the most powerful branch of legislation of these countries, but, on the other hand, it is passing rich in associations, which redeem the defects of narrowness of space, and inadequacy of accommodation

There is little to see, to be sure, within its small circumference, but how much was there to think of, in connexion with it!

Here stood the very walls, once adorned with Scripture histories, the choicest in design and workmanship that those remote ages could afford, there the altar, richly decorated, where cowed monks ministered, there stood—there yet stand, and for ages yet to come will stand, the cloister, whose "lonely round" the tenants of the place paced in solitude and seclusion, there, walking in the stillness of evening, we catch a passing glimpse of some flickering shade, and lo! a holy father flits across our path and disappears

The monks are fled, and a new dynasty busies itself in their now populous retreats, instead of

"Repentant sighs and solitary pains,"

now the chapel resounds, not with anthem, or the silver bell of holy vesper hour, but with the tongue-strife of contending factions, emulous of power, its luxuries and dangers, the passionless, world-wearyed calm of the place has fled, and envy, jealousy, hope, fear, and all the swelling emotions of active public life usurp their peaceable retreats. The world of the future retires in favour of the world of the present: the statesman grave, patriot, severe, the placeman servile, complaisant, sly, the desperate political adventurer, the swarms of hoppers, waiters upon Providence, hangers upon power, are now busy in their several vocations, now popular rights are contended for and against, and liberty begins to struggle into life.

Instead of pealing anthems, the ear is now stirred with pealing laughter, instead of incense, you have abundance of toadying, man-pleasing, and hero-worship, instead of homilies and sermons, you have prate equally tedious and unprofitable.

Indeed, we should be sorry to deny, that there may be at this day in St. Stephen's a monk or two in disguise

THE LOBBY

The green-baize covered door, at the distant end of the lobby, guarded by a very tall doorkeeper with a very pale face, and a very short doorkeeper with a very red face, is the entrance to the body of the House. For the accommodation of the two doorkeepers are two comfortable leathern chairs, in which, during the lingering hours of interminable midnight debates, lulled by the sounds "by distance made more sweet," of the Honourable Member on his legs, these gentlemen sleep intermittingly. When the House is assembling, indeed, they are rather busy than otherwise, the very tall doorkeeper having his hand on the door is fully occupied in flinging it open, as Members in quick succession make their appearance. The very short doorkeeper is exclusively engaged in deciphering, through a pair of tortoise shell spectacles, the backs of letters, which he keeps perpetually poking into the hands of Members as they arrive. Cards and verbal messages are also intrusted to the very short doorkeeper, who, as the very tall doorkeeper seems designed as the doorkeeper of figure, I venture to conjecture is the doorkeeper of parts.

For the accommodation of the Members, a passage is kept clear—a sort of alley through the living lines of mob with which the lobby is crowded. Here, in the front rank, among the most idle and curious of the spectators, I took a place to view the Members proceeding to their places.

Of the assembling Senators, few were permitted to pass through the lobby to the House without a tapping on the shoulder, or an arrest from some busy body, who, rushing through the crowd, captures his representative and leads him triumphant to a dark corner, where the Member and his constituent lay their heads together, the one detailing with great volubility what it is evident, from the earnestness of his manner, he considers of the highest importance, the other, with a smile of bland acquiescence, leaning his head on one side, though there may be little or nothing in *that*.

A brisk dapper Parliamentary agent seizes a committee man of an election, or one who has the carriage of a private bill, and addresses

himself to the Senator's private ear. An influential constituent from some immaculate borough, grasping his representative by the button, reminds him, that his (the constituent's) son is now in town, waiting for the Government appointment he (the Senator) promised faithfully to procure, and entreating his instant application to the Minister on the youth's behalf. The M P winces, looks everyway for escape, and indulges in a declamation, in which the words, "I assure you solemnly," "upon my sacred honour," and "you may rely upon me," are frequently reiterated, notwithstanding these repeated protestations, the constituent looks, we are ashamed to say, rather sceptical, and of imperfect faith, evidently pressing for prompt payment. The captive M P suddenly affecting to recollect a man whom he never saw before, at the other end of the lobby, seizes the outstretched hand of the constituent, shakes it hastily, swears what he will do, and how he will do it, then rushing towards the imaginary dear friend in the crowd, lets slip from between his teeth as he passes us a suppressed but emphatic execration.

Now slowly saunters up the populous alley, a Lycurgus in patent leather boots, coat of surpassing cut, exquisite waistcoat, glossy hat, clouded cane, and a cataract of black satin. He lingers on the top step leading into the House, taps his boot repeatedly with his cane, passes his hand carelessly through his curled locks, gives a pitying glance of mingled wonder and contempt upon those who are admiring him and repeating his name or title to one another, yawns, heaves a sigh, taps his boot, looks vacantly about, evidently not very well knowing what to do with himself. Soon he is accosted by a Solon of the same class, they listlessly inquire of each other what's on to-night, find out that the House will be occupied with a debate on the distress of the country, mutually determine that it is a "cursed bore," and, arm in arm, lounge away together.

A thick-set, coarse-featured, clubbish-looking man, with a vast number of rolls of parchment, in which he seems to take great pride, stowed away under his arm, now leisurely saunters along the lobby. He is a manufacturer out of, and a law-maker in, the House, and both in and out of the House deals largely in rustian. He is a popular Member of Parliament, and is entrusted with a great many petitions from all parts of the country. He walks into the House, deposits his precious burthen, and comes out again, walking up and down among the promiscuous beholders, with the air of a man who has gained popularity, and deserves a statue of brass at the hands of a grateful country.

While these, and a variety of other characters are passing across the stage, the scene suddenly changes, a messenger of the House, recognizable by his badge, the royal arms in brass suspended from his neck, enters the lobby, crying with a loud voice,—*"THE SPEAKER!—THE SPEAKER!"*—"Hats off!—Hats off!" is now the cry, "Take off your hat, sir!" exclaims a constable, keeping his hat on his head, "Silence, there, if you please!" shouts another, with more noise than that of all the crowd put together. "Make way there, for Mr Speaker, gentlemen, if you please!" from a third, who is himself the leading obstruction of the place. Silence is observed, hats are doffed, a thoroughfare through the crowd is made from the Speaker's private apartment.

The first Commoner in the world—for such by the courtesy of England, and the law of precedence, is Mr Speaker—at length makes his appearance, preceded by the Sergeant-at-Arms, in a plain court suit of black, bearing the mace—"that bauble," as Cromwell termed it

Mr Speaker is dressed in plain clothes, with a silk gown, a full-bottomed wig, and carries a little cocked hat in his hand, a train-bearer carries a corner of his gown, holding up a great functionary's tail being considered in England of the last dignity and importance

Mr Speaker having glided into the House, the Chaplain enters in full canonicals, the doors are closed, prayers are read, and Members who care less for praying than for business, as some men forget the grace for the meat, congregate in the lobby

Among them is our friend, who informs us, that as soon as the Speaker takes the chair it is his custom, on the application of Members, to affix his signature to a certain number of orders for admission, called *Speaker's Orders*, which entitle the holder to admission below the galleries, and *within* the body of the House One of these orders our friend having speedily obtained, returned, and desiring me to follow him, we entered the House by the green baize door, handing the order for examination to the very short doorkeeper, who having put his spectacles on nose, looked at the order, pronounced it "all right," and for the first time in my life, I found myself on the floor of the House of Commons

THE BODY OF THE HOUSE

We advanced, however, only a little way, not having passed the "BAR," which forms the boundary, beyond which "*strangers*," on no pretence can be allowed to proceed, and which is drawn across the House when Counsel are heard, or offenders against the privileges or dignity of this great assembly are called thereto This formidable bar, of which one has heard so much, is neither more nor less than a bit of stick, not so thick as an ordinary bed-post, covered with baize, and sliding backwards and forwards in a groove, as occasion requires

Turning to the right, in front of the leathern chairs occupied by the Sergeant-at-arms, or his deputy, we take our seats, *mine* by courtesy, *my friends* by right, these seats are in no respect different from those occupied by the Members generally, being, indeed, only supernumeraries, filling the space below the galleries, that would otherwise be vacant

When I had thus comfortably taken my seat, without the trouble, annoyance or expense of canvassing, polling, charring, and paying election bill,—serious drawbacks on the pleasures with which many a new Member reposes upon these much-coveted benches,—I ventured to look around, and contemplate the "collective wisdom," THE ASSEMBLED COMMONS OF ENGLAND

Judge my astonishment and surprise! instead of finding that gravity, solemnity, and dignity always associated in my mind with the weighty responsibilities, and almost boundless power of that House, to find the Senators "*potent*," but assuredly by no means "*grave* or *reverend* Signors," running round the galleries like a parcel of wild rabbits, in at one door, out at another, scrambling over benches

like schoolboys when half-holiday is proclaimed, crossing the floor of the House from the Treasury to the Opposition benches, and *vice versa*, gathering in twos and threes, talking, laughing, scraping their feet, lounging on the seats, and indulging in other such like un-senatorial demeanour.

Around and below the bar was collected a noisy and exceedingly idle group, of law-givers of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts, scions, for the most part, of noble houses. Some rejoicing in the husute honours of the "moustache," others of a pale and sickly temperament, others with the "blasé" expression of men long "upon town," but, with few exceptions, men evidently more devoted to the enjoyments of this life, than oppressed with any serious idea of its duties.

One of these gentlemen I observed handing round a new puzzle snuff-box, another amused himself by displaying a patent flum for bleeding horses, which excited great curiosity among Honourable Members, a third was displaying a new-invented cane, which he said had just "come out." An Honourable and learned Member, whose expansive face radiant with fun, and whose mouth seemed formed by nature for the continual emission of jokes, was keeping a group in a perpetual titter of half-suppressed laughter. Near him was a county Member, who looked like a schoolboy, explaining to another county Member, who looked like a fool, the various fortunes of a cricket match he that day had witnessed at Lords, between the Kent and All England.

In the side galleries, reserved exclusively to the use of Members, (that at one end being set apart for strangers, at the other for reporters,) were several Solons taking their ease at full length, in the body of the House some were reading newspapers or pamphlets, others talking, but the greater number moving rapidly from one seat to another.

The Speaker had taken the chair, the clerks of the House, three in number, in their wigs, were waiting at a table—the table, upon which lay the mace, some books, and two red morocco boxes, business was evidently going on, but the complication of noises was such as we shall attempt, but in vain, to describe.

"Hum drum—dium hum—dium dium—dum—dum—Sir, I have the honour to present a petition from—buzz, buzz—hum, hum,—(coughing, sneezing, scraping of feet, talking.)—signed by seven thousand five hundred and twenty inhabitants of—drum, drum—hum, hum—buzz, buzz—dum, dum—(noises defying the minutest powers of analysis, scraping of feet, and talking only distinguishable)—DO LIE ON THE TABLE, THAT OPINION SAY AY, CONTRARY, No,—buzz, buzz—hum, drum—Sir, I have the honour to present—(awful scraping, murmuring, gossiping, tattling through the House, and audible laughter at the bar.)—praying for a repeal of the—hum, drum—dum, dum, boom, boom, bizz, bizz,—great, important, influential constitu—he! he!—buzz—hum—(complication of noises now totally drown the voices of the presenter of petition)—ORDER—ORDER—BAR—BAR—(especially addressed to the legislators in patent leathers.) DO LIE ON THE TABLE, THAT OPINION SAY AY, CONTRARY, No—hum, dium, boom, boom, bizz, bizz—MR SADDLEWORTH—buzz, buzz—Sir, I have to present a petition from—ORDER,

ORDER—landlord and tenant—(a chaos of incongruous noises, rendering the Honourable Member totally inaudible)—Lie on the table, SAY AY, CONTRARY, No—buzz, buzz—drum, drum

LORD GRANBY SOMERDALE Sir, I have the honour to present several petitions from—hum, drum—buzz, buzz—scrape, scrape—praying for an inquiry into—fizz, fizz—buzz, buzz—BAR, BAR!—ORDER, ORDER!—(inextricable inattention, noise, tattle, and confusion)

There is nothing in the interior aspect of the building, now temporarily serving as the House of the Assembled Commons, that can detain us long. The apartment is simply a parallelogram, fitted up with seats of the plainest oak, with green leathern cushions, the galleries are furnished in the same way, and are supported by square pillars, without the least pretension to ornament.

The interior is more akin, in the style of its fitting up, to an independent chapel, or other dissenting place of worship, than anything else we can call to mind for the purposes of illustration. The exterior is like a huge malt-house, the ventilators on the ridge of the roof aiding the resemblance.

This apartment stands upon the site of the Court of Requests, a well-known lounge for courtiers, politicians, place-hunters, and the busy intriguing mob that perpetually hangs upon the outskirts of a great legislative body.

Swift, Walpole, and many others of the gossiping spirits of their day, haunted the Court of Requests, and make frequent allusions to it in their correspondence.

As we have said, the interior is squab, plain, Quaker-like, and pragmatical to a fault, indeed, the sight of it levels a soaring imagination, and is miserably calculated to sustain the impressions of awe and veneration with which one for the first time enters the House.

The Speaker's chair, of dark polished oak, with a canopy supported upon fluted pillars, and sustaining the royal arms, alone relieves the monotonous tone of colour that pervades the House, the table, upon which lie packed a few volumes of books and journals of the House, and two clocks, one the House clock, the other for the accommodation of reporters, are the only furniture of this naked looking apartment.

The mace, and two red morocco boxes upon the table, are the only articles with which the most consummate utilitarian could find fault, everything else is plain to more than republican simplicity.

There is no peculiar dress or costume worn by members of the House upon ordinary occasions. The mover and seconder of the usual Address, in reply to the Speech from the Throne, at the opening of each session, are accustomed to appear in court costume, or military or naval uniform, or in the costume of the county lieutenancy.

When the House adjourns to wait upon her Majesty with an humble, or dutiful and loyal address, upon occasions of congratulation, the members who accompany the Speaker to the palace appear in full costume, and on these occasions the House presents a gay and somewhat splendid appearance.

On ordinary occasions, however, the House is in plain dress, the Speaker, and three clerks who record the proceedings, being distin-

guished only by wigs and gowns, and the Serjeant-at-arms, or his deputy, in a plaincourt-suit of black, with a mourning-sword by his side

Ceremony there is none, the only observable etiquette being, that members, on entering or retiring from the House, bow to the Chair,—not a formal bow, but a mere sidelong inclination of the head. On these occasions, and also whenever, which is perpetually, they choose to move from one part of the House to another, and when speaking, they uncover. On resuming their seats, they put on their hats, or not, as they think proper

4. BUSINESS OF THE HOUSE

By the time the presentation of petitions is concluded it may be half past five o'clock, the hour at which the Prime Minister usually enters the House

You observe that tall man, one arm on his breast, the other concealed under the skirts of his blue frock-coat, walking briskly up the floor of the House, without stop or stay. Now he bows gracefully to the Speaker, and takes his seat in the centre of the Treasury Bench, next to the Home Secretary. He looks round, and seems care-worn and exhausted, as if the official duties of the day were sufficient for him, without being in addition harnessed to those of the senatorial night. He is what most women and some men would call a handsome man, his features regular, his complexion clear, his hair fair, dressed neither above nor under the good taste of a gentleman. If you did not know him, you might imagine him a wealthy merchant, a prosperous manufacturer, or banker, his expression and manner approach more nearly that of one of the highest commercial class than of any other, that man is the Prime Minister of England

Yes, there he sits, the Premier, and we cannot help having a good stare at him

Not that he is more or less remarkable in point of physical stature than the generality of men—he is evidently neither an Irish giant nor Tom Thumb the Great, nor is there anything particularly statesmanlike in his air, manner, or expression. He is a prepossessing-looking man, with a letter-of-recommendation-face, and there's an end on't. He looks one of those men you would select in a stage-coach, or on the deck of a steamer, for advances towards a travelling acquaintanceship, satisfied beforehand that you would meet with a favourable reception

But when one contemplates the man's *position*,—when you come to consider how much is in his power for good and evil,—how much depends upon him,—what a large small human family look up to him, as to some presiding genius, upon whose will depend the alternations of public prosperity or distress,—when you think of the weighty interests intrusted to his vigilance and care,—when you recollect that, placid as he is, war may be proclaimed from those lips, and that arm, no longer than another man's, can reach the Antipodes in mercy, vengeance, or justice,—when you remember that to him, simple as he sits there, is delegated the patronage of the Crown of Great Britain and Ireland, and that the fates and fortunes of the aspiring intellect of England, in every way in which it can be exhibited as connected with public life, are more or less in his hands,—that a smile from that man is fortune, and his frown exclusion from expected

honours and coveted rewards,—I say, whether you regard the weight of his responsibility, the depth of his care, or the height of his power, you cannot behold the Chief Minister of England without some emotion, with which you are unaffected in contemplating any private man, of a station soever exalted

The Prime Minister swells beyond the circumference of ordinary mortals. He is not a man, he is a body politic. We do not behold a right honourable baronet, he is before our eyes a great governing abstraction. In royalty we regard the pride and pomp, but in him we see the *circumstance* of executive authority. Yet, great as he is, high as he is, above us as he is placed, he is, after all, the creature of the Crown, the humble servant of the law, the power that gave him power is yet more powerful than he, he is but as one of the *gens*, who in his turn is obliged to obey the spirits that obey him; he is tenant of power only at will, he holds all that his magnificent position bestows upon him, and enables him to bestow upon others, of the people of this country.

Recollecting that the power of a Premier is but the power of the public will, devolved upon one man, exercised by one man for the time being, we have a greater interest in him, he is nearer us, and all that concerns him is our concern.

The minister of a despotic monarch, responsible only to his master, the depository of his absolute power, and registrar of his sovereign will, this happy kind is a stranger to, and we cannot, therefore, determine in what light such an one would be regarded. We should behold in him only a courtier of a higher grade, and our regards, if analysed, would probably be made up of commingled hate and fear. The *interest* which a responsible minister inspires, the activity of individual censure and applause could never heighten the interest with which the career of a great statesman is here pursued by all classes and denominations of men, from the highest to the lowest,—from the most affluent to those who have nothing but an opinion.

But we forget that we propose merely to bestow upon the reader a familiar picture of the progress of a parliamentary night, and not to follow the footsteps of the noble author of an Essay on the English Constitution.

The Premier having taken his seat, order is restored, members take their places, and the House speedily subsides into something like repose. Now begin, in regular rotation, members who have questions to put to the right honourable baronet at the head of her Majesty's Government.

A good looking, well dressed, and rather dandyish style of man, young-looking, or at least not looking so old as a man should look who has taken a prominent part in public life for more than a quarter of a century, unexceptionable in air and manner, and with a reasonable share of the self confidence that, we are informed, pertains to superior minds, rises from the opposition bench, and propounds an interrogatory touching Servia, or Scinde, or some other of our more important foreign relations.

No great interest is excited in the House by the question, unless it be one of unusual importance, when a "Hear! hear!" may be heard from the back benches of the Opposition.

The Premier, rising with deliberate air, replies at some length, and

in a peculiar style, for, though replying, he takes care not to answer, unless he has *nothing* to say. In that case, he appears communicative enough, and, although his responses are occasionally mystificatory enough, his style is clear, and, whatever the *matter* of his reply may be, the *manner* never fails. *What* he says may not give complete satisfaction, but there can be no quarrel with the way in which he says either what he chooses shall or shall not be communicated. He weighs carefully every word, knowing it will have a wide circulation, and takes care that he will issue no light ones. If he seems to think it proper that the question should be largely entered into, he enters into it at large, but if, on the contrary, there is any doubt in his mind as to the policy of complete reply, he reserves his information, but in a deprecatory manner, studious to avoid the remotest possibility of giving offence.

Question follows question, almost always from the opposition benches, addressed to the ministers, in reference to matters connected with his particular department, for it is observable that no minister appears to know anything of the business pertaining to his colleague, and, indeed, an indisposition to afford information is the prevailing character of the Treasury Bench on these occasions. Sometimes it is not as yet fully informed upon the subject inquired into by the honourable member opposite, sometimes it will cause immediate inquiry to be instituted, and will communicate the result with the least possible delay to the House. Again, if papers of importance, or of no importance, are demanded, the Treasury Bench avoids to the very last moment laying them on the table. Sometimes, to communicate papers at present would not be expedient for the public service, at other times, the honourable paper-hunter is assured—the Treasury Bench is a great *assurer*—there is *policy* in that—that the moment the papers are printed the House will enjoy all the benefit their contents can afford the “collective wisdom.”

Sometimes a question is refused an answer, on the ground of want of notice. If an honourable member should ask something tantamount to “What’s o’clock?” without notice, the minister whose department it is to keep a watch cannot by any possibility know the “time of day” without notice, not having had, he says, notice of the question, with the most profound respect for the honourable member putting the question, he (the minister) declines answering the question. The inquirer then, rising in a pet, gives notice that on such a day he shall inquire of the right honourable baronet, the Secretary for the Home Department, “What o’clock it is,” and sits down, the secretary bowing attention to the speech of the honourable member.

Sometimes the question is irregular, sometimes irrelevant, sometimes impertinent. One or two captains, with foreheads of brass, and a *singing* tone of voice, that one would expect to find proceeding from metallic heads, make a business of putting questions, which, with no expenditure of brains, procures them a high-up place in the Parliamentary columns of the morning papers. Their questions generally arise out of a hypothetical paragraph in a country paper, as, for example, whether the right honourable baronet is aware of the storming of a round house in the West Riding of York by an armed body of men, and rescue of the only prisoner therein,—or whether

the right honourable baronet has taken any steps to avenge the insult offered to our national flag, in the person of a Plymouth bum-boat woman, who was boarded by the crew of a French frigate in Hamoaze, and who were bravely driven off by the bum-boat woman, with the loss, on the side of Britain, of a leg of mutton and trimmings

These, and a great many other questions, having been asked and replied to with great deference and suavity,—the Treasury Bench is supremely polite and deferential,—the preliminary business of the day is over, and the adjourned debate, which must be called business of courtesy, but which is, in fact, the most laborious idleness that can possibly be conceived, is resumed, generally by some plodder, or dull fellow, put up purposely to drawl his everlasting platitudes against time

This useful Member of the House, in pursuance of his duty, gets up, makes a bob of the head towards the Chair,—hems coughs,—hems, haws, coughs again,—looks at the array of documents he has displayed upon a vacant seat at his right hand, and begins,—the reporters in the gallery, of one accord, laying down their pens, taking snuff, and conversing one with another

This operation in the reporter's gallery is the best criterion of what you are to expect from the senator on his legs, whose stolid, undeveloped face, cropped head, squab, commonplace figure, and whose voice, like the indefinitely prolonged drone of a bagpipe, give sad presage of the infliction with which he threatens the House. There is a dogged determination in his face, his voice, his manner, that plainly tells you he means nothing less than two hours and a half of it. The majority of the House makes its escape, but, as the debate is supposed to be of importance, ministers are obliged, in decency, to remain, and now one can see at a glance that these high officers do not get their high salaries for nothing. Here they sit writhing in their seats, now from this side, now to that, as if the bench they sat on were at a red heat, now they write letters on their knees, or open little green and red boxes, with little gold keys attached to their guard-chain, or read despatches, or converse with one another in a low tone. The Premier, meanwhile, leans back on the bench, with difficulty keeping his eyes open, although maintaining, by continual effort, the aspect of attention, evidently present *only* in the flesh, absent in the spirit.

The proper proses on, the reporters mutter many a curse the members in the side-galleries roll a cushion beneath their heads by way of pillow, and at full length compose themselves to that sleep which the tone and manner of the orator makes inevitable.

The House becomes hot and sultry, and everybody in it exhausted, with that kind of lethargic apathy one feels, when having no employment of body or mind, in the dog-days. Our friend, having read the newspaper from end to end, and declaring he can stand it no longer, desires me to follow him. We steal out of the House by a side-door, and, after climbing sundry stairs, and threading intricate passages, find ourselves in a spacious, but naked, half-furnished, and common-looking chop-house, or coffee-room.

BELLAMY'S

Here are Members of the House seated on the tables, mounted on the rails of chairs, eating steaks or chops, sipping wine or brandy and

water, abandoning themselves without reserve to that ease and jollity that the consumption of good things seldom fails to inspire.

Business—house-business, that is to say—is never thought of, or the only connexion we at Bellamy's—for this is Bellamy's—have with the House is, an occasional inquiry whether that ass, dolt, fool, bore, &c &c—never uttered without the usual damnatory prefix—is still “up.” The answer in the affirmative is sure to be the signal for ordering more wine, or more brandy and water, or adjourning to the smoking-room, or the tea-room, there to remain till the talking nuisance below stairs is abated.

We returned, however, after enjoying a comfortable chop, served up in the plain English fashion,—and I need hardly say how very plain that English fashion is,—said English chop being usually raw in the middle, with a strip of solid fat round one side, like a tallow-candle six to the pound, served up in a half-cold plate, without gravy.

Such was the parliamentary chop at Bellamy's,—the attendant, when we asked if any vegetables were to be had, staring with that bewildered air with which a loyal man may be supposed to look when he hears treason uttered in his presence.

Of Bellamy's it is enough to say, that it in no respect has the advantage of an ordinary city chop-house, and to say thus much for it is by no means disparaging the concern.

THE HOUSE AGAIN

My parliamentary friend and myself having returned to the House by the little side-door, had the mortification to find that we had returned too soon. The mover of the adjourned debate was even yet upon his legs, maintaining the same interminable drone, with a pertinacity worthy a better cause; paper after paper he read, letter after letter from one of his constituents he quoted to the House, sentence after sentence he repeated, with a sweet oblivion of having given utterance to the very same words twenty times before, two hours and a half by Shrewsbury clock had this odious man kept hammering away, with just as much weariness or fatigue as a locomotive engine feels when dragging a ponderous goods' train. The House had disappeared, save a devoted band of brothers—enough barely to keep a House,—who slumbered on the benches in every variety of attitude, some on the broad of their backs, some with their heels above their heads, some with their heads down, and their hands leaning over the back of the bench immediately beneath.

The gentlemen in the reporters' gallery had, with few exceptions, fled, such as remained were dozing, one with his head lying back against the wall, his mouth wide open, as if to catch the blue-bottles crawling legs-uppermost above his head, another leaning against a third, who preserved an equilibrium by sticking his feet against the partition dividing the reporters' from the members' gallery.

If any man who thinks the Speaker extravagantly paid with five thousand pounds a year, had at this moment seen that unfortunate gentleman, with an air of anguished attention upon his brow, and patience tried beyond endurance in every line of his jaded and exhausted countenance, if he had seen him writhing in the chair, and casting

a half-indignant, half-imploring look upon the talker, saying as plain as look could say it, "Do you *never* mean to cut it short?" depend upon it that man would not submit to the same infliction, or undergo the same torture, for twice the money

If any man thinks it mighty high, and mighty and great to be a Parliament man, to take the oaths and his seat, to shout "Ay, ay, No, no," let him come here night after night with a Speaker's order, and when he retires night after night, jaded and out-worn, from listening to speeches such as we are suffering under now,—speeches that, like the other world, are not merely incomprehensible but eternal,—be assured he will feel, that to do his duty in that House, to attend to its business as he ought, is no ordinary toil, no easily dischargable duty

At last the honourable *bore* begins to get hoarse, he has spit out the last pip of his last orange, and begins to intermit his endless twaddle, he makes full stops, and labours to say something he has said twenty times, the twenty-first time, but in vain, he finds himself "pumped out," still he is unwilling to sit down, he looks round, and, accustomed to find the House asleep, takes no notice, but rummages his papers for some more nothings. At last, when voice and matter fails, with a refinement of cruelty we could hardly have anticipated, he declares that, being "unwilling to trespass upon the time of the House," (a derisive laugh from the House, and a painful smile from the unhappy Speaker,) he concludes, recommending what he has said to the attention of ministers, and the country. Then, at last, sits down as great a blockhead, as consummate ass, as impenetrable an example of unblushing ignorance, and stupid self conceit, as ever, like a nightmare, depressed the faculties and the senses of a too-enduring body of men

The House awakes, yawns, coughs, stretches itself, rises, runs about from one seat to another, like men recovering from the mesmeric sleep, the patient Speaker looks round, careful to catch the eye of one of the many competitors for the honour of inflicting another oration upon the assembled Commons

But I think I hear the impatient reader inquire why the House *stands* such interminable inflictions as that we have taken such pains in describing? Why is it, you ask, are not these endless *screws* coughed down, or laughed down, or put down by united noises more hideously monotonous than his own?

Impatient reader, you appear by this inquiry to have forgotten, that there are such things as *parties* in the House, — men who have partisan interests to care for, men who look not much beyond the House, its tricks, stratagems, and petty warfare. men who wisely consider that the best representative represents himself, men with whom number *one* is the golden number, and in whose estimation self is not only the *first*, but the *only* law of nature

This being premised, the management of a party is part and parcel of the so called *public* business, and one part of that management is always to have a *bore*, or succession of bores, to talk against time during that tedious interval between the departure and return of the Members from dinner

And this vital daily business of dinner, the curious stranger will discover to possess an important influence on *the* House, as upon all other houses

The House begins to fill, as we have already said, about half past five, about half-past six it begins to empty, hardly any other sound is heard than that of senators going out of doors in quick succession, in vain does the Speaker, who has had an early dinner, that he may be enabled to attend as he ought to his business, cry "order! order!" "bar! bar!" in vain do honourable Members, who have just returned from their chop at Bellamy's, to snooze away the evening in the body of the House, cry "chair! chair!" everybody rushes out of doors, save the sixteen on the one side, and fourteen on the other, who are House-keepers for the time being, and the Secretary to the Treasury, or Board of Control, who in his own person represents during dinner-time all the ministers

Even the Serjeant-at-arms quits his easy leathern chair, and retires to dinner, his deputy taking his principal's place. The business of the House, that is to say, the talking, is now done by deputy, second, third, fourth, and fifth rates, the parliamentary sloops, gun-brigs, are put in the van, to pour in their little batteries of speech, until the return from dinner of their betters

Now, does the House present a languid, *effete* appearance, which continues till about half past ten, when the diners-out return, and the empty benches fill again

Now, a most amusing scene is enacted, one of those dull touches that enliven the dulness of a tedious description of a tedious place, I mean, the anxiety of the Members possessed of bottled speeches to have an opportunity of uncorking them, or, in parliamentary language, of "catching the Speaker's eye"

This organ must, indeed, have a preternatural squint to include all the rising orators, who, starting simultaneously from their seats, where they half sit, half stand, like greyhounds in the slips, poke forward their several heads in eager rivalry. I have counted sometimes no less than twenty on their legs at once the more retiring, and those better worth listening to, gradually sitting down again, one more obstinate and long winded, fixing himself steadily on his pins, papers and speech in hand, determined, as Dogberry says, "to bestow all his tediousness upon their honours." At length, the Speaker, by a significant wave of the hand, in the line of direction of some honourable Member, intimates that the Member indicated shall proceed, the disappointed orators sit down with lack-a-daisiacal visages, and the selected Cicero does proceed, with a vengeance

Here, at this point of the debate we may take occasion to digress a little towards a general estimate of the oratory of the House of Commons, I mean as to its quality when the ocean is measured in imperial pints, somebody may succeed in calculating its quantity, but not till then

Speeches must follow the classification of speakers, and of speakers there are in the House, I take it, the following leading, or predominant classes —

I STATESMEN	VI BORES
II MEN OF BUSINESS	VII DOWNRIGHT FOOLS
III ORATORS	VIII MERRY ANDREWS, OR
IV PRATERS	BUFFOONS
V TWADDLERS	

By referring to Parliamentary Reports, and carefully reading any

given debate, the curious in such inquiries may find it difficult to ascertain to which of the above categories any particular speech is referable, for a reason to be immediately stated

Nothing, indeed, can be more truly and essentially different in their nature than a speech as it is spoken in the House, and a speech as it is read in the morning or evening paper. A newspaper report conveys about the same idea of a speech as it is spoken, as a map of a city or country does of the country or city itself. Both give you some idea of length and breadth, but of style, manner, peculiarities, eccentricities, much, if not all which the hearer can appreciate, is totally lost to the *reader*, who beholds merely a flat superficies of so many columns, more or less, as the case may be, of speech, smoothed, rolled, levelled, compressed, packed, and made up for the next day's market by the talent and discrimination of the reporter

Out of the House, too, the by-play, the various significant sounds with which this illustrious body greets the praters, twaddlers, bores, fools, and merry-andrews, is altogether lost and omitted. In the analysis of the debate, indeed, one reads that the House expressed impatience at that such and such an honourable member addressed at great length a noisy and inattentive House—no wonder—yet the fun of the thing is non-apparent in the newspaper, and to those who do not study the speeches of the preceding evening with attention, a speech of one man, though a little longer, or a little shorter, looks as well upon paper as the speech of another man. Much and deserved praise has been accorded to the reporters for the fidelity of their transcriptions of Parliamentary Debates, yet nobody seems to acknowledge the merit they possess in making debates readable, in extracting order out of chaos, and connecting rationally a jumble of incoherent sentences, which, if reported exactly, and with the usual accompaniments would lead one to imagine he was reading the newspaper turned upside down

One honourable Member, as the opener of the adjourned debate of this evening, speaks in a continuously monotonous drone, varying from its key-note not a semi tone during the entire infliction, another deals out in infinite deal of nothings in an unvaried sing-song, a third recites, school-boy fashion, a got-off-by-heart speech, the words flowing faster than his breath, he fears he shall forget what is to come next, and pushes sentence after sentence heels-over-head, till, order and regularity being forgotten, words are a mere mob, equally devoid of choice, intelligence, and order

A third *encores* the concluding word or two of each period, in a sententious alliteration, enacting at once the part of speaker and his echo, as thus—

“And this, sir, is a Christian country, this is a country that cares for the poor—ahem—that cares for the poor” (Hear)

“This is the way in which the people are treated—ahem—are treated” (Hear)

Sometimes this exquisite figure of rhetoric is encored two or three times while the orator is endeavouring to recollect the next sentence, and thus you often hear the last word or two of the preceding trembling repeatedly on the speaker's tongue, like a pea in a tobacco-pipe

Some, evidently suspecting that their recollection of what they are about to say may desert them, and that this oration may resemble *Iliudibras*

‘ Adventure of the bear and fiddle
Begun, but left off in the middle,

rattle along an endless chain of words, in a full, flowing vein, hardly pausing to take breath, apprehensive, like Herrick's nightingale, that the auditory may disappear

‘ Ere half his tale be told ”

which, to say the truth, they generally do

Every variety of voice, from the deep rumbling bass of the honourable member for Birmingham to the shriek of Mr Shiel, and the intermediate tones through the full compass of the chromatic scale, you have an opportunity of admiring in its turn, and, varied as is the voice, more various is the action of the House

The leading speakers on both sides usually hold forth from that part of the Treasury and opposition benches opposite the table. This position has many advantages. By concealing the lower half of the orator's person, he can kick his heels, stoop on his haunches, rise on tiptoe, put one foot a'top of another, in the manner of the sailor's hornpipe, and perform a variety of other intricate evolutions, which upon the open floor of the House, or even from the back benches, would be inexcusable. His hands, too, find ample employment in clenching each knock down argument with a knock down blow on the red box, which resounds under the successive verberations of the senatorial shut fist

The reader may have some idea of a red-box oration from the following report, in which we have carefully supplied the omissions of the regular parliamentary reporters, who omitted altogether to notice the effect of the several thumps, and their harmony with the articulate sounds of the speaker

Mr Littlewit, who had been on his legs one minute and twenty-five seconds before the preceding speech was concluded, having caught the Speaker's eye, vibrated several times between the red box on the table and the front opposition bench, and, having given a preliminary cough, hem, and slap on the box, to awaken the slumbering attention of the House, delivered himself with tongue and fist as follows —

“ Sir, — (slap on the box) — I thank the honourable Member who spoke — who spoke last (thump) for his speech — his speech, (slap — slap), which tears the (thump) the veil from the professing — the professing friends — friends of the landed interest (Hear, and two thumps on the box) Sir, (slap) the honourable (slap, slap) Member who spoke last, the Member for Guzzlebury (thump) —

AN HON MEMBER — “ Swigham ”

MR LITTLEWIT — I mean Swigham — Swig — (a laugh) — Swigham, has said — (slap) — has said that nothing — (thump) — nothing (two thumps) is to be done — is to be done to (thump) alleviate the distress — (slap) — the distress of the (thump, thump) agricultural interest (Two slaps, and Hear, hear) Sir (slap), we are arrived — are arrived (thump) at a crisis, — (thump, and a laugh,) — I say, sir, a (slap on the box) crisis has arrived — (two thumps, and Oh! oh!) An honourable Member says Oh! oh! (thump) but I say (slap) Oh! yes (Laughter, and two loud knocks with the knuckles on the red box) Sir, we

are in great distress—(here the honourable Member, whose full-fed roseate countenance by no means confirms his assertion, buries nose and mouth in the pulp of an orange)—in the deepest distress (Laughter, and an emphatic knock) The right honourable Baronet (slap) has deceived his supporters (A vindictive bang on the box, and Hear, hear, from the opposition) The honourable Member for Swigham (slap) tells us that we are to expect (thump) what?—(thump)—nothing at all—(slap)—I say, sir, (slap) nothing at all (Laughter, two knocks, and Hear, hear) Well, sir, what then? Will the right honourable Baronet take measures—(slap)—will the right honourable Baronet tell the House (Hear, hear) what he means to—(bang)—to do? (Bang, bang, the right honourable baronet alluded to smiling, as plain as smile can speak, “Don’t you wish you may get it”) The right honourable Baronet (bang) smiles,

“in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself to think
He could be moved to smile at anything,”

(bang, bang)—but will he come to the (crack on the box)—to the point—(slap)—to the—(slap, bang)—the point (Hear, hear, hear, from the opposition) The country—the country expects—(whang)—England expects that every (bang) this day will (slap, bang) do his duty (Whang, bang, and a laugh, excited by the novelty of the quotation) If, sir, this great—(bang)—this *great* country is to be—(whack)—is to be dependent on foreigners—(slap, bang, and Oh! oh! This being the seventy ninth repetition of the words “dependent on foreigners” in the course of the session, the Oh! oh!’s are numerous in proportion to the impatience of the auditory)—I say, sir, (slap) if we are to depend—(Oh! oh! and cries of “Question”—why, that is the question (bang, slap)

AN HON MEMBER—What?

MR LITTLEWIT—What?—*that*—(indicating by a bang on the box that that much buffeted receptacle is the question, whereat is much laughter)—I say, sir,—(bang, and scraping of feet, coughing, and the other sounds by which the exhausted senate expresses its impatience)—I suggest, sir, that the right honourable Baronet (bang) should—(Question, question Here the honourable Member becomes confused, shuffles to and fro, performing intricate evolutions with his feet and legs, the heels betraying the obfuscation of the head, embracing the red box with wandering fingers, at length he ventures to lift the lid, and seems surprised at finding it empty)

A facetious Serjeant-at-law sitting near suggests, in an under tone, “Try your head,” an audible titter runs over the part of the House within hearing, the dumb-founded orator, looking exactly like a schoolboy on a speech-day, who finds himself the victim of a treacherous memory, remains speechless, until reassured by a few hearty cheers, and a cry of “Go on,” from both sides of the House, enabling him to stammer out a most lame and impotent conclusion

Yet the beauty of it is, that this speech, and speeches of this, the Twaddle category, are so connected in phrase, so dove-tailed in sentence by the skill of the gentlemen of the press, that, when I have looked in the paper next day, nothing but the member a name prefixed could have enabled me to be satisfied of its identity

THE KING OF THE COBBLERS

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS

BY MRS GORE

PREFACE

THE following drama is founded on an authentic anecdote in the history of the Spanish Netherlands. May it obtain a more patient reading from the dramatic critics of the day, than the Prize-comedy obtained a hearing on the stage

C F GORE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CHARLES V, *King of Spain, a minor*

DUKE OF ARCOS, *Grandee of Spain*

ALVAREZ, *a Spanish Merchant*

COUNT DE CHIEVRES, *Minister of Charles V*

AMBHART, *his Son*

CHRETT'S ALLYNX, *a Cobbler in Brussels*

HANS HOFFMANN, *Servant to Ambhart*

A PADROON

Pages, Ushers, Guards, Sailors, Neighbours, Servants

DONA MARGUERITE, *Sister-in-law to Alvarez*

DONA IRENCIA, *Daughter to Alvarez*

LOINCIA ALLYNX, *Daughter to Chretts*

MARJORY, *her Mother*

Neighbours

Time, 1517 — Scene, Brussels

ACT I

SCENE I — A Gothic hall in the old palace at Brussels. To the left a throne. In the back ground, two sentries of the Burgher Guard

CHIEVRES and AMBHART come forward

AMB One word, my lord !—

CHIEF Not one !—I'll hear no more on't !

You plead unto the winds Submission, sir,

Is the sole argument from son to sire

You must to Bruges !

AMB To dismiss me thus

Crushes the very soul of filial duty —

I do but crave a single week, my lord,

One poor week's respite, but to nerve my patience,

I then—send me where you list—I shall obey you !

CHIEF Thanks, *humble* thanks, fair sir, for the concession !

Not as your father,—(that poor claim of mine

I pass as strengthless,)—but as delegate

Of the King's majesty, who deigns to name you

His envoy to the Burgherhood of Bruges

AMB Alas ! my lord, *who better* knows than I

That Charles's word echoes your lordship's will,

Prompt as the thunder to the lightning's flash

'Tis *you* alone who banish me from Brussels !

What though the royal hand may sign the mandate

Of my commission,—still—

CHIEF Suffice it, sir,

You are deputed by the King,—approved

In council by the States—to bear his pleasure

To an expectant city The delay

Even of an hour were deep offence

AMB My lord !

The man who bears the pleasure of a King

Unto his lieges,—should be one whose aspect

For 'twas but now you echoed vulgar rumour,
 How the young King,—my ward,—my pupil,—fondly
 Bends to my will, and yields to my exactions
 And think ye that the sovereign's sovereign,
 The man whose wand of power outweighs the sceptre
 Will be outbraved by *you*?—Hear my last words —
 This is the day appointed by the King
 For audience to the Spanish deputation,
 (The grey-hair'd Duke of Arcos and his colleagues)
 At their departure, on your bended knees
 Tender your humble thanks for the preferment
 The King vouchsafes you

AMB On my bended knees
 To one so long my playmate,—brother,—friend?—

CHIE That playmate now is Charles the Fifth of Spain
 The lion's fangs have grown!—Beware of them!

But hark,—the King! [Cheers without Trumpets
 [AMBHART looks from the window
 The trampling multitude

Defy the efforts of the archer-guard,
 So eagerly they crowd around the steed,
 Curvetting to the rein of their young prince
 [Enter guards and ushers, who line the hall CHIEVRES re-
 ceives from one of them his wand of office Courtiers sur-
 round the throne Trumpets]

Enter CHARLES hastily

CHAR (entering) Thinks, gentle friends!—

(aside, in front—and double thanks, methinks,
 To the good steed, and better horsemanship,
 Which kept me in my saddle firm and steady,
 Despite their clamour

(Sees CHIEVRES) Hail my Lord of Chievres!

Fully or late, however I bestir me,

Beforehand with me still!—Ambhart! God speed ye!

(Gives his hand, which AMBHART kisses)

Your face is somewhat of the lengthiest

For a successful suitor (To CHIEVRES) Am I late

For these ambassadors?—

CHIE True to a moment

CHAR 'Tis well Let them be summon'd I await them

[Exit Usher

Now for a speech swollen with tumid words,
 So big, the teeming soul wherein they struggle
 Labours till the deliverance—a discourse
 Purporting humbleness and loyalty,
 But sour with exhortation—Shrew my soul!
 These Spaniards think to chide me to their shore,
 As a vex'd beauty scolds back to her feet
 Him whom her charms have fail'd to render faithful!—
 But while my heart beats warm as now, and round me
 I greet the honest faces of my Flemings,
 Gay and heart-cheering as their quaint old chimes,
 Let Spain go vaunt elsewhere her joys of empire!—
 I'm for free thoughts, free hours, free sports, free air!—
 My hawks, my hounds, my friends, and I'm content

CHIE Content with the reflection, sire, of happiness
 Which you confer on others

Re enter Usher

USHER Sire, their graces

The ambassadors of Spain, attend your pleasure

CHAR 'Tis well Let them approach

Is rusted to its scabbard!—

CHIE (*aside*) Out on him!
 'Tis his grey-beard's vaunts stir with a trumpet's voice
 The pulses of the King! (*Appealing to CHARLES*)

May't please your grace,

Ere the departure of the Duke of Arcos,
 To charge him with instructions to the Cortes
 Touching this bold revolt in Saragossa

CHAR Revolt?—the Cortes?—I rue, our mem'ry fail'd us
 Spain, which so lacks employment for her leisure,
 Might find apt occupation in the study
 Of her old laws, and her young sovereign's edicts
 When next, my lord, you greet the Cardinal,
 (From whom, as we conceive, derives your mission,)
 We pray ye signify our urgent pleasur
 That these insurgents be coerced and quell'd
 By sternest measures On rebellion's head
 As on the serpent's, deal a crushing blow
 Ere it find strength to sting For his desire
 To welcome us to Spain, our royal thanks!
 His Eminence's able regency
 Relieves our soul from all solicitude,
 But, when the year wanes, let Asturia
 Look for our galley in her ports!

ARC Alas!

A long half-year's suspense!—Oh! good, my liege,
 Recall the word—

CHAR Our men of war till then
 Will not be launch'd, for convoy, on the Scheldt

ARC What need in time of peace, of stouter vessels
 Than the good merchantman that brought me hither,—
 A noble ship, my liege, and nobly freighted
 With the rich dowry of Alvarez's daughter
 The plighted bride of the young Lord de Chievres

CHIE (*interrupting him furiously*) Now, on my soul,—

CHAR (*putting him back*) Your pardon, Duke of Arcos,
 You said a dowry for—

CHIE (*interrupting*) False, false, my liege!
 A son of mine wed with a merchant's daughter—
 A Spanish merchant's?—'Tis a base invention
 Of these Castilian lords, to flout the honour
 Of Flanders and her fiefs!—I his girl hath been
 His toy,—his light of love,—

AMB (*indignantly*) Father!—

CHAR Enough!
 Let not unseemly words provoke contention
 Before this grave assemblage! (*Descends from the throne*)

Duke of Arcos,

You have our answer Lose no time my lord,
 In bearing it to those who sent ye hither!

The tide will serve to-morrow Fare ye well!

ARC (*in despair*) And is this all?—

USHER (*advancing*) Your audience, sir, is ended

ARC (*aside*) Then prosper, God of Heaven, my purposes,
 For I must dare the worst!—(*To the Usher*) Lead on!

[*Exit with Usher*]

CHAR (*to CHIEVRES*) My lord!

We pray ye see that due respect attend
 Our grandsire's faithful servant—Let our batteries
 Salute his parting sails!—Such is our pleasure

(*Signs to all present to withdraw*)

We'd be alone !— (*As they are departing beckons AMBHART*)
 Ambhart, a word with ye !
[*Exeunt,*

manent CHARLES and AMBHART

CHAR You are too hot of mood,—distemper'd thus
 You must not meet your father !

AMB Good, my liege !

(*CHAR* Liege me no lieges !—With yon gorgeous train
 The King departed—here remain behind
Charles and his friend (*Takes Ambhart's hand*)
 Then let my friend resolve me,

What means this sudden exile ?—

AMB Sire, my father

Makes it your royal act

CHAR (*gaily*) About as much
 As aught beside that chanceth here in Brussels
 In my great reverence for his statecraft, blindly
 I gird his measures on my kingly shoulders,
 And in return, he leaves me freedom,—FREEDOM
 To come, to go, to ride, to run !—What else
 Attaches me to this cold clime ?—On Spain
 The sun looks with more ardent eye, its maids
 Are brighter eyed, its fruits of richer flavour,
 Its palaces of marble and its fountains
 Throw up their glitter in the golden sunshine
 As all were ostentation in the land !—
 Yet better far I love this homely country,
 Where first I saw the light In Spain, my father
 Perish'd of weariness !—A prince, young handsome,
 And die of weariness The pompous dulness
 Of their formality extinguish'd him !
 I mean to *live*,—a life of liberty,
 A life of joy !—

AMB God grant it, sire !

CHAR Sir Sluggard,
 We'd noble sport without ye yesterday
 My boar-hounds are the staunchest pack in Flanders

AMB (*impatiently*) Sire !

CHAR Even now, my falconers wait me yonder !
 The crest of hawks my Lord de Chievres procur'd
 From Norway, proves a treasure !

AMB (*smiling*) Sire, my father
 Is a most thoughtful chancellor

CHAR Yet to-day,
 The keenness of my sportsmanship is blunted
 (*Leans confidentially on Ambhart's shoulder*)

Do ye remember, Ambhart, ere ye grew
 A pining lover, how, o' summer nights
 I was 'bur delight in quaint disguise to roam
 The streets of Brussels ?—Many a merry secret
 Scarce to my burghers known, attun'd me thus
 Do ye remember ?

AMB How should I forget ?
 'I was in these wild exploits my better fortune
 Acquainted me with her whose love inspires
 A taste for nobler joys !

CHAR I'm humbler minded !—
 So many a lesson, man, have kings to learn,
 That they must find their schooling where they can
 In these disguisals, oft have I surpris'd

Acts of oppression,—oft redress'd a wrong,
Oft listen'd, unsuspected and unknown,
To the outpourings of my people's love!—
You smile?

AMB To see your grace thus credulous!
The burgher guard, instructed by my father,
Respects your strict incognito, on hearing
A password known to both—

CHAR To us alone!
What then?

AMB That in these midnight wanderings,
Never yet stray'd your royal foot so far
But *he* prepar'd the way!

CHAR Go to!

AMB My liege!
You hear the words he *wills*,—you see the things
It suits *him*—you should look upon!—Nay more,—
In such and such a spot, his knaves are posted
To cry, "Long live our gracious King!"

CHAR Away!
Am I a dolt?—If my good Lord de Chievres
Thus practise on my faith, if e'er he meets
As shrewd requit it!—Why, but yesternight,
Disguis'd and arm'd, I took my cautious way
Along the quays, purleying at intervals,
With the strange crews of foreign merchantmen
Crowding our port. Were *they*, bethink ye school'd
To play their parts?—Listen—Quoth one, (a Spaniard,
Blunter of bearing than the good old twaddler
Who lectur'd me anon,) when I demanded
The nature of their freight,—'GOLD, friend! hard ducats,
To gild the palms of Flemish councillors,
Who lend by his long nose our boyish King!"—
Was *this* your father's prompting?

AMB 'Twas base slander!

CHAR Hear on! From an adjoining vessel (like
Myself, disguis'd) issued the Duke of Aicos
What did he there?—Wherefore *disguis'd*?—Good Ambhart,
This very night I'll hunt the secret out
Then what a triumph, should my vigilance
Detect conspirators who have eluded
Your father's zeal!

AMB Then is my purpose hopeless!

CHAR What purpose?—Speak!

AMB I was about to pray
Your Grace's aid

CHAR Why hesitate?

AMB Alas!

CHAR How! with your friend, your comrade, scrupulous
In choice of terms? Out with your suit!

AMB To-morrow
I quit this spot! One parting hour to-night
One hour with *her*—to breathe consoling hopes
Of better times to come,—would mitigate
The pangs of exile—

CHAR O! in simple words,
You'd have me to your Spanish fur one's gate
Give ye safe conduct? (AMB bows) And while *you*, within,
Enjoy a lover's parting privilege,
I may go whistle to the midnight winds
I have not strength to say ye nay (In *that*

CHR (*looking up from his work*) Chat with me, quotha?—Show me your bran-new holiday gear, you mean, popinjay!—Buss me, girl,—buss me! (*She kisses his forehead*) You've not forgot, I see, that 'tis St Crispin's Eve!

LOINCIA I've not forgot that you invited Hans Hoffmann to sup with us to-night, poor fellow (*Sighs*)

CHR *Poor fellow?* What! because he's bidden to the feast of the King of the Cobblers?

LOIN Because at daybreak (*sighs*) he must escort to Bruges his master, the young Lord de Chievres

CHR Serve him right!—An the fellow had the spirit of a beetle, instead of remaining serving man to e'er a lord in the land, he'd set up a stall of his own, and become a free and independent cobbler (*taps*)

LOIN A cobbler?—His father would disown him! Master Hoffmann is a burgher of Brussels!

CHR Ay! and fancies himself an emperor, 'cause he happens to be shoemaker to the King's Majesty!—Why, I'm greater than he!—An the shoemakers knew their trade there'd be ne'er a cobbler in the world—*We're* then betters, girl—clearly then betters, for what *they* live by making, *we* live by mending! (*Sings*)

‘They give us soles for mending,
They give us groats for spending,
So merry ring the chimes
Of the brave—the brave new times!’

LOIN

(*While she is singing draws a stool near her father's, and examines a basket of boots and shoes* CHRETTIS *continues to work*)

LOIN There seems no luck of bad shoemakers afoot, father, for you've a week's work on hand (*Lukes shoes from the basket*) First, here's a pair of sandals—wanting a latchet!

CHR Ay! Brother Joseph's, the begging Franciscan! I'm to botch him gratis, by way of alms. Mother Church is like the grave, swallows all, and gives back nothing!—Put the friar's sandal at the bottom o' the basket!

LOIN (*showing shoes*) Next, here's a pair o' quilted satin slippers, lacking a heel-piece!

CHR The slippers of the fierce *gouvernante* of a justice of the peace, worn out by stamping her fellow-servants into submission! Other prime ministers besides Madam Bridget have got change out of a ducat by *that* line of policy—Lay aside the slippers!

LOIN As I live, a pair o' boots o' Spanish Cordovan, peaked as a heron's bill!

CHR And no more *sole* to 'em than to the gimcrack captain they belong to, whose gold consists in his laced jacket, and whose valour in his *whiskers*! But he'll do!—he'll rise!—he'll come to knightly spurs! Instead of heading his company yonder in Friesland, he campaigns it by deploying the fan of the general's lady and manoeuvring her brigade of lap-dogs,—a dragoon in petticoats, with moustachios an ell longer than his own!—Draw off the boots!

LOIN And what shall I do with these brodered pantoffles, that have seen better days?

CHR Fling 'em where you will! They belong to the gadding waiting-woman of Dona Zidora, the prude, who swears she wore 'em out carrying her lady's *billet-doux*, and bids me slip the job into her bill—Embezzlement, call it,—embezzlement!—*I'm* not a government contractor, to make three sides to a bargain—The only dirty thing that ever sticks to my fingers is my own wax!

LOIN There should be the slippers of Madam Marguerite, the good lady who bides by the cathedral?

CHR And his ducats enow in her purse to don a new pair of shoes for every saint in the calendar, but that she bestows more alms upon the poor

THE KING OF THE COBBLERS

than e'er a state-councillor in Brussels—Put them a-top, Louincia,—put 'em a-top!

LOIN And blessings on the little foot that wears them, and never stirs but for some good action!—Her ladyship's niece, Dona Ferencia, is to marry Hans Hoffmann's noble master, and (*sings*)

“There'll be stirring times
For the merry, merry chimes!”

CHR Like aunt, like niece! By the bibs and tuckers of St Ursula's eleven thousand virgins,—'tis a pleasure to stitch for 'em! Sooner have their leathers under my strap than those of the Empress!—But where's your mother?

LOIN Setting forth the supper within There's a dish of barbecued fowl might feast all the cobblers in Christendom! (*Puts aside the basket*)

CHR And all the serving men who come a-courting their pretty daughters eh! my chuck?—(*Carillon of chimes without*) But, hark! sunset! Not another stitch to-night, wait for the King in prison (*Puts up work*) St Crispin's eve!—God bless St Crispin!—

(*Chimes again Neighbours look in at the window*)

NEIGH Long live St Crispin!—Long live Chietts Allynx, the merry cobbler of Brussels!

LOIN Here are our guests, and your head of a week's growth!

CHR No matter!—A hearty welcome, a hearty supper, a good spiced cup or two—to aid digestion, and a fig for my head!—Wait longer than the tail o' the King's charger, they'd find a grace in't! Ho! Majesty, I say!

MAR (*appearing at the upper window*) Here!

CHR Our guests cry out for trenchers!

MAR Supper's ready!

Enter, a dozen neighbours

CHR Welcome, welcome!—a cheer for St Crispin!

NEIGH A cheer for the King o' the Cobblers!—(*Chimes, and a cheer*)

(CHR (*sings*))

“Merry merry ring the chimes
Of these jolly good times!”

To supper!

ALL To supper!

MAR (*at window*) To supper! (*A group*).

ACT II

SCENE I—Chamber at a hotel. Chests, bales, and bags of specie piled in a corner. ALVAREZ discovered seated beside a table, on which stands a casket, in his hand a string of pearls.

ALV Each pearl worth twenty ducats!—Would it were
I twenty times twenty,—even then less costly
Than she hath claim for! My fair girl must brave it
Among the best! No high-born dame of Flanders
Shall in her rich attires outshine my child,—
That, when the passers by cry, “Look on her,
’Tis the fair bride of the young Lord de Chievres,”
None may be moved to add, “of homely seeming,
As fits the merchant's daughter”

Enter a servant

Well—your errand?—

SER Senor, a stranger craves admittance

Enter ARCOS, disguised

ALV

Ha!

A guest of no good promise, with these treasures
So slightly guarded (*Puts up the jewels ARCOS discovers himself*)
How! the Duke of ARCOS!

How ' the Duke of Arcos !

ARC (*aside*) Hush! not a word!—I would be *private*

ALV (to servant) Leave us [Exit servant]

ARC Alvarez, I have need of ye I wait not

Assurance of your will to serve your friend
Give me your hand!—We've broken bread together
By land and sea and, whether in my palace
Beside the quiet Ebro, or of late,
When raging storms shatter'd your falling masts,
I know your steadfastness of heart and mind

ALV My lord!—

ARC To bear me to these Flemish shores

A royal armament was mann'd I chose

Rather to sail—your *guest*

ALV **A proof of friendship**

Felt in my heart of hearts'

ARC . *Prove that you prize it,*

By setting sail with me anew to morrow

ALV. For Spain?—*to-morrow*?—'Tis but yesterday
I mov'd my gallant barque in the canal,
Where she rides listless yonder, as though scorning
Its sluggish waters!

ARC Yet to-morrow, mark me,

If you would serve your country and your friend,
Back to Astoria!—

ALV My Padroon is able.

My seamen active, my own heart as prompt
To answer the appeal of friend or country,
But there's a tie, my lord, tugs at my heart
With four fold strength I am a father sir —
I came to Flanders to embrace my daughter,—
My child,—my only child '—She knows not yet
Of my arrival When I saw her last,
She was no higher than my knee, and now
She'll throw her arms around her father's neck—
A woman '—Would you have me sail to-morrow?

ARC I ask a sacrifice Did you conceive

Its moment unto Spain—

ALV Have you a daughter?—

No!—I remember—*sons* A son, my lord,

Joys our vain-glorious pride, a daughter wakens

Such superhuman tenderness, as seems

Almost too holy for man's rugged nature

Mine hath a double claim—she's motherless!—

I wedded with a Fleming,—(when their prince

Espoused our Spanish princess, crowding fleets

Of vent'rous merchants anchored in the Scheldt

And I among them,)—but my young wife's kindred

Prevail'd on me to leave her here in Brussels,

'Till she became a mother Never seem'd

Voyage so slow as that which brought me back

To claim my wife and child — Sir, I landed, —

I hurried to the house,—I sought my wife,—

I call'd upon her name with joyous clamour,

Till hushing voices chided me — And when

I swore impatiently she was too cold

In welcoming her eager, doating husband,

They placed a helpless infant in my arms,
And told me it was all I had to live for !—
The mother was with God !—That child, my lord,
After long years of absence, hastens now
To greet me —You'd not have me sail *to-morrow* ?

ARC Might she not share our voyage ?

ALV You forget !—

My daughter, nurtured by her mother's kindied,
Is on the eve of marriage In my joy
To have her nobly wed, I've brought from Spain
A dowry might have match'd her with a prince
Her father's voice must soothe her at the altar,—
Her father's hand bestow her on her lord,—

ARC Her *lord* ?—the *altar* ?—Have you yet to learn
That, with the utmost bitterness of scorn,
The Count de Chievres forbids this match ?—

ALV *Forbids it ?—*

ARC With contumelious insolence I heard him,
In presence of the King and the whole court,
Reville, in terms would shame me to repeat them,
Your gentle child

ALV *Reviled her ?—my Terencia ?—*
In presence of the court ?—O for a word
To smite the coward into dust ! My lord,
Your pardon—one word more !—You're *sure* you heard him
Deal lightly with my girl ?—

ARC As the Almighty
Hears me, I heard him !—Nay, be calm, Alvarez

ALV (*wildly*) It seems but yesterday her little hands
At parting clung to me,—her silken curls
Came 'twixt our farewell kisses !—*Motherless* !—
Her father absent,—and this man,—this ruffian,
Defile her innocent name ?—Is there not pardon
In heaven for *any* deed of violence
A father outraged *thus* may perpetrate ?—

(ARCOS leads him to a seat)

ARC Compose yourself Hear me !—The man who wrought
This evil, is the mightiest in the land
Despot of Flanders, by his withering influence
Our youthful King, an alien from his realm,
Is prison'd here in Brussels,—squandering
His energies in idle sports and pastimes

ALV (*not heeding him*) Methought the tenour of my sister's
letter
Spoke of his father's sanction ?—

ARC To redeem him
From the fell grasp of this same crafty guardian,—
This Flemish Count,—this Lord de Chievres,—
(ALVAREZ becomes attentive, and rises,) I've sworn,
To rescue him by stratagem The King
(Prompted by his wild Spanish blood) is apt
To stroll by night, as gallants list 'Twere easy,
When thus unguarded, to secure his person,
Bear him unto your ship, and when these lords
Awake and miss their charge, the noble vessel
That wafts him to his kingdom will have grown
A speck in the horizon

ALV For this plot
Our heads must answer —To abduct a King
Were treason of the darkest dye

ARC

Alvarez,

He who would serve his country in such straits
As render service *virtue*, must not pause
Before the terrors of a name—*Who* talks
Of treason 'gainst a *minister*? To Charles,
The act would yield enfranchisement, for which
He 'll thank us, when in his own proud Escorial
Throned, as becomes the sovereign lord of Spain

ALV 'Twere much to thwart this cunning councillor,—
This venal Fleming—

ARC Glorious retribution
For his offence to your fair daughter!—

ALV No!
That he must answer to her father's sword!—
Are ye prepared, my lord, with heart and hand
To head the enterprize?—For *me*, my duty
Binds me to Brussels, till I shall avenge
A wrong which, like a burning brand, hath eaten
Into my flesh!—I' the interval, my ships,—
My crews—are at your orders—

ARC (*seizing his hand*) Nobler service
Ne'er yet was render'd by a faithful friend!
Thanks, thanks!—And now, no moment must be lost
Such preparation as the time allows
Must be achieved in haste

ALV (*striking the table*) What ho!
Enter a servant I prythee,
The men who brought yon chests, carouse they still
Below?—

SER Right joyously
ALV Summon them hither— [*Exit servant*]
Your lordship's bounties have endear'd you to them
They 'll serve ye well

(*Re-enter servant, showing in the Padroon and Sailors*)
My honest friends, draw near
It grieves me to disturb your landward sports,
But 'tis imperative we sail to-morrow
Upon our homeward voyage

PAD Sail to-morrow?—
Our zeal, sir, is well known, but, by St Francis,
This is impossible!—

ALV *All's possible*
Where the will's good—

ARC To make which lesson cogent,
There are four thousand ducats for division
Among the crew, if they conform to duty

SAILORS Hurrah!—

PAD Your excellency, then—
ALV Henceforward

The Duke of Arcos will assume my place
Of chief command—Be diligent to serve him
As ye would serve myself The man I find,
(*ARCOS talks apart with the Padroon*)

On my return to Spain, most honour'd by
His favour, wins command of my galleon
Freighting for Cape de Verd

SAILORS We 'll do our best!

ARC (*to the Padroon*) E'en so You 'll station them in the lone
street

Flanking the palace—From the western postern
A youth will issue—Wheresoe'er he turn,
Follow, till he attain some quiet spot,

To reach her presence ! Yet e'en now I'd fain
The meeting were afar, for it precurseth
A parting

BOTH How ?—

AMB A parting, hard to bear
For *her*,—for *me*, millions of times more bitter !
Terencia ! I've been schooling my poor heart
With words to soften the most cruel blow
Ever yet fell on two who loved like *us* !
Vain hope !—vain care ! The worst must still be utter'd,
Howe'er we dally with't Dearest, our marriage
Thwarts the ambition of the proudest man
In Flanders By my father's tyranny
I'm exiled hence—our union is forbidden !
Lives not the priest so bold as solemnize
A rite which *he* opposes
(TERENCIA *sinks into a chair, he hangs over her*)

MAR Have ye courage
To utter this to *her* ?—

AMB Alas ! she is
My better part of life All, all I know,
Or think, or feel, is shared with my Terencia,
And every evil fortune that befalls me
Must reach her gentle heart ! (*Falls at her feet*)
Oh ! blessed one !
How shall we bear this sentence ?—how, Terencia,
Endure to live apart ?—in sorrow *you*,
And I in banishment !—Oh ! answer me,—
How shall we bear it ?

MAR Now, the saints be thank'd,
Her father is at hand !—To lack protection
'Gunst royal favourites—

AMB (*starting up*) Dare not so to name me
In this I'm twice a victim On my father
Exhaust your anger, but, in pity, class not
Our names or deeds together Speak, Terencia !
It is not *you* who think to need protection
Against a man who loves you as his life ?

IER I need it 'gainst *myself* !—(*rises*)—against a heart
Idoltrous of one as high above me
As heaven from earth My dream is over now
'I was bright—how passing bright ! and vanishes
Like other gleams the setting sun throws out,
Ere it decline to darkness !

AMB Dear Terencia,
Despond not thus Hope on—hope ever !—Love
Needs not a stronger element of life —
If I submit me to my father's mandate,
'Tis in the surety that the King's persuasions
Will win him to consent

MAR Win him ?

AMB Ay, win him !—
MAR (*furious*) Holy St Gudula ! were I a man,
'Twould be short argument ! Refuse his sanction ?
Deny his kindred ?—Had my sister, pray,
The less his blood warm in her veins, because
She wed a merchant ?—Let this haughty lord
Go ask upon our quays of Don Alvarez —
Visit our ports,—or on the Spanish main
Hail the first ship bearing its merchandise
To either India, and he'll find that name

More widely bruited, and more potent far
Than those of mere great vassals of the empire !

TER Dear aunt, be patient

MAR If his ancestors
Fought not for knightly spurs at Ascalon,
May heaven have pity on that kingdom's welfare,
Where thriftless barons and ignoble courtiers
Hold higher influence than a man of merit,
Who ventures fortune, time, thought, energy,
To strengthen its condition

Enter HANS, alarmed

HANS Mercy ! mercy !

AMB Did I not bid thee watch beside the porch ?
Away !

HANS (*trembling*) My lord !—

AMB Back to thy post !

HANS Return ?

Not for your lordship's barony !

AMB How ! sirrah ?

HANS There are some dozen men-at-arms below,
Waiting your coming forth ! (*Cries*)

AMB Ha ! armed men ?

HANS It *may* be arm'd, but of a *certain*, ruffians

AMB Go to !—some vile poltroonery !

HANS Nay, sir,

I *saw* I saw them,—spoke with them,—to make
Assurance sure, inquired their business

AMB Well ?

HANS The answer was a cuff, that made the world reel
I stagger from it now !

MAR This is some outrage

Projected by your father

AMB (*drawing*) If I thought it—

MAR I'll have no brawling in my peaceful home
If you must leave us,—if your father's will
Be paramount,—why, go in peace !

TER You'd send him

Forth from our gates, in peril of his life ? (*Chings to him He
kisses her forehead, and places her in the arms of MARGUERITE*)

AMB My life, sweet heart ? I've not a foe so friendly
As rid me of the burthen Fare thee well !

Heed not this coward's idle prating, love,
They're but belated revellers — Fear nothing
I'm guarded by the signet of the King (*Shows it*)
The burgher guard obey't — Farewell !—Anon
This knave shall bring back tidings of my safety

TER Heaven guard thee safe !

[*Exit AMBHART, HANS following*

Would he had never come !

The balcony within o'clocks the street (*Gong*)

Quick, quick !

MAR (*trying to detain her*) Terence ! hear me !

TER

Follow me !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III —A street, overlooked by the house of Dona Marguerite, having a balcony and a deep portal

Enter the DUKE OF ARCOS disguised, and out of breath

ARC His fleetest foot hath baffled me!—Methought I heard the clang of arms?—

Enter Padroon and Sailors from the portal

What do ye here?

A moment since, he fled from my pursuit
Towards the ramparts—

PADROON Sir, this half hour past
Hath he been housed in yonder mansion

ARC Ha!
You're sure on't?

PADROON Sure, my lord!

SAILORS We watch'd him in

ARC It was some other, then, I follow'd—*Here*
Wait ye his coming forth I'll hasten on
Unto the vessel's side Now, for your lives,
Be vigilant, be firm, and your reward
Shall be a prince's ransom!—

(*Exit*,

Enter from the portal AMBHART, followed by HANS

PAD 'Tis he!—surround him!

SAILORS You're our prisoner!

(*They surround him HANS skulks away*)

HANS I'll off and give the alarm [*Exit AMBHART captured*]

AMB What means this outrage?

PAD No outrage, noble sir,—if you consent
To follow us You're among friends

AMB Such friends
As I could well dispense with—Know ye, villains,
With whom ye pailey?—

(*TERENCIA and MARGUERITE, veiled, appear on the balcony*)

PAD 'Tis enough, good sir,
We know the worthy lord who prompted us

(*AMBHART struggles, and throws off the Padroon*)

AMB Unhand me, or 'twere wiser for you! (*Shows the ring*)
Behold!

Look on this signet!—

PAD Sir, 'tis a fair jewel,
But nothing worth to bribe us from our duty

AMB Duty?—Bold knaves! tremble to look on it!
'Tis the King's signet!—

PAD You are merry, sir

A royal signet is not oft intrusted

To midnight strollers—You must straight with us!

(*TERENCIA and MARGUERITE disappear from the balcony*)

AMB (*drawing suddenly*) Not while my sword can cut my way
to safety (*A struggle, they disarm him*)

Enter TERENCIA, MARGUERITE, and servants, from the portal,
shrieking

TER Help, help!—the guard, the guard!

PAD Sweet lady, peace!

We mean him well

TER (*surprised*) These strangers should be Spaniards,
My father's countrymen!—

PAD Your father?—

TER Ay, sir! (*Proudly*)

I am the daughter of the rich Alvarez,

Who 'll see ye brought to justice '—

(*Movement among the sailors, they uncover*)

PAD Gentle lady,

We are his people 'Tis by his command

That to his vessel we conduct this stranger

FER My father '—my dear father *here*—in Brussels ?—

PAD Since yesterday

MAR What mystery is here ?

TER to AMB Fear nothing, dearest '—all is now explain'd

Resist not—follow them '—I'll on with ye

(*To Pad*) Oh ' lead us to my father '

MAR To the quay ?

FER What have I now to fear ?—all 's safe—all 's well '

AMB Lead on, then (*To the sailors*)

SAILORS On '!

FER (*going*) My father ' my dear father '

[*Exeunt confusedly*]

SCENE II —A street before the house of Chretts Allynx The shutter of the stall is closed

(*Enter*) CHARLES, his sword drawn, his dress disordered, his boot torn

CHAR I've distanced them at last '—Foul fall the knives,

That the first time I venture forth ungarded

By my credentials, I should fall into

A strait like this '—(*Sheaths his sword*)

Rare triumph for these rufflers,

Had they, in chase of some loose boon companion,

Captured the King '—(*Examines his dress*)

Faith ' in my outward man

Small show of royalty '—My boot disabled ?—

How reach the palace in this piteous guise ?—

A halting, tattered King ' Ha ' ha ' ha ' ha '!

A cobbler for the King of Spain '—A cobbler '—

(*Looks round*) I should be near the quays Hard by I've noted

A stall, cheer'd by a merry face—ay, *here*,

(*Knocks at CHRETT'S window*)

All 's fast, but there are lights within Past hours,

For work, perhaps, but gold turns night to day

What ho '—within, I say ' Cobbler '!

(*CHRETT'S lets down the shutters Lights and noise within*)

CHR Who calls ?

CHAR A friend

CHR What friend ? (*Leans on the window-ledge*)

CHAR The best of friends—a customer

CHR Away with ye ' On all other days o' the year a customer 's a friend, to night, I'd sooner see the face o' one of his Satanic Majesty's lords-in-waiting, than a fellow who comes reminding me o' my lapstone ' I wouldn't cobble the coronation shoe o' the Emperor, were he to come in person asking the favour To-night, friend, every cobbler in the land 's a gentleman !

CHAR And, prythee, *why* to-night ?

CHR Where were ye born and bred, to ask the question ? 'Tis plain you've kept little company with cobblers Why, 'tis the eve of St Crispin '

(*Sings*) And merry ring the chimes
For such jolly, jolly times

(*Chorus within*) Merry, merry ring the chimes,
For such jolly, jolly times!

D' ye hear 'em?—a score of as honest cobblers as ever dived for sops in a wasail bowl!—

CHAR (*aside, laughing*) Twenty cobblers at hand, and not one to botch the boot of the King of Spain! (*Laughs heartily*)

CHR Why, you're as meriy as a cobbler, yourself! What's the fellow chuckling at!

CHAR Faith! I've but little *cause* for mirth! I've been set upon by bravos, and escaped, after a deadly struggle!

CHR Ay, that's the use o' police,—to keep the streets quiet o' nights, that thieves may find no hindrance in their business!

CHAR And I must e'en hobble on as I can, with chance of re-encountering the ruffians, and (*shows his torn boot*) not a sole to stand on!

CHR 'I were a shame to turn an honest fellow from the door in such a pickle,—(I say *honest*, for your scurvy knife could no more get up a hearty laugh like yours, than a jackdaw crow like chanticleer!)—and, though 'tis agunst the honour of a cobbler to dave his awl for hire on St Crispin's day—

CHAR 'The honour of a cobbler! Ha! ha! ha! ha!'

CHR A merry knave like *you* deserves better of the fraternity than to be left shelterless! So, by the bibs and tuckers of St Ursula's eleven thousand! though you be not of the craft, you shall even sup to-night with the King of the Cobblers!—

(<i>Guests within in chorus</i>)	And all have soles for mending,
	And all have goats for spending
(<i>CHRETS joining them</i>)	And merry ring the chimes
	I or these jolly, jolly times

CHAR (*aside*) There's a world of promise in this adventure! My pursuers will scarcely look for me *here*!

CHR (*opening the door*) In with ye, and a good appetite for your supper!—In, I say! (*As CHARLES enters, a shout within*)

ALL Hurrah! hurrah! Long live St Crispin!—long live the King of the Cobblers! (*They enter*)

ACT III

SCENE I.—Quay of the grand canal, vessels moored, lights among the shipping

Enter DUKE OF ARCOS, as from the ship

ARC All is dispos'd! At break of day we reach
The port of Antwerp! Ere the alarm be giv'n
The Scheldt will bear on her unconscious stream
The hopes of Spain,—ere night, the bounding ocean!—
My old heart throbs to think on't!—For myself,
Welcome the utmost vengeance Charles can wreak,
So I restore to my expectant country
The King she loves!— (*A noise within*)
They come! I dread the meeting!

*Enter Padroon and sailors, escorting AMBHART, MARGUERITE, and
TERENCIA*

I dare not look on him

(*Supposing himself in the presence of the King, ARCOS is about
to sink on one knee*)
Sire!

(Sees AMBHART. Starts up)
God of Heaven !

I thought to greet the King !—

ALL THE KING ' Alas !

It was my father whom we sought !

PAD (to sailors) We've scap'd

A gibbet high as Haman's !—A fine risk,

Had we laid hands upon the Lord's Anointed —

AMB (to sailors) Your heads shall answer this ! For my own wrong

I'd welcome it with joy, so it secured

Exemption for my sovereign (To ARCOS) Duke of Arcos !

I charge ye with high-treason, as conspiring

Against the sacred person of the King !

ARC (drawing) Decide we thus my guilt or innocence !

(TERENICA and MARGUERITE interpose)

AMB Fear nothing ! I o my sword grey heads are sacred,
And traitors, past contempt !

ARC (rushing on him) Defend yourself !—

(TERENCIA chngs to AMBHART)

Enter HANS

HANS (as he enters) This way ! — this way ! I've track'd 'em
step by step !

Enter the COUNT DE CHIEVRES, attended by his retainers, bearing torches,
and a company of the Burgher Guard

CHIE (pointing) Arrest them !

(The guards disarm ARCOS and AMBHART, others surround MARGUERITE and TERENCIA)

As I guess'd ! a midnight flitting !

(Sneeringly, to TERENCIA and MARGUERITE) Pardon, fair ladies,
if my intervention

Obstruct your dainty projects !

AMB On my life, sir,

We're here as victims,—prisoners,—

CHIE Who denies it ?

Prisoners to your wrong'd father, and the state

(To guards) Conduct these ladies to the citadel,

The night air is injurious

AMB Now, by heaven !

This outrage shall not be —Upon your peril,

Lay not a finger on them !—

CHIE Boastful boy !

Peace with your idle threats (To guards) Away with them !

(AMBART exhibits the royal signet to the Captain of the Guard

AMB In virtue of this signet, I command ye

Release them !—In my royal sovereign's name

I claim the succour of the Burgher Guard

(Whispers to the Captain of the Guard)

“Brabant !”

(Captain salutes him with his sword)

CHIE What means this mystery ?

AMB It means

That while you here insult two helpless women

Dangers surround the King

ALL THE KING !—

AMB For Charles

Mistaken, I was captur'd and brought hither

By yonder hoary traitor and his minions

' *THE (aside)* What hath he done?—Alas! my hapless father
Is compromis'd in this!—

CHIE (to guards) Go, scour the city!—
Leave not a nook unsearch'd, till ye secure
The person of the King! (*To others, showing ARCOS*) Convey
yon traitor
Safe to the guard-room of the palace!

ARC Sir,
The persons of *ambassadors* are sacred

CHIE And *what* the person of a *King*?—Till Charles
Appear I hold ye hostage (*To the guards*) He who brings
The tidings of his sovereign's safety, wins
His weight in crowns!

HANS (aside) In crowns?—This King-chase tempts me!—
I'll join the hunt (*Sneaks off*)

CHIE Away—away!—Disperse!—
I hasten to the palace! Meet me there
(*To his retainers*) Forward!

[*Exeunt in confusion*]

SCENE II opens, and discovers the house of Chretts Allynx. A supper table
spread (after a picture by Teniers) Chretts, Marjory, Loincia, and neigh-
bours, singing and drinking. Charles seated between Marjory and Loincia

"And merry rang the chimes
Of the brave—the brave old times!"

CHR (to CHARLES) Why, friend, you take up your stave as readily as
though you'd been a cobbler from the eggshell!—Yet, I warrant, were you
trusted with an awl, you'd make bungling work on't

CHAR (laughing) I've handled sharper tools before now

CHR Bless ye! your young cobbler's sure to prick his fingers!—the
reason they don't trust the young king yonder with the clutch of his own
sceptre. The lad might do himself a mischief, and *us* too! Here's his
health, and may he soon be out of his indentures, and set up shop for him-
self (*To CHARLES*) Ware heeltaps, like a true cobbler, and drink—
'THE KING!'

ALL "The King—the King!"— (*They drink*)

CHAR The King, and St Crispin!

CHR With your leave, saints before sinners "St Crispin and the King!"

LOIN Ay, father, for Master Hoffmann says, (and being the King's shoe-
maker, ought to know the state of his soul,) that there's a deal more sinner
than saint in Charles the Fifth

CHR Master Hoffmann (saving the presence of his son's Chan, which
stands empty yonder,) had best save his lips with a little of his own wax.
As to the King, my great grandmother might give absolution for all the
peccadillos he's allowed tether to commit!—The boy's kept penned in the
palace yonder, like a fatted calf in its stall

CHAR (piqued) The bravest bull of the arena was a calf in its time
(*Guests talk in dumb show*)

CHR Ay! in *Spain*!—But when Charles gets freedom to taste the coin,
wine, and oil of his bull-fighting kingdom, I'll swallow the Zuyder Zee,
with the Doggerbank for a sop in't

LOIN But *why* won't they let the poor King embark for Spain?

CHR 'Tis as much as the chancellor's place is worth, and that's no
trifle!—For every week comes a galleon, laden with moldores mulcted
from the Spanish officers by old De Chievres, only that he may get the name
of Charles scribbled on their commissions

CHAR (indignantly) The greater fools the bribers!

CHR The greater *knave* the chancellor!—As to his countess, 'tis a nigger,
who makes broth out of a flint, and dines her lackeys on the soup-meat

But we don't drink —Loincia, child,—throw a handful o' spices into the bowl Here's the health o' my jolly neighbours! May their heads always prove strong enough for their liquor, and their liquor for their heads!

ALL Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (They drink)

CHAR But surely the Flemish do not wish that the King should depart for Spain?

CHR Why, look ye here —No cobbler beyond his last, and my politics are apt to savour o' my wax! —If so be a man walk heavier on one of his boots than t'other, the sole on't is worn out, and comes to the cobbler, whereas, an he walk even, no need o' botching! —So, if a king have a pair o' kingdoms, turn and turn about's fair-play, as Satan said to the windmill Charles has been setting his best foot foremost in Flanders these seventeen years —Let him give a turn to the Spanish

CHAR (piqued) Brussels may become hereafter jealous of Madrid, as Madrid is now of Brussels (Guests talk in dumb show)

CHR Not a bit on't, if the King leave us his wise Aunt, Margaret of York, to be gouvernante of the Netherlands —Kingdoms never hold their heads higher in the world than with a distaff for a sceptre

CHAR (aside) More true than flattering!

CHR Look at his royal grandame, Mary o' Burgundy There was a mettle-some lass for a throne! Head, hard as a lapstone, heart as soft as wax, man in courage, woman in kindness, —knight, a-horseback, lady in hall There's your sort o' Queen to make heroes of her subjects, —ay, down to the last! For not a cobbler of us all but traile'd a halberd i' the days o' Mary o' Burgundy —We'll drink to her memory

CHAR Nay, 'tis my turn to propose a toast We've drunk the King, and St Crispin And now,—

CHR (knocking the table) A toast—a toast!

CHAR (rising) Here's the health of Chretts the First, King of the Cobblers!

ALL Hurrah! The health of Chretts the First, King of the Cobblers!

CHR My service t' ye, neighbours Faith, I should return thanks in a speech! (To CHARLES) Which will ye have,—a speech, or a song?

CHAR The speech first, the song afterwards

CHR Hoist me on my throne, then, and I'll give ye a touch o' Charles the Fifth, when he harangues the States o' the Low Countries yonder at the Stadt House (They place his stool on the table, and hoist him up)

CHR (aside) Now, for the reverse of the royal tapestry (MARJORY throws him up his cap CHRETTS, catching it) Neighbour Boozman, hand me up the jack-chain! —Why not a Golden Fleece, as well as my betters! — (BOOZMAN gives the chain)

LOIN (giving a riband from her dress to CHARLES) Give him this riband

CHAR (handing the riband to CHRETTS) I dub your most waxy majesty Knight of the Last

(CHRETTS cocks his cap on one side, and disposes the chain and riband, in imitation of the portraits of Charles V)

ALL Ha! ha! ha! ha!

CHAR Silence—silence for the speech of the King of the Cobblers! —

CHR H and oh hip, and here goes! (In a solemn voice and attitude)

"My loving subjects,

'You're welcome to Brussels,—more welcome than free, for my ministers take care you shall never be more free than welcome You won't be sorry to hear that Flanders enjoys a state of profound peace with the universe,—[Murmurs of approbation] wherefore (mark the wherefore,) I'm forced to levy new taxes, to carry on the war!"

ALL Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

CHR "I rejoice to inform you that, at home, the seventeen provinces are in clover, enjoying a state of unparalleled tranquility, and prosperity [Murmurs of approval] Wherefore (mind ye!) I'm forced to create fur-

ther imposts, to provide bread for the starving population of Guelderland, and arm brigades of cavalry to quell the insurrection in Cleves!"

ALL Ha! ha! ha? ha! ha!

CHR "So down with your dollars, up with your lances!—Fork out your Spanish, like true Flemings, and cry, "Long live Charles the Fifth!"

ALL Long live Charles the Fifth! Ha! ha! ha! ha! And long live the King o' the Cobblers!

CHR (to CHARLES) That's something of the kick on't, eh?—So now, being somewhat hoarse, I call on Neighbour Boozman to whet his whistle, and give us a song!

ALL Ay, ay! a song! a song!

(*Song, with chorus*)

While we trudge round the world, like an ass in a wheel,
The priest may absolve us, the doctor may heal,
But the best man at healing's the honest old snob,
Who is true to the last, and a hand at a job!

Chorus Hurrah! for the honest old snob!

Your cordwainer's one often good, at a pinch,
But the fogue from his measures is noted to flinch,
While firm is the soul of the honest old snob,
True steel to the last, and a hand at a job!

Chorus Hurrah! for the honest old snob!

The great ones of earth touch the cordwainer's soul,
The cobbler's more generous and lives for—the whole
Let philosophy thrive, and the good, honest snob,
So true to the last will ne'er want for a job!

Chorus Hurrah! for the honest old snob!

The shoemaker's wife's the worst shod of her clan,
The cobbler to his gives his awl, like a man!
Then, while women have souls let the good honest snob,
So true to the last never want for a job!

Chorus Hurrah! for the honest old snob!

(*During the song CHARLES has been talking earnestly in dumb show, with LOINCIA*)

ALL Bravo! bravo! bravo!

CHR (*rather tipsy*) A jolly good song! Boozman, you shall be leader of my majesty's musicians—You, Groofen van Schatzkins, being given to fisticuffs, shall be generalissimo of my armies—(Go and kiss the hand of her majesty, the Queen of the Cobblers, on your appointment) You, Paul Proogenhoof, (as you've got pretty wide pockets in your Dutch not-to-be-talked-about, to carry off the plunder,)—you shall be my chancellor of the exchequer,—my Lord de Chievres!—

ALL Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

CHR (*slapping CHARLES on the back*) As to you, my fine fellow! as there's something Spanish in the cut of your jib, you shall be ambassador from the cordwainers of Cordova to my majesty's court,—that is, when you get a beard to keep yourself in countenance—And, by the pig of St Antony of Padua! were I ambassador from Spain, I'd carry off the young King, will-he, nill-he, to Madrid, and make him his own master, and master of his subjects!—

CHAR At the peril of your head?—

CHR What signifies the head of an old cobbler, compared with the hearts of a nation?—They want him yonder—They're calling for him to redress abuses, and make the people happy, and I can't bear to see a fine young fellow bamboozled into neglecting his duty, only to enrich a pack o' pocket-picking courtiers,—I can't!—

CHAR My good friend, Chretts—

Enter HANS, pale and disordered

CHR What, Hans?—Tumble in to supper when we've picked the bones of the last fowl, and reached low-water mark of the bowl?

LOIN (*turning her back to him*) I can tell you, sir, you've been neither missed nor wanted. We've had a very merry evening without you.

NEIGH (*half drunk*) Yes, we have had a jolly, merry evening (*Sings*)

"Merry merry rang the chimes
For those jolly, jolly times!"

HANS (*throwing himself into his chair*) More shame for ye, then, to be merry, — when the whole city's crying its eyes out, and the tocsin going to be rung, and the passing-bell to be tolled! — (*They rise from table*)

CHR The tocsin? (*Reeling*) Don't you see the fellow's drunk, and hears double? Fie on ye, Hans! I'll never have a son-in-law addicted to liquor! — We, cobblers, are always sober as judges — Better try a cup o' wine, (an you can find one,) to clear your understanding.

HANS Away wi' your cups o' wine! All I care for is to find the King! (*They surround his chair*)

ALL THE KING?—Why, what do you want with the King?

HANS To get my weight in Brabant crowns for bringing news of his safety — (*CHARLES stands behind with LOINCIA*)

ALL SAFETY?

HANS (*pompously*) There's been a foul and unnatural conspiracy discovered, for kidnapping his sacred person, and carrying him off to Spain.

CHR But he's safe, I hope?—I wouldn't have a hair of his young head hurt, for double my year's earnings.

HANS Safe?—There's *nobody* safe — All the city's up in arms. Why, they arrested me and master, though no more concerned in the plot than babes unborn!

ALL You? oh, (*incredulous*) come—come—come!

HANS And they've crammed the old Spanish duke of an ambassador into one dungeon, and master's affianced young lady, and her papa, into another dungeon — *Everybody's* being plunged into dungeons (*Whimpers*)

CHR Why, that won't help 'em to find the King?

HANS No, but they've set a price upon his head, as if he was a malefactor escaped from the galleys.

CHAR (*aside*) 'Tis time, methinks, I made my way back to the palace. That an absence of two short hours should be the cause of all this disturbance! — (*Preparing to go. Aside to LOINCIA*) Farewell, my pretty Loincia! (*Shows his foot*) I came hither without a sole, and leave you without a heart! (*Kisses her hand*)

LOIN (*fetching boots from her father's basket*) If you'd please to leave your boots, sir, for father to mend, and wear the Spanish captain's in the interim, why (*courteously*) you'd be all the surer to come back to-morrow, sir, and fetch 'em.

(*While he changes his boots, HANS, from whom he has hitherto been concealed by the neighbours, discovers him, without recognizing the King*)

HANS Ha! Loincia, holding a boot-jack, and for a strange young gentleman? (*Approaches them*) Do my eyes deceive me? — (*Stoops to look in CHARLES's face, who is stooping to arrange his boot*) Eh?—what?—holy St Francis! (*Is about to proclaim the King. CHARLES, without rising, puts his finger to his lips*)

CHAR On your life, not a word! — We would be private! —

HANS (*terrified*) Sir, I—that is—Holy St Francis! — I'm a made man, — that is, I'm a lost mutton! (*Aside, about to escape*) My weight in Brabant crowns! —

CHAR (*to CHRETTIS*) My worthy host, accept my grateful thanks! — I'd fain see the issue of this strange affair!

CHR And I!

ALL And all of us !

CHR I shouldn't sleep a wink, with the notion that evil might have befallen my poor young prince — By the last o' my forefathers ! I love Charles as though he were a bantling o' my own —

(*They shake hands HANS skulks out*)

CHAR In short, the King of the Cobblers is the faithful ally of the King of Spain !

(*Tocain sounds*)

CHR To the palace ! — To the palace, and let's see what's a-doing !
(*CHARLES flaps his hat over his eyes, and wraps himself in his cloak, while the cobblers are putting on their caps, and MARJORY and LOINCIA assisting them*)
To the palace ! —

(*Exit Tocain ceases*)

CHR Hillo ! What's become of my guest ? No matter, I shall find him in the crowd ! — To the palace ! to the palace !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — Throne hall in the old palace In the centre a council-table, with seats In the background the retainers of the Count de Chievres, bearing torches Before them, the Duke de Arcos, in custody of the Burgher Guard On one side a deputation of twelve councillors On the other, the Count de Chievres and Ambhart The former accosts the councillors

CHIE Were not the strait demanding our assemblance
Most imminent, I had not dar'd, my lords,
At this unseemly hour exact your presence
The sacred person of our King's in danger ! —
An outrage (by the grace of God defeated !)
Hath been attempted, by conspiracy,
To bear off Charles to Spain ! Behold, my lords !
(*Points to ARCOS*) I onder the traitor stands ! — But where the King,
To whom all Brussels burns to testify
Her loyal indignation ? — Where the King ?
Alas ! my lords ! Vainly the Burgher Guard
Hath search'd the city. —

I COUN Doubtless the Duke of Arcos
Had in this bold attempt abettors ? — Let him
Redeem his forfeit head by free confession
Of his accomplices — Approach, my lord !

(*The guards bring forward the DUKE OF ARCOS*)

Relieve us from this dread incertitude.
Avow by whom the king is held in durance
Speak ! —

ARC Had I known it one poor hour ago,
Nor he, nor I were at this moment standing
On Flemish ground

CHIE You hear him ? — In his treason
He glories, to our face

ARC But that I stand
The captive of your victors, scornful lord !
You dare as little breathe the name of traitor
To one like Arcos, as you dare assign
Freedom to the young Prince, by craft enthralled
Within your grasp ! —

CHIE My lords ! this Spanish traitor
Insults the states of Flanders in my person
What chance of wringing from his haughty lips
The secret so imports us ?

Enter ALVAREZ, in custody MARGUERITE and TERENCIA following.

Lo ! my lords,
The partner of his crime, — this Spanish merchant

1 COUN ALVAREZ?—One whose name is rife among us
For loyalty and honour!—

ALV One, my lords,
Who hath no fear a blot should stain with shame
The memory he is about to leave!

1 COUN Confess!—
Where is the King conceal'd?

ALV God grant—in safety!—
Lives not the subject of his realms, whose heart's blood
Throbs with more fervent loyalty than mine!—
This breast—whereon yonder ignoble lord
Hath set his spurning foot,—years to its King
As doth a parent's to a hopeful child!
I'd give my life, and all that makes it dear,
To spare him but a pang! (*Murmur of approbation*)

CHIE These protestations
Yield not, my lords, the tidings we demand—
Let him produce the King!—

ALV Am I his keeper?
ARC Deign no reply Our doom is in his hands
CHIE I hen, by my soul of souls, the rack shall force
The secret from their lips!—

TER, MAR, AMB The rack?
CHIE (*to guards*) Ren ove them!
The executioners have their instructions
Remove them!—To the judgment hall!—

(*Guards surround them General movement.*)

Enter HANS breathless, and kneels to CHIEVRES

HANS My lord,
My gracious lord, my weight in Brabant crowns!—
CHIE What means this saucy knave?

*During these speeches, enter CHARLES unperceived, and, concealed
by the movement of the guard, ascends his throne in his royal
dress*

HANS (*pointing*) Behold, my lord!
(*General movement of joy*)

ALL The King in safety!—Long live Charles the Fifth!—

CHIE (*approaching*) Oh! my dread liege (*CHARLES, mo-
tioning him away, addresses the guards Exit HANS*)

CHAR Release your prisoners
My Lord of Arcos!—(*ARCOS kneels*) Rise—once more, arise!
Ambassadors from realms like Spain must wear
Their honours with a princely pride My lord,
Till now, the glories of our grandsire's reign
Amazed us But if Spain, amid her nobles,
Count many patriots resolute as Arcos,
The reign of Charles the Fifth shall rival yet
The lustre of his sires of old!—

ARC (*kissing his hand*) My liege,
My country's cause is saved!

(*CHARLES motions him to his right hand*)

CHAR Who be these captives?—

ALV (*advancing*) Victims of a tribunal, dread my liege,
Whereof your grace is umpire, for the breath
Of Kings confers honour or infamy!—(*Moved*)

CHAR Speak, and boldly!

ALV Sire, I am a man
Who, through the struggles of an arduous life
Have won my way without reproach,—a man

Whose name hath worth where'er the Spanish flag
Protects the commerce of your realms — My liege,
My gold runs molten in the veins of Spain,
Giving her life and vigour ! The Levant
Hath not a port but havens ships of mine
The spices of the East,—the precious ores
Which a new world yields to your conquering arms,—
Attain your quays but as my gallant vessels
Are swift or slow — My word creates abundance
Or famine in the land ?—

CHAR. You are Alvarez !
Your name hath reach'd our ear — The cardinal
Applauds your zeal, as bravest in opposing
The Algerines that vex our fleets

ALV My liege,
My hardy crews have wrought against these pirates
Marvels of valour — For myself, I claim
No merit in the struggle, save protecting
By cost, by care by energy of action,
The humble merchant craft denied, alas !
I hose royal favours, still reserved to grace
The warrior and the statesman,—men who serve ye
With *showier* seeming, in the field or senate,
But not more strength — The stagnant kingdom, sue,
Must languish to extinction, did not commerce
Invigorate its sinking energies
With *thrilling, vital* warmth — I've ventured much
For Spain,—life, fortune, time,—(my liege,
Your captains or your prelates do no more !)—
And at the close of a laborious life,
I find myself an alien from your presence,
Incompetent to match with those who crowd
Your councils, or who bask at listless ease,
Sunn'd by your smiles — For it hath needed, sue,
Imprisonment and shame to bring Alvarez,—
The MERCHANT, to whose flag the seas do homage,
I hush to his sovereign's feet !—(*Murmur of approbation*)

CHAR Is this the wrong
For which you claim redress ?

ALV Sire, this obscurity
Contents me, 'tis your will !—But when I find
A cringing lord, back'd by the royal favour
Denied to me, presume on it to cast
Defilement on my household gods,—to fling
Ashes of desolation on my head,—
To stigmatize the honour of my child,
And make me wretched,—wretched as the slaves
Who crawl around his feet, and fawn upon them,—
Then,—then,—my liege, I cry aloud to God,
And ask by what contrition, what atonement —
What gift more than my means have compass'd yet
Of offering to his altar, or enlargement
Of Christian slaves groaning in Pagan lands,
May expiate the unknown fault that dooms
My child and me to shame !—(*Murmur of approbation*)

CHAR Your good renown
Is known to us, Alvarez, and extenuates
This bold appeal Yours is a private wrong
We will not canvass here My Lord de Chieffies,
Let it bespeak indulgence from your prince,
That you embitter by no farther hindrance

The love your son obtain'd, by honest suit,
From the unspotted daughter of a man
Whose name I honour

CHIE Sire, my life and fortunes
Are in your hands—dispose of them!—

CHAR (to TER) Fair lady,
Draw near (AMBHART and TERENCIA ascend the steps of the
throne CHARLES rises, and joins their hands)

And be your nuptials solemnized
Here in my palace,—quickly, too, for know—
(They rise, and CHARLES descends the throne)

To-morrow, at the dawn of day, escorted
By our good Duke of Arcos, we embark
For Spain

ALL For Spain?—

ARC My gracious liege!

CHAR Alvarez,
Your gallant ship shall bear your sovereign
Unto your native land We name the barque
The "ROYAL CHARLES" (ALVAPEZ kisses his hand)
(Aside) Upon our homeward voyage

We shall have scope for converse
(To CHIEVRES) Count de Chievres,
Select such vessels from our arsenals
As suit your embarkation in our train (CHIEVRES bows, and exit)
One duty yet remains—

(Enter, with Ushers, CHRETTES, MARJORY, LOINCIA, and HANS,
Neighbours, &c CHRETTES falls penitentially on his knees)

My merry host!—

Wherefore this doleful visage?—

CHR Mercy, mercy!

CHAR Mercy?—For what?—For hospitality
Unto your King?—Up, up, man, and henceforth,

(Aside to CHRETTES) When merry ring the chimes
For St. Crispin's times—

CHR Oh! my dread liege!—no more on't!—

CHAR You'll remember
That Charles of Spain asks from his faithful people
(imitates the intonation of CHRETTES)

"No succours, sir, to carry on the war,
When peace prevails in Flanders!" Is't a bargain?

CHR Most gracious King, if a poor cobbler dared
Stand in your royal shoes, deign, sire, remember
You've stood in boots of ours!—

CHAR (laughing) Go to! bold knave,
What wouldst?—There's asking in thy face—
(Pointing to LOINCIA) For her?

Ask nought—a dowry waits her marriage-day
(HANS and LOINCIA overjoyed)

CHR My liege, if I might dare—

CHAR Speak, brother King
What wouldst of Charles the Fifth?—

CHR (boldly) That from this day
The cobblers of Flanders may emblazon
For legal arms, a royal boot surmounted
By an imperial crown

CHAR Tut, man!—a boon
Like this puts not a crown in pouch of thine
What wouldst thou more?

CHR That in the guilds of Brussels

'The cobblers may obtain precedence o'er
The shoemakers

CHAR Precedence—still precedence !
Are all my subjects crazed ? (To CHRETTES) Thy wish is granted !
To-morrow, bid thee to my treasurer
I'm still thy debtor In thy wassail cups
At each St Crispin's eve,—remember CHARLES !

CHR Huzza !

CHAR During my absence, lords, I claim
Allegiance for my royal kinswoman,
Margaret, the *gouvernante* of Flanders !
(*Aside to CHRETTES*) "Mark ye !

The distaff forms the steadiest sceptre !" Eh ?
Was it not so ?—Still thou'st an asking eye
What wouldst thou more ?

CHR An please your Majesty,
That you would crave indulgence from all present

CHAR With all my soul !—Throw up your caps, my friends,
Cry, "Long—"

ALL Live Charles the Fifth !

CHAR Nay, nay, I bid ye
Cry, "Long live Chretts the First, King of the Cobblers !" *Shouts—trumpets The curtain falls*

AN ODD DOG

BY GEORGE SOANE, B A

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY J LEECH]

HE was an odd dog—a very odd dog !

He had four legs, and a handsome tail to boot Still, common as are these appendages, he was an odd dog, and but for his extreme fidelity, might almost have passed for a human being Captain was in every sense of the word an odd dog, he was a character,—not, perhaps, a very amiable one, — but still a character, and of so marked a kind that it was impossible not to take an interest in him

Such was the companion with whom I set out on a short excursion through the Peninsula, about two months after the time when the allies had for the second time entered Paris for the purpose of binding over the French people to keep the King's peace, or rather, the peace of all the Kings and Kaisers of Europe

Scarcely had we set ourselves down in the Spanish capital than adventures, as usual, began to throng upon us, the exquisite forms, and dark, flashing eyes of the *Madrileurs* leading me into divers scrapes, I take no delight in recollecting Let them pass, therefore, and come we at once to an affair in which no wrong could by any possibility be imputed to me, and which, notwithstanding, threatened a fatal termination

Madrid, as every traveller knows, has not, or, at all events, had not at the time of which I am writing, the benefit of gas-lights, it is true a moon, almost as bright as our northern sun, rendered lamps of any kind a superfluity when she happened to be shining, but the moon does not always shine, even in these southern skies On such occasions, therefore, a stranger might very easily lose himself in the

dark, narrow streets of Madrid Even so it chanced to me in the very first week of my sojourn there While I was yet endeavouring to find my way out of this maze of buildings, my ear was caught by the clash of swords from a street close by, and, prudence being at no time one of my distinguishing qualities, I started off in the direction whence the sound came, to see what was the matter On turning the corner, I could dimly make out a man with his back to the wall, defending himself desperately against no less than three opponents, who were pressing on him with equal vigour Naturally enough, my first impulse was to fly to the assistance of the weaker party, and, though I had nothing with me but a cane-sword, yet my attack was so sudden and unexpected that one of the three rolled lifeless at my feet almost before he was aware of his new adversary The combat now was continued upon more equal terms, man to man, and if my opponent had the advantage in the quality of his weapon, a long, two-edged toledo, these odds were again equalized by my superior skill in fencing, as was sufficiently proved by the sequel, for in a very few minutes my sword had passed through him, and he dropt, severely, if not mortally, wounded At this sight the third of the assassins fled, and I was about to pursue, when I was called back by the cavalier, who in a faint voice besought me to remain, and help him home before he bled to death Thus conjured, I of course abandoned my first intention, and holding up the wounded man as well as I could, contrived under his direction to thread the streets, and lead him to the house of his father, Don Antonio di S—— It is unnecessary to dwell upon the manner of our reception, the grief of the old man at his son's bloody plight, the hasty calling in of surgeons, the agony of suspense while they were examining their patient, and finally, the warm expressions of gratitude that were poured out upon myself when my part in the drama had been made fully known, and the wounds of Carlos, though sufficiently numerous, were pronounced to be neither deep nor dangerous Scarcely would the happy father allow me to leave him, and it was only after a solemn promise to call again in the morning, and make his house my home for the next few months, that I was at last, with great reluctance, permitted to depart

For brevity's sake, I will now at one bound o'erleap the three ensuing months, during which I had become domesticated in Antonio's house, his son had recovered, and our first intimacy had ripened into a friendship To this result the similarity of our years and habits not a little contributed

It was nearly the fourth month of my stay in Madrid, when the old man proposed to his son an excursion to Andalusia, where, it seems, they had a large family estate, which, by some mismanagement or treachery on the part of the steward, required the immediate presence of one or other of them To this proposal Carlos readily assented, only stipulating that I should join him in his tour, and, as my object was to see as much of Spain as possible, and I had been more than long enough in the capital, I, of course, was glad of the opportunity The affair, therefore, was settled at once, and a few days saw Carlos, Captain, and myself on the road to Andalusia.

Nothing could exceed the harmony of our trio during the first half of our journey, which we prosecuted so as to have the full be-

nefit of the fine season and the beautiful country through which we had to pass. Captain was the first to interrupt this agreeable state of things. He had been in a sullen mood throughout the day, for the route had been longer than usual, the weather exceedingly hot, and our way had lain over ground that, from its ruggedness, no doubt tormented his feet not a little. I am the more particular in mentioning these points, however trifling in themselves, because the ill-humour of my quadruped ally conduced, indirectly indeed, to very important consequences, or, to speak according to the letter, was the means of— But I must not anticipate.

The posada, or road-side inn, at which we took up our abode for the night was rather worse than usual, and this is saying a great deal, considering the usual run of hostels in the Peninsula. Captain, who, it must be confessed, was at no time a very rigorous observer of the law of *meum* and *tuum*, was, I presume, on the present occasion, urged by hunger beyond his usual prudence, for he had made a daring foray upon the host's larder, and feloniously abstracted thence the quarter of a kid, which he now dragged with great glee into the room where we were sitting in expectation of our supper. Close at his heels followed the whole *possi-comitatus* of the inn, armed with whips, pitch forks, staves, and other anomalous weapons of offence, all clamouring for vengeance on the culprit who had thus impudently violated the sanctuary of the comestibles. As a matter of course, I snatched the meat from him, as much from a wish to divert the wrath of his enemies, which might else have proved fatal, as from any moral conviction of his enormities. But the ungrateful Captain by no means appreciated my motives as he ought to have done. Instead of crouching at my feet, and wagging his tail, in token of acquiescence, the rascal bared his fangs, and grinned formidably at his master, with every symptom of being quite ready to do battle for the recovery of his plunder. Incensed at such open rebellion, I gave him a hearty kick on the ribs, whereupon he uttered a single low growl, and made his escape through the window. What great events may spring from trifles, which at the time would hardly seem to merit repetition!

The pleasures of supper, the dreams of night, the morning's breakfast, I pass them all over, and resume our journey. Mounted on two gallant horses of Andalusian breed, wild with life and spirits, that were every moment ready to burst off into a full gallop, and who favoured us with a thousand caracoles and plunges, at the least check from the bridle. Carlos, at no time subject to hypochondria, or indeed to reflection in any shape, seemed all at once to share the excitement of his horse, being, I should say, in that state of mind the Scotch emphatically call *fey*, to denote the exultation that so frequently is the forerunner of some dreadful calamity. One moment he would chaunt a favourite national ballad, and the next would give the reins to his willing horse, and dash up ascents that, to all appearance, defied any visitor less sure-footed than the mountain-goat. However reluctant to peril my neck in so mad a chase, I could not do otherwise than follow him, till at length it fell out as I had been for some time expecting. The animal I rode came down upon his knees, flinging me over his head to a considerable distance, and then, recovering himself, he set off again in all the wildness of terror, but without seeing a precipice close before him, over this

he went headlong, and was instantly dashed to pieces. It was in vain I shouted at the top of my voice for Carlos. Had I possessed the lungs and throat of a Swiss mountaineer, he was by this time too far off to hear me.

For some time I waited, in the full confidence he would return when tired of his frolic, but either he had lost his way, or had met with some accident, for hour passed after hour, and still I saw nothing of him. What was to be done? From the time of day, I felt assured that the way back would be longer than the way forward, and therefore on I resolved to go, thinking that, as there was but one wide road, I could not possibly miss my place of destination. Unfortunately for this reasonable inference, after I had gone a few miles, the road branched off right and left, without the least sign to guide me in my selection. Not a soul was within sight, much less within reach of my voice, so that nothing was left to me but to go on at all hazards, and this just as the last sunbeams were vanishing behind the mountains. The darkness that followed naturally made me quicken my steps, but, after about an hour's walking, the road narrowed into little more than a sheep-track, so that all my increase of speed had only been leading me the farther from my journey's end. Again I asked myself what was to be done? I was much too weary to think of retracing my steps, and yet the way onward held out no promise of shelter for the night. Before me lay a desolate mountain-track, crag piled upon crag, and rock upon rock, while on either side spread thick woods of cork and ilex, in which there was small chance of finding any habitation. Still, as the least of the two evils, I determined again to push on, and in another hour my perseverance was rewarded by seeing the friendly twinkle of a light in a dell at no great distance. By this, as my polar star, I was now guided, and soon, to my infinite satisfaction, found myself in front of a large, rambling building, that in its better days might have been the rural retreat of some noble, but which, as I now saw it, was little more than a heap of ruins. In spite, however, of these unpromising signs, it was habitable,—and, more, it was inhabited, as appeared by the ruddy light that streamed through the lower windows, giving sufficient tokens of a goodly fire within, and most probably for the purposes of cookery, since the weather was too hot to make it otherwise needed, or even desirable. At the door, therefore, I knocked with all the impatience of a way-worn, hungry man, and, after some delay, it was opened by a rough-looking mountaineer, clad in sheep-skin, who in a surly tone demanded my business,—a very unnecessary question, as I then thought, to a lonely wanderer by night in the depths of a Spanish sierra. Or did he take me for a brigand? I am sure, appearances considered, I might have returned the compliment, for, take him altogether, he wore as unpromising a set of features as ever cried “stand!” to benighted traveller. Keeping, however, these opinions to myself, I gave the desired explanation, backed with the promise of a handsome gratuity for my board and lodging till daybreak. At this intimation his face relaxed into a grim smile, and he invited me to enter with as much civility as could be well expected from his uncouth exterior.

The room into which I was ushered had probably been the kitchen of the original building. It was long, with a high-arched roof, and was

paved with what appeared from the sound to be stone, but so discoloured by the accumulated dirt and stains of many years, that I could not be certain of the substance I was treading on. At the farther end blazed a wood-fire, over which was suspended a kettle, of the size of the witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*, exhaling a compound odour of garlic and high-kept game, that to the nostrils of a hungry traveller was anything but disagreeable. Before it stood a heavy oak-table, garnished with wooden spoons, and platters of the same material, for a dozen people, though there were only five persons present, in addition to the old goat-herd, namely, a middle-aged woman, with features not a whit more promising than his own, a lad of about fourteen, and three young men, who, from their faces, all belonged to the same family. This pleasant party was already seated at the table, impatient, as it seemed, for their expected supper, with the exception of the hag, who was broiling herself before the fire, in attendance upon the cookery.

"Be seated, senhor," said the old goatherd, placing the only chair in the room at the head of the table for my accommodation. "You are just in time, as you may see, if you have stomach for a plain meal, and are not too proud to eat with a poor peasant and his family."

"I have plenty of stomach, and no pride," said I, laughing, and flinging myself into the proffered seat, "so, produce supper when you will, and doubt not my doing justice to it."

Again the old goatherd smiled grimly, and, turning to the woman, bade her delay no longer.

"Off with your cauldron, Inez, and let us see what you have done for us to-night."

"I have done just what you brought me to do, and nothing else," replied the hag crossly.

"Better fare I would not wish for," said the goatherd, "so, once again, out with it, and don't keep us starving here all night. 'Tis no fast-day, I reckon. San Nicolo!" he exclaimed, as the woman emptied the contents of the kettle into a huge beechen bowl,—"San Nicolo! but this same olla podrida has a savoury odour with it. It reeks as if it came from the queen's own kitchen. Ha, Juan!—this was addressed to the lad,—"I see your mouth waters to be at the dish already. But patience, boy, and shuffle the cards, you must wait till your elders and betters are served, for our teeth are not so good as yours, and you can afford to give us the start, and still get the largest share of the olla."

Saying which, he filled a platter with the stew, and sent it up to me from his end of the table.

"As I told you before, senhor, 'tis only mountaineers' fare, but if you have been wandering, as you say, for the last half dozen hours upon our sierras, 'tis odds that you have got by this time an appetite that may relish it."

"Indeed have I," was my hasty answer, as I fell to upon the reeking olla. "Capital!" I continued, after having assured myself of the fact by swallowing several mouthfuls,—"*capital!* I know many farmers in my own country, who would be glad to sit down to such a mess, even upon a Sunday."

"I am glad to hear you are so well contented," replied the goatherd. "Let me fill your platter again."

"Right willingly," was my answer "Such an offer is by no means to be rejected But can you oblige me with a glass of water?"

"With a pailful, if you like water, and don't like wine"

"Not so, my friend Water may do very well where nothing better is to be had, but if you have any wine, out with it, I pray you, and leave the other liquid till your cellar begins to run low"

"No fear of that, senhor Juan, go fetch us up the wine skin that hangs in the right-hand corner of the vault 'You'll know it by the size

Juan nodded assent, and in a few minutes returned with a wine-skin from some hidden nook, which, though not of the first quality, proved something more than passable, and tended not a little to promote the harmony of the evening Seldom in my life had I spent a more thoughtless, happy hour, than here among the Spanish mountains, and that, too, in company with her wildest peasantry, men whose manners were altogether as rude as their attire But just now, when the general mirth and good-fellowship were at the highest, an event occurred that at once gave my thoughts a very different complexion

The old goatherd was leaning over the table to fill the cup of one of the young men, when a miniature, set in diamonds, dropt from his bosom At a single glance I recognised in it a miniature that Carlos constantly carried about him, and was not likely to yield to any one except with life It was the picture of his deceased mother, to whose memory he was devotedly attached Involuntarily I exclaimed,

"That miniature belongs to my friend, Carlos!"

The whole party could not have looked more unpleasantly surprised had a thunderbolt dropped amongst them Was it the confusion of guilt? or only of fear lest they should be suspected? These doubts hastily swept through my mind, making me seem scarcely less embarrassed than themselves

"It belongs to a friend of yours, does it?" said the old goatherd, with an effort to break up this awkward pause, which had now lasted for several minutes "Well, it may be so I found it this morning on one of our sierras, close by the torrent head you know where I mean, Pedro?" he added, turning to the companion on his right hand

"I should think so, replied the other "There's not a more dangerous spot for the traveller in all Spain

The old goatherd looked uneasily at this remark, which, indeed, might bear a double meaning, but, though he cast a reproving glance at the speaker, he said nothing As much to turn the conversation as from any other motive, I asked,

"At what rate do you value the miniature? I should like to buy it, that when I meet my friend again I may return it to him"

"At what rate do I value the trinket?" repeated the old goatherd doubtfully "I think the question rather is, what are you disposed to give for it?"

"Now, out upon you for a half-witted fool!" exclaimed the woman, in great wrath "If the senhor wants the bauble, let him have it What earthly difference can it make to you?"

There was again an ambiguous speech, which might bode good or

evil, as the hearer chose to take it, and I must confess it by no means tended to restore me to my equanimity. It, however, had the intended effect upon the old goatherd, for he immediately tendered me the miniature, observing,

"Inez says well, senhor, so take the trinket. You are a gentleman, and, *voto de Dios*, it won't be long, I'll be sworn, before you give it up again—to the right owner."

"The first moment I see him, rest assured of it," was my reply, at which the boy, Juan, burst into a fit of laughter, greatly to the indignation of his mother, who requited his mirth with a sound box on the ears, that made him look grave enough for the next half hour.

"You must excuse the lad," said the old goatherd, "if he laughs at the notion of your giving up this pretty trinket. He knows no better."

Was this indeed what he laughed at? I rather thought his mirth was excited by my fancying I should ever look upon the face of a friend again, but I was anxious, if possible, to conciliate their goodwill, and, taking out my purse, said,

"I am much obliged by your offer, though I cannot accept it without some return on my part. I must needs repay you, as far as my present means go, for the ready surrender of a precious gem, which, if it be not exactly yours, is, unquestionably, still less mine. Accept this trifle."

"Not a bit of it, senhor."

"Nay, I entreat—"

"Not another word, senhor, you have the trinket, and there's an end of the matter. Another wine-skin, Juan."

But this offer I declined, pleading weariness in excuse, and a wish to go to bed, that I might be up the earlier on the morrow. The fact is, I had been completely upset by this last occurrence of the miniature, and longed to be alone, for in the midst of my dangerous companions, whose every word and look gave rise to new doubts and darker apprehensions, it was impossible to grapple with the difficulties of my situation. Much to my delight, as well as surprise, but a very slight opposition was offered,—no more, perhaps, than a spirit of good-fellowship would have raised, and then the lad, lamp in hand, showed me the way to my chamber, where he left me with a brief "*a Dios*, senhor, that had anything but kindness in it."

Now that I was left to myself I set about examining the room, looking under the bed, and in the closets, but nowhere did I find anything to alarm my fears, nor on sounding the oaken wainscots were there any signs indicative of a secret entrance. The most suspicious point was the door itself, which was exceedingly thick, and plated besides with sheet iron, but had no fastening on the inside except a simple latch, while on the outside were two immense bolts, which being once drawn, the person within was as effectually a prisoner as if he had been confined in the strongest cell of Newgate. It was impossible to suppose such arrangements could have been made for any good purpose, though it certainly might be that they had not originated with the present occupier of the house. Still this circumstance gave me a fearful sense of insecurity, and I endeavoured to remedy the want of bolts and bars as best I could, by pushing the only table against the door. My next step was to place my pis-

tols, and a long Spanish knife, which I was in the constant habit of carrying about me, ready at hand beneath my pillow. Thus prepared, I flung myself on the bed, dressed as I was, not to sleep, if I could by any means avoid it, but to reflect on the impending danger, and the best means of escaping it.

Strong as were my suspicions, a hope yet lingered in my bosom that my hosts might be more honest than they seemed to be. After all, on what were my doubts grounded? — on looks, that were no evidence at all, on words which I might have misinterpreted, and on the miniature. But even this last, though the strongest of all my causes for fear, did not in reality amount to much, the old goatherd might have spoken the simple truth in saying he found it, for what could be more probable than that Carlos, in his wild ride up the mountains, should have dropt the trinket? I was the more inclined to dwell upon this favourable view of things from the utter hopelessness presented by the other side of the picture. If Carlos had actually been murdered, and these goatherds in name were bandits in reality, how then? what chance had I, single-handed, against their numbers, such as I had seen them, and they perhaps only a part of a gang which was yet to assemble? In that case nothing short of a miracle could save me.

During these, and many similar reflections, sleep was gradually stealing upon me, notwithstanding all my efforts to keep awake. My weary eyelids would close, strive as I might against it, and at length I fell into an uneasy slumber. Thanks, however, to a merciful Providence, it did not last long. I could scarcely have slept a quarter of an hour when I was awakened by a blow on the face from some sharp weapon, that struck through to the very bone. On the instant I started up, and before I was perfectly conscious of what I was doing, instinctively seized a pistol, and pulled the trigger without any definite aim or object. It flashed in the pan, and the assailant had escaped. But how? the table still remained in its place against the door, the window-shutters remained all fast, and when I again searched under the bed, and in the cupboards, there was no concealed enemy, not even the slightest traces of one. Yet the blow could not have been ideal, since I not only still smarted from the wound, but felt the trickling of the hot-blood down my cheek, and could see it dropping on the front of my shirt.

I listened, in the hope my ears might supply the evidence denied to sight, and, sure enough, after a short pause I heard a strange, rustling sound in the chimney. Without stopping to inquire who, or what might be lurking there, I levelled my second pistol up the opening, but that, too, flashed in the pan just as the first had done, and before I could examine into the cause of this second failure, down came a mass of some kind, and I received a blow on the head that for the moment staggered me. My spirits, however, rose with the increasing peril. I hastily grasped my Spanish knife in one hand, and the lamp in the other, but before I could discover my enemy something whizzed past me, and dashed the light to the ground. I was now in total darkness, with the certainty that an enemy of some kind was in the room, for the noise augmented, sounding like the rush of wings, with a hammering at intervals, as if a hard substance were bounding from wall to wall, and occasionally knocking against the shutters. Luckily I remembered the Ger-

man-tinder 'I kept for lighting cigars, and having with some difficulty found that, and a small powder-flask belonging to my pistols, I contrived to re-light the lamp. The secret now came out. My supposed assassin was a large bat, who, alarmed by the light, again made his way up the chimney, leaving me as little pleased with myself as with the object of all this useless alarm. But when I came to examine my pistols, and found the charges of both had been drawn, I took a very different view of the matter, and instead of continuing to mutter execrations upon my ugly visitant, I began to hail him as my better genius. By awaking me from the sleep into which I had unwillingly fallen he had at least given me a chance for life, for that an attack would be made upon me I now felt more assured than ever, and the wakeful man might perhaps foil the assassins, whereas, had they stolen upon my slumber, the case would have been utterly hopeless.

Before I could reload my pistols there was a stealthy sound of feet in the passage, followed by a gentle pulling at the latch, and pushing at the door. The hour for the deed had come then, but it was evident they had wished to surprise me in my sleep, and, finding an impediment to their quiet entrance, from the table placed against the door, were hesitating how to proceed. Darkness was manifestly my best friend, being one against so many, as I judged them to be, from the shuffling of feet, and the low buzz of voices. I blew out the lamp, therefore, and fixed myself close to the wall, knife in hand, ready to stab the first who should enter, and listening with intense anxiety to their low murmurs, the import of which, however, I could not make out, though I might easily guess at it. Short as were these few moments of suspense, they were not without their use, for they gave me time to collect my thoughts, and wind up every nerve for the struggle, which I well knew must be a desperate one.

"Be cool! be firm!" I muttered half aloud, as if the sound of my own voice could encourage me, and produce that perfect coolness and self-possession, so indispensable to my slightest chance of safety.

A gentle pushing at the door showed me that the assassins had matured their plans. It was plain they still intended to gain a stealthy entrance, if possible, under the idea of murdering me while I slept, and thus preventing all risk to themselves. As the table slowly gave way before their cautious efforts, and the opening gradually widened, a feeble ray of light was visible from some half-shaded lamp carried by some one in the back-ground, not strong enough to show any object in my chamber, but quite sufficient for me to distinguish the figure of the leading-assassin. With noiseless motion he at length got the door so far open that he could enter, though with difficulty. Another step brought him fairly into the room. His back was towards me. I struck with all my force, fortunately burying the knife in his spine, and he dropt dead on his face, without uttering a single groan. His companions evidently thought he had stumbled, and whispered curses on his awkwardness, which they feared might wake me.

"He must sleep soundly not to hear that," said one.

"Hold your tongue, fool!" muttered another. "All's well, if you can be quiet."

There was a brief pause, when, finding all silent in the room, a second ruffian squeezed himself in, with the same caution that the

first had used I know not what prompted me to change my plan, but this time I struck at the breast, and the bandit, groaning heavily, fell back against the door

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed several at the same time, "what is the meaning of all this?"

"He is awake, to be sure, and has put his knife into them!" cried a voice that I easily recognised for the old goatherd's. "Fling the door open, and all fire into the room at once!"

I held my breath, and drew myself up yet closer to the wall. In the next moment the door was violently forced back by one sudden and united effort, a volley of carbines was discharged right into the chamber, and the whole party rushed in with so much vehemence, pushing and hustling each other, that the lamp-bearer was tumbled to the ground, and in his fall crushed the lamp to pieces.

"Never mind, lads," shouted the old goatherd, "throw the shutters open—throw the shutters open."

With more zeal than prudence they all rushed to obey this order. I could hear them cursing and tugging in the dark, at the bars, and, taking advantage of this happy opportunity, I darted out of the room, and bolted the door behind me. The necessity for speed would not allow of caution, and the sound of course did not escape them, but what then? the door, with its huge bars and iron plates, would stand an infinite deal of battering, and, meanwhile, I hastened down stairs and reached the kitchen, where I unexpectedly found myself face to face with the old hag. It was her life or mine, had I spared her, she would, beyond doubt, have freed the ruffians above, in which case my fate was certain, and, therefore, cruel as it may seem, I struck her down without pity.

Having perpetrated this necessary, though savage, deed, I hurried out just as the banditti had succeeded in getting open the shutters, and, as the moon shone out brightly, they did not fail to discover me. The sight seemed to inflame the old goatherd to madness. He shouted in a voice hoarse with rage, "After him, lads, don't stand for the height. You are young and active, Diego, and are sure to come safely on your legs."

It may seem to many incredible, but this new and unexpected form of danger so completely paralyzed me, that I stood fixed to the spot, stupidly gazing at the young ruffian as he mounted up to the window-sill. When there he hesitated, appalled, no doubt, by the tremendous height.

"Down with you!" cried the father.

And the son leapt. In less than a second he lay upon the ground below, with his head literally smashed to pieces, in sight of the father whose bidding he had obeyed. Never, while I can recollect anything, shall I forget the horrid howl—it could not be called a cry—of agony set up by the old goatherd, when he heard the crushing sound of the body as it fell to earth, and saw the bloody spattering of the brains as the skull struck upon a fragment of loose stone, disjointed by time from the ruined building.

It is in vain to attempt reasoning upon the springs of human action. Even this hideous spectacle failed to rouse me from my strange stupor, but, what nothing else could do, was effected by so simple a thing as the baying of a dog. I could not see the animal, but, from the rattling of his chain, he was evidently endeavouring to

break from his confinement, and no doubt for the purpose of flying at me, who was an intruder upon his domains, though a most unwilling one. At this sound, I started off full speed for the cork wood, about half a mile off, under the shelter of which I might pursue my further flight in comparative safety. Should I be fortunate enough to reach it before the goatherds could break down the door I had bolted on them. Scarcely, however, had I run a dozen yards when I heard the panting of a dog behind me. The beast had broken his chain, then, and now what hope remained? Every moment I expected he would seize and pull me down, yet still I continued to fly, vain as might be the hope of escape, and still, without venturing to look round, I was sensible of his being close at my heels.

At length I reached the wood, and, taking fresh courage from its friendly shelter, I faced my enemy, resolved to destroy, or be destroyed, when—sight of joy!—the animal lay down, whining and crouching at my feet. It was Captain who, like his master, had in his rambles, fallen into the hands of the treacherous goatherds, and like him, too, had been fortunate enough to escape from their clutches. What a singular coincidence! but then, as I mentioned at the very outset, Captain was an odd dog, and so, I suppose, he could not but meet with odd adventures. It was all in character.

I now struck deeper into the forest, hoping that I might ere long, hit upon the main road, or fall in with some peasant, who, for gold, or christian charity, would put me in the right track. Nor had I gone far, before I had the good fortune, as I then considered it, of coming up with a detachment of soldiers on their way to join the troops in the capital, here was at once safety from the treacherous goatherds, and I lost not a moment in claiming their protection, having first given the officer of the party a hasty narrative of what had passed. But, as it turned out, I had only exchanged one peril for another, it being a matter of some doubt whether the last was not likely to prove the greatest. To not one syllable of my story would this sapient commander give credence, and when I produced the miniature in proof of my assertions, he exclaimed, indignantly, "This, with your bloody hands, and general appearance, is quite enough to identify you as the murderer of my friend, Carlos, whose body we have found among the underwood of this very copse, and in the direction whence you came to us. Yonder it lies," he added, pointing to a litter of green boughs, that was carried by four of the troop. "You must go, therefore, with us to Madrid, where the magistrates may decide upon your guilt or innocence, but so convinced am I of your having perpetrated the murder, that, if you escape the law, as many scoundrels before you have done, I will take care you answer for it to myself, though I am half ashamed of crossing my sword with such a ruffian."

Finding the officer so utterly insensible to all reason, I sank into a dogged silence, and obeyed the order to march, since resistance was useless, under the especial escort of half a dozen soldiers, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets. Yet, even this ready compliance, did not secure for me better treatment. The sergeant of the party, thinking it right, no doubt, to model himself upon the example of his superior, affected on the sudden to fancy I intended to escape, and, under this pretext, ordered me to be handcuffed, when, having thus deprived me of every chance of defending myself, he freely exer-

cised his halberd on my back and shoulders. As the sun was getting high, and the road was both rough and hilly, I felt well nigh exhausted long ere the day's march was over, and when at length we reached the posada, a little before nightfall, I was allowed no better fare than bread and water.

Two days more of equally pleasant travel brought us eventually to Madrid. Here, thought I, my innocence must be speedily made known, and my torments in consequence have an end. But it seems I had reckoned with very little knowledge of Spanish justice, her pace being slower, and her ways even more crooked than with us in England. For full two months was I kept a prisoner in a foul, damp dungeon, without the slightest notice being taken of me, except that the jailor brought me my daily allowance of prison fare, nor did one of my many letters to our ambassador receive any answer, though the fellow swore by all the saints in the calendar, to their having been safely delivered. The only result of my remonstrances on this topic, was to alarm the Spanish authorities lest the secret of my imprisonment should transpire, and my story become noised among the English residents in Madrid, in which case they might reasonably dread some effectual interposition on the part of my countrymen. At least it was to this cause I attributed my sudden, quiet removal to Andalusia, where they were less likely to be interrupted in any course of iniquity they might think proper to adopt. My trial, which took place immediately upon my arrival there, fully justified the suspicion, and, as the judge had evidently made up his mind beforehand to condemn, the affair did not take long. In half an hour, or even less, my guilt was satisfactorily proved, and sentence given that I should be hung the next day upon a gibbet, a degree of speed so unusual in Spanish law as to show they were not altogether without fears of interruption even in this remote quarter. It must, however, be frankly admitted in the Spaniards' excuse, that appearances were much against me, and the prejudices peculiar to the case itself were yet further strengthened and confirmed by the national antipathy existing very generally throughout the Peninsula towards all Englishmen, notwithstanding their recent services. The plight in which I was found, with the marks of blood about me, the miniature belonging to the murdered man in my pocket, the fact of Carlos and I having travelled together, with the not very probable story of our separation, the vain search for a habitation of any kind in the direction I had pointed out,—no doubt arising from my ignorance of the country—all these things, taken together, formed a fearful mass of circumstantial evidence. Of course I did not view the matter exactly in this calm, clear light at the time, when sentence of death was passed upon me, few men would, but at this distance of time, when the whole scene lives with me only as a fevered dream, as an exciting recollection like that which belongs to some strongly-written tale, I do not so much feel disposed to quarrel with Spanish justice.

Notwithstanding the terms of my sentence, nearly another month elapsed of captivity in the Seville jail, and but for the rations of food that regularly appeared at the same stated hours, I should have fancied myself forgotten. "Dame Justice," said I, to myself, "is slow in tying the hangman's knot, perhaps, from the want of prac-

tice, so much the better, there is some chance she may overlook me altogether." But I did the good lady wrong, for early one morning she sent the turnkey to my cell, with several other officials, and a file of soldiers, to escort me to the gallows. My first idea on seeing this conclave was to resist to the utmost, with the hope of dying in the struggle, but it is wonderful what a change a few months of solitary confinement, and bread and water diet, can bring about in the most determined spirit. I was no longer the same man that had baffled, single-handed, all the efforts of a dozen ruffians in the goat-herd's den, my courage was as hollow as my cheeks, and they were hollow enough, Heaven knows. After the first transient flash of rage was over, I submitted quietly to have my arms pinioned, and, at the voice of my attendants, mechanically took my place in the procession, that now set forth amidst an immense crowd assembled for the humane purpose of seeing how an Englishman would look, suspended from a gibbet.

Dying in a strange land, with no friendly voice to soothe or comfort, is in every case reckoned an aggravation of the tremendous hour we must all pass through sooner or later, and I much question if the sense of loneliness and desolation, is diminished when death expects us not on a pillow of down, but on the hard boards of a scaffold. Disease and sickness, however painful in themselves, are yet the ministers sent by benevolent nature to lessen our instinctive dread of the grave, and gradually wear away the strands of that strong line, which binds us to life, and which, when whole, can never be snapped asunder except by a tremendous struggle.

But was I alone? no, not entirely, for scarcely had I left the prison on my melancholy road, than Captain made his appearance. It would almost seem as if the poor brute had been sensible of what was going on, for instead of showing the usual signs of canine joy at our meeting, he took his place close behind me, and followed with as much gravity as though he had really been one of the procession. Will it be believed? a smile, half of mirth, and half of pain, crossed my face as the old thought arose even in that hour that *he was an odd dog*. But this feeling was as brief as it was unnatural to the occasion. The clang of the funeral bell jarred on my nerves, shaking me to the very centre, in my ears there was a strange confusion of stunning sounds, like the roar of waters, and the rushing of winds, and the atmosphere around turned to a dull red, in which heaps of little black specks were flying about, while the earth itself seemed to be sliding and slipping from under my feet. So strong was this last impression, that I leant with all my weight on the attendant priest at my right hand, lest I should fall.

A frightful stillness and clearness now succeeded, both to my brain and sight. I was at the foot of the scaffold, but hesitated, and the executioner was urging me to ascend when a loud cry burst from the nearest of the spectators. My faithful dog had suddenly, without any cause as it seemed or warning, flown at one of them and pulled him to the ground, fairly pinning him by the throat. In his fear and agony the man shouted for help, but, unfortunately for him, he was surrounded on all sides by women, who had pressed thus forward with true female curiosity, and who were afraid to render the aid they prevented others from affording. That voice! I

knew it in an instant, it was the old goatherd's' and at the sound, the blood, that had stagnated at my heart, again flowed freely, and I called aloud on those around to seize the murderer

On occasions of this kind, a trifle will in a minute change the feelings of the people, or perhaps it is the charm which the surprising never fails to exercise over the human imagination. Of all that vast multitude, so hostile, or, at best, indifferant, a few moments since, there was probably not one whose bosom did not now throb with kindly feelings for the poor stranger. My innocence was as readily and as groundlessly admitted at this cry, as my guilt had been before. Some friendly hand even went so far as to cut my bonds, when I rushed to the spot where the goatherd was still vainly struggling with Captain, and just in time to save the dog from the sticks and stones that would soon have beaten his brains out, though too late to help his victim. Life was ebbing fast from some wounded artery, and he called in a faint voice for the priest, for, however loaded with blood and crimes a Spaniard may have been, the sentiment of religion seldom fails to awake in him at the last moment. At his summons, the priest in attendance on me, stepped to his side, holding the cross before his failing eyes, and exhorting him to reconcile himself to heaven by a full confession of his earthly sins. And he did confess! His last words, uttered at broken intervals, and with great difficulty, acknowledged him for the murderer of Carlos, and the next moment he set the seal on that confession by his death.

While we were yet gazing on his last struggles, there was a commotion amongst the more distant part of the spectators,—cries of "Stop the execution!" with a waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and presently a troop of horse, breaking through the crowd, made straight for the scaffold.

"Where is he?" exclaimed the officer, "on peril of your lives, where is the Englishman?"

A hundred voices answered, "Here! here!" and so intent was every one in communicating what had just passed, that it was with some difficulty he could make out the truth. When at length he did learn that the goatherd had in dying acknowledged himself for the murderer of Carlos, he said, touching his hat to me with all the dignity of a Spanish cavalier,

"I congratulate you, senhor, on this singular chance, though, had it not been so, I have come by her Majesty's order to bring you to Madrid, that your case might undergo revision. You owe this grace to your ambassador, who did not hear of your danger till the eleventh hour."

It were useless to dwell on what was said and done in consequence of this order from the capital. In a few weeks Captain and I had left Spain, and now—poor fellow!—he rests under the shade of a willow-tree in my little garden, while my hairs are turning grey. There, in a summer's evening, I often sit smoking my cigar, with my feet upon his grave, and then,—I am almost ashamed to own it, but truth is truth,—I feel for my poor dog what I seldom felt for human being.

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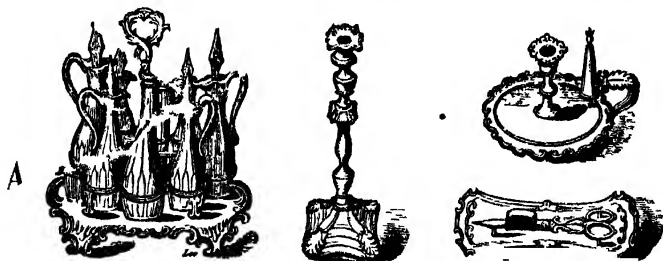


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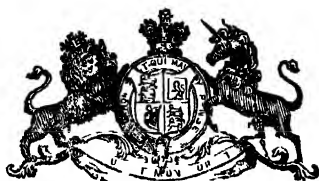
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## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

ACATHONIA, A ROMANCE—This little volume has probably found its way into the hands of most of our readers, but we will not pass without notice the appearance of a work so remarkable. In a small compass, and under an unassuming form, it will be found to contain a world of poetry and romance.







## THE FORTUNES OF THE SCATTERGOOD FAMILY

BY ALBERT SMITH

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN LEECH

## CHAPTER XI.

Mr Bolt appears anxious to visit an old country house.—The Father and Daughter



WE have occasionally seen certain plays of very wonderful construction, whose ingenuity even Mr Glenalvon Fogg might have envied, in which the events that were going on in different parts of the house, in two, three, or even four rooms, were represented before the audience all at once. On these occasions, the scene usually resembled a gigantic doll's house, with the street-door open, which in those tenements is generally of formidable proportions, inasmuch as it comprises the whole front of the building, leaving the house, when unclosed, in that state of unreserved display respecting its internal economy, which we only see where violent architectural sections of dwellings are being made to form new streets in dense neighbourhoods. And then there is very great food for speculation in the different colours and patterns of the paper, the outline apparitions of departed staircases, that still haunt the walls, and the rusty grates still clinging to the fireplace, like household gods perched up aloft in niches.

The staircases have, however, but little to do with dolls' houses, they are an accommodation never thought of by the builders of those tiny freeholds, nor, possibly, would they be much used if constructed, the chief resident inmate being a wax lodger, who sleeps perpetually in a small bed, tightly trimmed with pink calico, and is found by children of an inquiring disposition to be entirely without legs. And when it has been ordained that the small Dutch company which assembles in the kitchen should hold a reunion in the drawing-room, like house-lamb and alien babies, they are usually brought up by hand. So that, since even the labours of that wondrous architect, the bee, prove economy of space and material to be the first considerations in building, the makers of dolls' abodes may, upon the whole, be regarded as clear-headed and talented men, from the formation of "savings' banks" upwards, to those elaborate four-roomed houses, which Lilliputian upholsterers undertake to furnish luxuriously for two-and-sixpence.

If this simultaneous presentation of different actions could be effected as well in novels or histories as on the stage, a great economy of time, and possibly a diminution of tedium, might be the result. Doubtless, with a little practice, two chapters could be studied at once, similarly as pianists embrace the meaning of the two clefs at one and the same time. But as the large proportion of readers have not paid much attention to this comprehensive method, we must at present go on in the old-fashioned style, which, like many other antique notions, is perhaps the best after all.

Vincent is, as we are aware, still located with Mr Fogg. How long the fellowship will continue may not yet be told. Freddy is a scholar of Merchant Tailors: the duration of his stay there is equally uncertain. Unscreened allotments, portioned off from the mysterious coal-stores of Mr Chicksand at sixpence the scuttle, shed warmth around the lodgings of Clara and her parents. And so we will wind off another end from the web which surrounds the cocoon of our history, until we get the various threads into one line for its conclusion.

The time is yet winter, the place not very far from the locality wherein we first met our hero journeying up to London in the market-waggon. That dismal and swampy range, stretched along the banks of the river for miles, but in its inland direction was more circumscribed, for there it gradually became cultivated, the willows disappeared, and trees of less melancholy aspect, upon whom the effects of constant water-drinking had not left such a dull, depressed physiognomy, took their places. Dry turf, too, with under-wood and hawthorn, supplanted the plashy fields of rushes, and the numerous water-courses, that intersected the marshes in every direction, were seen no more. And still farther from the coast were knolls of ground—warm, sunny rises, upon which the corn undulated in summer time, with clumps of goodly trees, and long belts of waving foliage, which at various openings disclosed fine old houses, high and dry upon the heidland, whose windows, it could be readily imagined, commanded views far over the marshes and river, even to the sweeping outline of rich hill and valley, that adorned the opposite and pleasant county of Kent.

There was one old mansion, above others, in which we are chiefly interested. As the traveller caught the first view of it over the grove that lodged the cawing rooks who were its perpetual sentinels, it appeared nothing but a wonderful collection of chimneys in every fashion, from the early Tudor to that of the latest century, and when he got nearer, its windows were a perfect marvel, as well from their number as their quaintness.

There were large bay ones, which were known at once to belong to "the hall, with heavy stone mullions and carved transoms, so large indeed, that the recess which they formed was a perfect room of itself, with one entire side of glass,—not smooth, clear plate, but small dusky panes, full of flaws and zigzags, latticed into all sorts of fantasies, and topped by unintelligible coats of arms, which the sun caused to march in solemn illuminated procession along the matting of the floor every day he shone. And high up, in sly nooks and corners, were windows much smaller, so oddly situated under the eaves of the numerous gables, that you wondered what on earth could be their utility as regarded lighting any practicable and approachable apartment. But they were windows of great humour for all that, and seemed to enjoy mightily the joke of their position, for when the wind blew hard, and the sunlight fell upon them, they winked and twinkled so merrily, that you only felt annoyed you could not enter into their fun. There were other small windows low down, almost level with the ground, but they were sullen and suspicious: the very inhabitants of the house could not find out what they had been built for, except for the especial enlightenment of the family rats who lived behind the wainscots, for they let in the day to nothing else.

The architecture of the house was after many styles and tastes. Unity had been sacrificed to convenience, and the different proprietors had pulled one room down, or built up another, as suited their fancy, until it was difficult to tell which was supposed to be the chief front of the house, until the fine porch was discovered, with its old and massy door, fitted into a low, deep arch of crumbling stone, and studded with iron nails. And was there not a keyhole too?—slightly,—with its rusty gigantic iron scutcheon. No one ever saw one like it out of a pantomime, or the prevalent idea that fairies usually choose that entrance for coming into a house would not seem so great a stretch of the imagination after all, even supposing them to be as big as ordinary mortals. But all this singularity only made Brabants, for so was the house called, more picturesque and venerable. Even the sun seemed to respect it, and his warmest beams always lingered with something of fondness round the old grey structure, long after the surrounding coppices were wrapped in shade.

About a quarter of a mile from this house—the spire of the modest church could be seen peeping above the intervening shaw—there was a small village, such a quiet, secluded place. It consisted only of one street, and this was but a part of the road which ran from some unimportant spot to nowhere in particular. Indeed, its existence as a road, with a continuation either way might have been doubted, had not carts occasionally made their appearance in the village, which must evidently have arrived by that route, for when the inhabitants wished to visit adjacent towns, they chose wonderfully obscure footpaths, which ran through fields, pleasant in summer, with fresh green turf and hedge-flowers, and, when near the village, resounding with the merry voices of children at play. For children ever love the fields, their feelings are closely allied to nature, and they like to commune with her, although they understand not why. Men seek the fields for tranquillity, or a change from pent-up worldliness, but children look upon each wild flower as a play-fellow. They will talk to the yellow petals of the cowslip as they string them into chains.

The snow had not yet gone, however, at the present time. The solemn wintry twilight was creeping over Brabants, and the surrounding copses, now dark and leafless, whilst the ruddy light of fires within gleamed from its various windows, and now and then sparks shot up from the fantastic chimneys, in evidence of the huge billets that were blazing upon the iron “dogs” of the hearth. At one of the gates belonging to the homestead at the back of the house, two men were leaning against the palings, and talking to each other in low, cautious tones. One of them had the appearance of a labourer about the farm, the other was Mr. Cricket, or Bolt, as he gave his true name, with whom we last parted on the night of Vincent’s arrival in Covent Garden.

“I tell you they’re as safe as if you had them at your own place in London,” said the man. “No one goes to that shed but myself and the snow this morning covered everything over as smooth as glass. How long is ‘em to lie thus?”

“Till the waggon goes up again—mayhap three days,” replied Bolt. “It was the best run we ever made, and it would be a pity to lose it. How’s the guv’nor?—dark?”

"All right there, returned the other "He'd pretty soon let us know if it wasn't Only I think the sooner you take them off the better His nephew is coming here to stay in a week, and he'll want the place for his dogs

'Why, he hasn't been gone three months'

"No, but they do say he comes to keep company with Miss Amy, leastwise so I hear in the kitchen It's no go, though,—I could tell him that, much as the old gent would like it

"How's that?" asked Bolt carelessly

"Cause there's somebody else Master's got money—not much, I know, but still he's got some—so's t'other, and I reckon he wants to keep all the eggs in one basket, as the saying is He won't'

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I know she was in love with young—what's his name?—there, that lived in the village, and went to sea I used to see them often out together, when they never knowed nothing about it

"I suppose it don't make much difference to us two whether she has both or neither," observed Bolt, "provided they don't open their eyes too much about the estate when they come into it I reckon you wouldn't like the pheasants to be counted

"He'll be in luck, whoever it is, resumed the man, taking no heed of Mr Bolt's insinuation "There's silver waiters as big as cart-wheels, and spoons like spades, with no end of 'em neither

"Where are they?" inquired Bolt

"Ah! you'd like to know, now, wouldn't you?" said his companion "A cargo of them would pay better than sperrits

"Now, look here, Chandler, said Bolt, meaningly, "there's no mistake but we could transport one another if we was inclined so to do Anything you tells me is—so!"

And he pantomimically expressed the word he intended to be understood by clapping his hand against his open mouth adding directly afterwards,

"So there's no use in concealing—nohow Only let us know when there's a chance of anything to be sacked, and you shall have your rights, just and honest Eh?"

"It ain't hanging matter if it was found out," observed Chandler, apparently meditating out loud

"How can it be found out?" replied Bolt "Once get the things to London, and half-an-hour will settle their business I've know'd worse-looking schemes than this

"Like enough—like enough, answered the other, lifting up a pail at his side "I suppose you'll be down at The Billet this evening There's a pig to be raffled for

"You'll see me, if nothing turns up," said Bolt, as he opened the gate, and left the yard "Don't forget, you know—not a word

Chandler winked in acquiescence, and carried his burden towards the house, whilst Bolt strode off across the fields, crushing the snow beneath his heavy shoes as he whistled in accompaniment, and was soon out of sight in the increasing darkness

The window of the library at Brabants was the chief point from which the ruddy light broke forth as the day departed It was a fine old room, with a huge carved chimney-piece, a wainscot of dark oak, and hanging-buttresses from every point of the elaborate ceiling, and was usually occupied by the residents as the sitting-room

There was little appearance of splendour or affluence in the appointments of the room. The furniture was mostly old, in many instances its antiquity amounted to dilapidation, and on some of the panels, which enframed pieces of faded and half-indistinct tapestry, the work had burst from its fastening, and disclosed the ruinous state of the wall behind. Neither was the remainder of the house in much better condition. Every portion of it spoke of the inability of the fortune of the owner to maintain the establishment in its proper condition, both internally and externally, from the irregular and rudely-mended park-palings which surrounded the estate, allowing entrance to every depredator who chose to make an inroad upon the gardens or preserves, to the worn and irregular flooring of the hall, over a portion of which more tapestry, dragged down from the upper rooms of the house, was now spread in the ignoble position of a carpet. It was long, too, since the sounds of revelry had filled that old hall. But for its noble hearth and goodly windows, it might have been taken for a barn or granary, if one or two odd pieces of corroded armour, and a few rotting and gloomy banners that drooped from its walls had been removed. And, indeed, the gallery which ran round its upper portion had been partially consecrated to this use, wherein the rats rioted in banquets of repletion. For the fortunes of the house had not yet sunk so low as to give these vermin their mysterious warning that it was time to quit it.

In the library were two persons,—the owner of the house, and his daughter, they were the sole occupants of Brabants, for the mother had long slept in the family-vault, beneath the worn pavement of the little church before-mentioned. Mr Grantham was still in the prime of life. He had married young, almost in his minority, and he had a proud bearing, and quick, perceptive manner, which gave him the appearance of being younger than he really was. Few would have imagined, upon sight only, that he was the father of the handsome girl who now occupied the other side of the fireplace, engaged in embroidering some canvass to cover a *pric-dieu*, one or two specimens of which industry already adorned the chairs of the room, and formed the only exceptions, with their bright and glowing colours, to its general worn-out aspect.

For a time they were both silent, as the fire threw their forms in giant and dancing shadows on the opposite wall. The father was looking intently at the burning log, as though he sought companionship in its fitful blaze, his quick, anxious breathing alone disturbing the quiet, and his child was pursuing her work with an hurried intensity of application, which proved that it was only serving as a cover to turbulent and anxious thoughts.

"Well, Amy?" said Mr Grantham, after a long pause, "will you favour me with a reply? I have been some time expecting it."

"I scarcely know what answer you would have me give," replied his daughter timidly, as she looked up for an instant from her work. "I like Herbert. I always did."

"And you would have no objection, then, to become his wife if he felt inclined to pay his addresses to you?"

A slight and passing tremor shook the girl's frame as she heard these words. She replied,

"I did not mean that, sir. I implore you not to press the subject. I have told you I like my cousin, but I could never marry him."

"You mean, you have made up your mind to refuse a desired and eligible match. Is it not so?" asked her father sternly. "What can induce you to form this foolish, ill-judged determination?"

"I do not love him, sir,—at least as you would have me, 'from my heart."

"You would tell me you have a heart," replied Mr Grantham. "You may have one, but it is cold and insensible as this marble Amy, why is this?"

"Because my heart must be given, father, to my husband,—I mean,—if ever I were to marry. He shall not purchase it."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mr Grantham as he rose from his seat, and paced up and down the room. "This is the idle nonsense of a school-girl. Herbert's family is in every respect equal to our own, his possessions far greater. He is all a girl might wish for."

"I do not deny it," replied his daughter, "but I would not have him entertain a hope that I may become his wife. It can never be."

"Amy, this is absurd," said Mr Grantham. And, advancing towards her, he fixed his eye keenly on her, as he continued, "There are other reasons for this determination, of which you have kept me in ignorance."

The girl bent timidly before her father's gaze, and replied in a low, tremulous voice,

"I will not deceive you, father. There are."

"I suspected as much," observed Mr Grantham, as he walked coldly back to his seat. "And, may I ask these reasons? There is another attachment—is it not so?"

"You have asked me, and I will answer you," replied Amy, as she looked towards him with an earnest and appealing gaze. "I have long struggled with my feelings in silence, until I thought my reason would give way beneath the conflict, for I have no one now in whom I can confide. I have striven to overcome the attachment, but all in vain. I do love another. Father! pity me—pity me—I beseech you."

And rushing towards her father, she threw herself upon her knees at his feet, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

Mr Grantham had not been prepared for this outbreak of sorrow. He raised his daughter gently, and drawing her towards him, parted her long, dark hair, and kissed her with more affection than he might have been thought capable of exhibiting, from his usual staid bearing.

"My poor girl!" he exclaimed kindly, for Amy's illusion to her lonely position had recalled her mother to his mind, and he was softened by the recollection. "And who is it that you love? Will you not tell me?"

"Do not ask me," replied the weeping girl. "Some day you shall know all. Let me retire now, but do not think from this confession that I shall ever cease to respect or esteem you."

She withdrew herself from her father's arms, and, covering her face with her hands, broke into a fresh deluge of tears, and then saluting Mr Grantham, she retired from the room, and sought her chamber. But for some hours after a light from its fretted casement, glimmering upon the rimy branches of the trees that occasionally swept the window, showed that she had not yet found an asylum from her sorrows in slumber.

## CHAPTER XII

"The Lee Shore of Life" is produced

"THE Lee Shore of Life" at length underwent the ordeal of public opinion. Soon after the doors of the theatre had opened, and the first rush of the eager multitude, who had been beguiling the last two hours of attendance under the portico by practical jokes and humorous salutations, had subsided, Mr Glenalvon Fogg meekly entered, and took his place in a dark corner on a back seat of the upper boxes. He passed unobserved, no one unacquainted with the mysteries of literature would have imagined that an author so much resembled an everyday man. And then, shrouding himself in his cloak, with that retiring modesty always attendant upon true genius and embarrassed affairs, he awaited the representation, anxiously scanning the general physiognomy of the jury upon whose verdict his fate was to depend.

The doors of boxes slammed, the buzz of human voices increased to a roar, and the orchestra commenced a needless piece of inaudible pleasantry, termed an overture. Its concluding chords alone reached Mr Fogg's ear, and intense was the thrill they caused to pervade his bosom. Then came two minutes of intense expectancy, the scene not being ready, towards the end of which the people began to hiss, and terrible voices, apparently from the clouds, cried out, "Pull up!" with awe-inspiring energy, until the prompter's bell rang everybody into something like order, and the opening chorus of the performers struggled very energetically to rise above the opposition murmur of the audience, in which endeavour, after great exertion, it ultimately triumphed.

The drama proceeded with tolerable smoothness, although the majority of Mr Fogg's pet jokes missed fire, in spite of the covert applause he endeavoured to establish after each one, with his heel against the panel of the box,—applause which died away, blushing and confused, as nobody took it up. But when Rose Cottage told the proud Lord "that the heart of a virtuous English girl was a jewel far richer than the coronet of the haughty peeress, there was such a general burst of cheering, that it made amends for all the other omissions. And this enthusiasm was well sustained by the appearance of Tom Ratline, just as the father was being expelled from his cottage, who called the broker's men "lind-sharks, and upbraided them "for scuttling a fine old hull amongst the breakers, recommending them also "to sheer off, if they did not wish their top-sail figure-heads spliced to a marlinspike. All this being in support of a great right, viz that "nature's aristocracy" have no right to pay any rent unless they like, met with very great applause. And here was Mr Fogg's great dramatic tact clearly apparent, in writing for the minor theatres. For, however flat may have been the progress of a piece, the author has only to abuse the superior classes of society, and insinuate the "we've-as-much-a-right-as-they-have" theory of possession into the bosoms of the pit and galleries, and his philanthropy will always meet with its due reward.

In spite of the fearful demons and ruffian pirates, with other desperate characters that Mr Fogg delighted to create, his mind was



naturally mild and gentle, even to simplicity. Yet, notwithstanding his benevolent disposition, we almost doubt whether he did not wish, several times in the course of the performance, that the infant in arms, who cried unceasingly in the gallery, might fall over the front-rail into the pit and break its neck, previously to being pulled up again to its solicitous parent by the united handkerchiefs and shawls of the company. But even here his better nature always prevailed in a short time, and when the act-drop came down, and one ancient woman exclaimed "Beautiful" in the fulness of her admiration as she applauded with a dislocated umbrella, unconscious of the author's presence, Mr Fogg could have clasped her to his heart, albeit she was the queen of that anomalous tribe of elderly females, in wonderful bonnets and unestablished toilets, who come in with orders before seven, and people the upper boxes.

At length the curtain fell upon the last scene, and the suspense of our author was at an end. The drama was completely successful. And, if nobody had been aware, of the fact, the management took care to let everybody into the secret, for it was duly placarded as "the greatest hit ever made, *even* at that theatre, which, as every piece successively achieved the same progressive superiority, was in a fair way of arriving, at last, at some climax of prosperity beyond all human conception to form even a dim idea of." The weekly papers, too, gave it their full meed of praise, all agreeing, from the leading journal down to the Halfpenny Tomahawk, that it was full of stirring interest and exciting situations.

Mr Fogg rushed round to the stage-door, and was behind the scenes almost before the stage was cleared, or the last applause had died away. Possibly this hurry was because he thought he might be called for. And indeed the prompter believed he heard cries of "Fogg! Fogg!" amidst the cheering, but they were not decided enough to bring the author before the curtain. But his gratitude was nevertheless unbounded. He thanked all the actors, collectively and individually, for their exertions, he thanked the prompter for his attention, he expressed his obligation to the carpenters, the "scene-shifters" of the common world, in the shape of three gallons of half-and-half—one to the traps, another to the stage, and the third to the flies,—a piece of remarkable liberality, he told Scutt to go to the public house and order whatever he liked up to sixpence, and finally he took Vincent's hand, and, shaking it with hysterical warmth, declared to him confidently that he could take a leap or a fall in every respect equal to Mr Dilk. Having done all this, he quitted the theatre with his companion, leaving Mr Groove, the prompter to make such "cuts" as he thought advisable for its second representation. And Mr Groove was unequalled in this task. If a question was asked at page five, and he found an answer at page nine that appeared applicable, he was accustomed to score out all the intermediate dialogue with his fatal pencil. This he called "bringing it up nearer together, and making it play close." Sometimes authors entertained a different opinion about the advantages of this abridgement, but Mr Groove always got the upper hand in the end.

'I hope you are satisfied with the success of your play,' said Vincent to Mr Fogg as they left the theatre.

"It is a great hit," replied his patron, "although your situation is immensely dangerous."

"Oh! that's nothing," said the other carelessly "I have fallen twice the distance"

"I am speaking of it as connected with the feelings inspired by the plot," continued Mr Fogg, "it is dramatically dangerous, not practically. But, nothing venture, nothing have. I think I shall be able to show Mumford that others can write nautical dramas as well as himself—eh?"

"Oh, certainly," answered Vincent, not, however, having the least idea that Mumford was a rival author, who wrote "The Nore Lights, or, the Wreck of the Goodwin Sands," which ran all the season

"A month as a first piece I think I calculated on," soliloquized Mr Fogg, "and two weeks at half-price, at half-a-guinea a night. Six times six is thirty-six—eighteen guineas come, that will do."

"Then you said something about the country, I thought," said Vincent

"The country," rejoined Mr Fogg, "is shy. The provincial drama is declining, and its halls are dark and lonely. The dress-circle becomes one large private box of four, and the policeman occupies the gallery. The days when we got half-a-crown an act are long since gone. They departed with those of gipsying."

It was Mr Fogg's usual custom of an evening to be lost in reflection whenever he was going over Waterloo Bridge—an abstraction arising from his unceasing endeavours to render the shot-tower available in a melodrama, which he thought some day of producing under the name of "The Mysteries of Lambeth." And on the present occasion he walked onward in silence, until he came against the wrong turnstile, which drew back his attention to passing events, and more particularly to a facetious gentleman, who was blocking up the toll, whilst he begged the keeper to oblige him with a sovereign's worth of half-pence, and not to mind the light ones, and also challenged him to toss up whether he would take a penny, or nothing, finally requesting to know, with great politeness, as a point of much interest, whether people who drowned themselves from the parapet paid as much for going over the bridge sideways as if they traversed it longitudinally. But, as turnpike-men are slow appreciators of jokes, and those on Waterloo Bridge especially so, the only answer returned was that he would "stow his gaff,"—a *patois* expression, which sounded slightly nautical to Mr Fogg's ears, although he knew no more of its practical meaning than if he had been told to reef his toplights, or put his compass hard-a-port.

"That voice!" exclaimed Mr Fogg, as the facetious gentleman again spoke. "Can it be possible?" No, it isn't, yes, it is those features! It is Mr Jollit.

Mr Joe Jollit, for it was that hilarious individual, having blocked up the toll long enough to collect a little crowd behind him, now went through, followed by Vincent and the author.

"Yes, you're right, Foggy," said Mr Jollit. "I've been all the way over to applaud your piece. What do you think of that—eh?"

"My noble benefactor!" exclaimed Mr Fogg as he seized his hand. "Permit me to introduce my friend, Mr Scattergood, the gentleman who came down the rope, Mr Jollit, Mr Scattergood."

"Proud of the honour, sir," said Mr Joe, touching the front of his

hat with the top of his stick "I m an old friend of Mr Fogg s, although I have not seen him for some time But, you know, it isn't strange for Fogg to be *miss'd* Come, I rather think that will do—eh?"

And then Mr Jollit dug his stick into the author's ribs, previously to fencing at a lamp-post, and told Mr Fogg not to put the witticism in his next play, which is a sort of conventional pleasantry applicable to all sorts of joking before authors concluding this outburst of animal spirits by running after a hackney-coach that came through the gate, and riding behind it up to the corner of the Strand, where he waited for them

"Still the same gay heart" exclaimed Mr Fogg to Vincent, in tones of admiration "Three and twenty summers have passed lightly over his head, and yet in energy he is a giant When I had a ticket night last year he sold me six-and-thirty shillings worth The Bank of England nobly did its duty at that eventful crisis in my affairs

The latter part of this speech was somewhat enigmatical to Vincent, who did not know Mr Jollit's occupation, and any connexion between Mr Fogg and the Bank of England was still more remarkable, as, indeed, was the mention of any bank, except the one upon which the wild thyme was reported to blow, and which he occasionally affirmed he knew

"Well, said Mr Joe, as they once more joined him "I m going to the Gooseberries to night We have not seen you there for ever so-long It was there, you know, I first met you And pray, bring your friend

"What are the Gooseberries?" inquired Vincent

"A club of gents, replied Mr Fogg, "principally literary and dramatic, who meet for harmony and social converse You will be well received as my friend and it may be of use to you to know them

"It is not expensive, I hope?" said Vincent quietly, looking to the state of his own treasury

"By no means, replied Mr Fogg "Besides, you must go this evening as my guest, and drink success to 'The Lee Shore'

## CHAPTER XIII

### A Club of Literary and Dramatic Gents

THE various members who collectively formed "The Gooseberries" were accustomed to meet once a-week at a house of public entertainment at the end of a court in the vicinity of the great theatres, where a room was specially kept for their accommodation

The tavern was essentially a theatrical one The landlord himself had been an actor, the greater portion of those who regularly frequented the house were performers, and the staple conversation of the company related to the drama and its accessories The coffee-room in itself was a union of several little clubs, for every box had its peculiar set of occupiers, who met there night after night, to discuss the merits of the different pieces and managements, quietly submitting hints and rumours to their neighbours, in under-tones,

or giving out opinions in a loud and dictatorial manner to the whole room, the more energetic, as they appeared contrary to generally received notions, or those of the majority of the audience. Besides the daily theatrical programmes, there were playbills of various kinds hung round the room, impaled upon the hat-pegs. Some were of country theatres, sent up by enterprising subordinates of the large houses, to shew that they were playing Hamlet at Leamington or Wolverhampton, as the case might be. Others were benefit-announcements of names unknown to fame, which did not appear at the head of the placards of the day, so that the great world was in ignorance of the fact, but whose owners distributed these, their private bills, amongst the shops and taverns they frequented, to be hung round the neck of the plaster brigand who guarded the dry cheroots in the window of the vendor of dusky, sun-bleached cigars, or promoted to the dignity of being wafered on the looking-glass of the coffee-room, with an avant-guard of inverted ale-glasses, and deal pipe-matches.

A perfect stranger might have been led to imagine that he was in the company of the principal stars in the theatrical hemisphere by the ponderous decision with which they delivered themselves of their opinions upon theatrical affairs. *They* were the men to pull up the drama, which is so fast settling into the low water mud of unpopularity, but the managers never gave them the chance, *they* knew Shakspeare was stifled by the monopoly of false eminence, and only wanted their assistance to come round again to his former position, *they* knew a man in the country to whom Kean was a supernumerary, whom conflicting interests, and wheels within wheels, kept from London, and were well aware that it was in the provinces alone talent could be secured. But by those experienced in their usual style of conversation, a tolerably correct notion of their different physiologies was soon formed. The individual who hinted that the piece about to be produced was a very indifferent one, was certain to be cast for "Charles, his friend," instead of "Sir Harry Dashley, a young baronet," he was the heavy light comedian, beyond all doubt. He who spoke perpetually of the great houses he used to bring us first tragedian in the country, was a provincial who had found his level on the metropolitan boards, exchanging Hamlet for Osrick, and Gloucester for Catesby. And he who saw nothing in the way in which any regular favourite played a character so as to attain unusual popularity, had tried the same put, and failed therein.

In the drama as in literature, a person who stands in no one's way, unheeded by, and unknown to the world, beyond bearing the repute of harmless mediocrity, will ever be warmly praised and complimented by his colleagues, but, let him attain the most infinitesimal share of popularity, and that success will be his damning crime. He will fall at once from the genius to the humbug. Whoever is acquainted with members of either of these two professions, and, possibly, with all the others, will know at once that the leading objects of their admiration are men, concerning whose abilities the great mass reckon in an inverse ratio and that, on the other hand, the favourites of the million are, with them, mere impostors.

Mr Fogg, accompanied by Vincent, and the ever-gay Jollit entered the house, and proceeded upstairs to the private room belong-

ing to the club There were eight or ten members assembled, by whom Scattergood was courteously received upon his introduction, and they took their places at the table

"What ho! there!" cried Mr Fogg, as the waiter was quitting the room

"Marry, two goes of gin, and with what speed you may"

"I hope, Foggy, you mean to christen your play to-night, said Mr Joe Jollit And then, without waiting for an answer, he performed a solo upon an empty pipe, in the course of which he imitated various domestic animals by drawing atmospheric air through its perforation

"You appear to be very intimate with your friend, said Vincent to the author

Mr Fogg drew his chair nearer the speaker, as if he was pulling it down to the front of the stage, and commenced "Listen 'tis now some five years since, one stormy winter's night—

"I say, Fogg," interrupted a gentleman at the other end, holding up a blue-covered pamphlet, "what will you give me for this?"

"I know not what it is," answered the person addressed

"The first copy of the last farce at the *Variétés*, my boy, replied the speaker "Look here—*L'Amour au deuxième Etage*

"Has it been done yet? eagerly inquired five dramatic authors at once

"Rather," replied the other, whose name was Bodge "I made two translations last night with different names I shall call the one for the Olympic 'The Two Pair Back, and the other, for the Haymarket, 'Fanchette' It's safe to go"

"That's a remarkable man, whispered Mr Fogg to Vincent "He has a regular situation of a guinea a week at one of our leading houses, to translate every French play as it comes out, besides what he does on his own account

"And has he much to do in that way?"

"A great deal," returned the author "He was the first man who introduced five-shilling farces to the notice of managers, and they have patronised him ever since

"But I should think that interfered with your interests, observed Vincent

"By no means, answered his friend "Mine, you see, is the true legitimate, nothing can shake it but a powerful rival I began by writing five-act comedies, and other preparatory works, until I arrived at my present position I pledge you

And Mr Fogg bowed into his glass of grog, and rose therefrom refreshed

"Pray, silence, gentlemen, cried Mr Joe Jollit, who appeared to be on the most intimate terms with everybody "Order for a joke Now, Mr Silt, don't be nervous—try it again

The gentleman addressed, who was an amateur actor, with light hair, and a blue stock, who shaved off his whiskers to look like a real one, and spoke learnedly of "floats, "borders, and "first entrances, blushed very deeply

"I can assure you, gentlemen," continued Mr Joe, "that Mr Silt has brought us a joke, very ancient, and in the highest state of preservation

"A case of burke," he whispered to Mr Fogg, and then said, with

an expression of great meaning, to the company, "I hope, gentlemen, you will not interrupt Mr Silt"

"No, it was merely this," said Mr Silt, causing his glass to revolve on its axis, and speaking with the air of a man trying to make the company believe he thought nothing of what he was about to say, whilst in reality he considered it a crack anecdote "it was merely this I was going one day from Greek Street to the Quadrant—"

"I beg your pardon," asked Mr Jollit, "what o'clock was it?"

"I don't exactly recollect," replied Silt, "I should think, about one"

"Which one?" inquired another gentleman

"Pray, order!" said Mr Jollit "Now, Mr Silt, you were going with a Greek to buy a quadrant,—go on"

"No, no, I am afraid you misunderstand me," continued the victim, Silt "I was going to the Quadrant to buy some cigars"

"Ah! the Greek couldn't speak English, I suppose I see," chimed in Mr Bodge "I knew a Greek once—"

"Really, gentlemen, you are interrupting Mr Silt," said Mr Joe, mildly deprecating the diversion

"No, no," said Mr Silt positively, and emphasizing every word, "I came, from, Greek, Street, to, buy, some, cigars, in, the, Quadrant"

"Ha! ha! capital! very good!" laughed Jollit, rapping the table, "the best story you ever told!"

And the remainder of the company joined in applauding it

"I'm afraid we put you out," said Mr Bodge, politely addressing Silt

"You have not heard it all," answered the unsuspecting amateur, not yet put down "The shop was kept by a Jew, where I always dealt—"

"What game did you play, then, always to deal?" inquired the chairman

"Hush! order!" cried Mr Jollit, "Mr Silt was staying at Deal with a Jew. You're losing all the point of the story. And where was the Greek all this time?"

"It's no use, I can't go on," said Mr Silt, stopping in great confusion and turning it off by stirring his gin and water very frantically. Upon this the applause was renewed, and genius again gave way to relaxation, whilst the wag Jollit told Mr Silt never to mind, as the joke would be sure to keep very well this cold weather until next week, and perhaps its flavour would be improved

"I hope, Crowle, you will give me a few lines in the paper on Sunday," observed Mr Fogg confidentially, to a gentleman near him

"Did the piece go?" asked Mr Crowle, who had interest with the press

"Enormously, and the leap told tremendously. By the way, allow me, Mr Scattergood, Mr Crowle,—Mr Crowle, Mr Scattergood, continued Mr Fogg, introducing his friend in the double fashion common to the profession "An influential journalist, he whispered to Vincent, as he acknowledged the other's bow

"I need not go all the way to see it, I suppose," observed Mr Crowle

"Oh no!" said the author, "here is the play-bill. That, he went on, marking part of the programme with a peculiarly stumpy pencil, "that was the great effect, and you can say that the different people played with their usual ability."

"All right," replied the other, folding up the bill.

"Much obliged," returned Mr Fogg, "and if you could put a spoke in the wheel of the other house whilst you are about it, it will do no harm."

The conversation now became general, not, however, until Mr Silt had attempted another slow story without effect. And at last Mr Fogg and Vincent took their departure, accompanied by Mr Jollit, in getting quit of whom they found some difficulty. For Mr Fogg delicate in mind, with a fine sense of proper pride, did not wish Joe to know the humble tenement he occupied. And he was equally sensitive on this point with respect to everybody else, so that it was the custom whenever he left the club to twit him with living in various marvellous localities, some of his friends assigning to him the dark arch in the Adelphi, and others the night-reversion of a gigantic advertising cart, on consideration of his writing poetry for the establishment.

Fortunately, a street row attracted Mr Jollit's attention. He directly plunged into the centre of the group of disputants "to see all fair, and that the police did not exceed their duty," and Mr Fogg and Vincent, taking advantage of this diversion, went straight home.

As Mr Fogg opened the door, he found that a letter, addressed to him, had been slipped underneath in his absence. After the usual speculation as to the writer, and vainly endeavouring to decypher the post-mark, he proceeded to the best means of solving the mystery.

"An engagement!" he exclaimed, as he read it. "An engagement for six months as the house-author, in one of our first provincial theatres. I must away at dawn. The spell is broken—we must part. The steam-packet is cheap once more to the dark and howling waters of the wild unbounded sea."

And at the conclusion of this energetic speech he imitated a prompter's whistle, as if the front pair of "flats" were to close in upon him, and then retired pensively to bed. And so did Vincent, but in a state of mind far less self-satisfactory, from the vague prospect which again opened before him.

#### CHAPTER XIV

The cloisters the monitors, and their victims

FREDDY remained for an hour unnoticed by any one, whilst the usual morning business of the school proceeded. But there was plenty to attract his attention. The boys above him on the form, which had three ascending seats, amused themselves by jerking hot wax from the candles upon his hair and clothes, and such a perpetual exhibition of corporal punishment went on throughout all the classes, that at last the constant strokes of the canes, which echoed in the vast room, sharp and distinct as the crack of a rifle, resem-

bled the irregular firing of a body of soldiers. The younger boys writhed and cried out in agony under the infliction, then they were beaten again. But the elder ones made it a point of emulation to stand the torture unflinchingly. And when the thick cane descended savagely upon their cold hand and fingers, and left a purple and burning mark behind, they pinched it between their other arm and side, to numb the hurt, and bit their lip in defiance, until the pain was lessened, and the next stroke came, and others after that, until their hands became as callous as their minds.

At nine o'clock the simple word, "Go!" from one of the masters, dissolved the school for breakfast, and there was a simultaneous rush to the cloisters. Frederick took his cap, which he had kept in his lap all the time, and followed the rest, or was rather jostled and carried down stairs by the others. The general attack was then made upon a species of watchbox under the staircase, in which an old woman was dispensing small cups of coffee at a penny, and buttered rolls at three-halfpence each. Freddy had been told something about getting his breakfast, but he was not hungry. He was far too miserable to think of eating.

But those whose spirits allowed them to feed—which in all truth they did, and with wondrous appetites—enjoyed their breakfast in proportion to the great difficulty of obtaining it, which was an undertaking of great exertion, and fraught with much danger to the comestibles, for there was such a driving, and elbowing, and shoving, and scrambling over one another's backs and shoulders, to get at the pigeon-hole entrance, and reach over its outwork, formed by the shutter, which let down with two chains, that very few cups of coffee came safe out of the *meke*, and some were even seen dancing high in the air, shooting up like rockets from the centre of the throng, and discharging their contents upon the heads of those below. Those who were lucky enough to secure the roll retired immediately into dark corners to eat it, amongst a set of little boys, who always shrunk into the obscure parts of the cloisters from sheer timidity.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Gogsley, coming suddenly upon Frederick, and dragging him out of his ambush. "We're looking for you. Now, you fellows, here's the new boy."

There was a general cheer, and a rush towards Frederick, and in an instant he was caught up by a dozen different hands, and his limbs pulled violently into as many directions, as his captors carried him in triumph to the end of the cloisters, and proceeded to the ceremony of installation by "bumping," turning him into a human battering-ram against one of the massive stone pillars that supported the school-room.

At last they left their unresisting victim, bruised, spruned, and crying, at the end of the cloisters. He went and sat down upon the door-sill of one of the master's robing rooms,\* and wept bitterly. But he did not remain long undisturbed. A boy came running along the pavement with a tea-kettle and, catching sight of Freddy, poured a little boiling water over his shoes by way of introduction, and then added,

"I say, wern't you on the first form this morning?"

\* It is perhaps needless to tell the old Merchant Tailors that this site is now occupied by the writing school.



"Yes, sir," replied Frederick meekly, through his tears

"My eye! won't you catch it then, that's all. You ought to be fagging in the school-room. I'd advise you to come up."

Unconscious what new style of persecution awaited him, Freddy followed the other boy up stairs, and entered the school-room, where the monitors were at breakfast before the fire, upon an *extempore* table formed by forms and the masters foot-stools. Some of the boys were cleaning knives, others were washing tea-things, and the rest engaged in similar menial operations, calculated to have an equally beneficial effect upon young minds.

"Oh! you are the skulker, are you?" asked one of the monitors, a sullen-looking young man in a white cravat. "Hold up your face."

"Please, sir," exclaimed Frederick, "I did not know—"

"Hold up your face, sir," exclaimed the other sharply. The terrified little boy obeyed as a trained animal would have done, and the monitor dealt him two terrific boxes on the ear. "Now, then, make the toast," he added sharply, as Freddy pressed his hands to his cheeks, almost blistered by the assault.

It appeared far easier to give this order than to carry it into effect for the fire-place was surrounded by a large fender, or guard, of thick iron wire, four or five feet high and bars of the same material across the top. Frederick looked at this despairingly for a minute or two, and then ventured to ask one of the other fags, who was wiping a slop-basin, what he should do.

"You must climb up and get inside," said the boy. "You'll find it out soon enough."

It was a large blazing fire, sufficiently fierce to have roasted a sheep at. But Frederick was compelled to take his toasting-fork, and crept inside, where he remained, scorched and smarting, until his task was accomplished. He felt completely crushed, and when he thought of home again, how differently he would be treated, and how Clara would have got him a screen, if he only hinted at the warmth, his misery redoubled. Fright, however, made him pay great attention to his task, and he succeeded in pleasing his tormentors, for which the only return he got was a command always to make the toast in future.

The monitors finished breakfast, and what they left became the perquisites of the fags, in the same fashion as the scraps of a feast would be given to so many animals. Before the school was called again, the boy who had taken Freddy's name down at the door, when he returned with Gogsley's imposition, came into the room.

"How many were late, Palmer?" asked the monitor.

"Only one—a new boy," replied the other, handing him a small slip of paper. "Scattergood."

"That's your name—isn't it?" inquired the monitor, addressing Frederick.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. When the master comes in you will go up to him and be licked. That's all, you may go."

Frederick turned away trembling, and took his seat upon the first form, where he had been placed in the morning.

"If this goes on," he thought, "I know what I shall do. They will be very angry if I went home without leave. I shall run away."

## A BROAD HINT, OR, THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

BY HILARY HYPBANE

'È massimo prudent e saldo,  
 Batter' il ferro mentr' è caldo,  
 Ma questo rend' un doppio prodo  
 Ad una calda far' due chiodi "

A TRITE historian somewhere tells  
 That the two sees of Bath and Wells,  
 Some centuries ago, were fated  
 At the same time to be vacated,  
 And Satan, ever on the watch  
 For such stray sheep as he can catch,  
 Succeeded many souls to fish up,  
 For want of their protecting bishop  
 At length the sov'reign, taking pity  
 Upon the flock of either city,  
 Sent for a certain dean of note,  
 Whom he was anxious to promote,  
 And bade the worthy priest to choose  
 Which diocese should meet his views

The happy dean, before he breath'd his wishes,  
 Paus'd for some half-score moments to reflect,  
 (A caution 't had been folly to neglect,)  
 Which gave the greatest store of "*loaves and fishes* "  
 At length, his cogitation o'er,  
 He made obeisance to the floor,  
 Assur'd the King that his beatitude  
 Was only equal'd by his gratitude,  
 And said, " My liege, I pray you give me Bâth "  
 But (*entre nous*) the man of sable cloth  
 Pronounc'd with such a broad provincial twang  
 The whole harangue,  
 'That, 'stead of *Bath*, you might have ta'en your oath  
 He had said *both*  
 We oft-times lose by being over modest '  
 For, though his Majesty thus understood,  
 And deem'd his answer somewhat of the oddest,  
 Yet, being in a bishop-making mood,  
 The generous and complacent prince  
 Straight concided,  
 And join'd the sees, which never since  
 Have been divided

'I will be but justice to confess  
 This little tale  
 Is somewhat stale  
 In sober prose, but, ne'ertheless,  
 As 'twill be new  
 To not a few,  
 I've cloth'd it in a dogg'rel dress,  
 Making a sort of parallel  
 To what my Muse is going to tell

Reader, I take for granted that you've been  
 In London's bustling streets, and oft-times seen,

Amongst the numerous huge machines vehicular,  
     Some which excel  
 All others of the throng in this particular  
     That they so well  
 Evince how swimmingly their masters thrive,  
     I hit in surveying them, your mind's in doubt  
     Which are the most gigantic, sleek, and stout,  
 The animals which draw, or those who drive

Led by this hint, methinks you cannot fail  
     Forthwith to ween  
     That those I mean  
 Are cumb'rous cars, with porter fraught, and ale,  
     One of which useful equipages  
     The hero who my Muse engages  
     For many a year had driven his name,  
     Or patronymic, or sponsorial,  
     Never within my knowledge came,  
     But his amazing powers corporeal,  
     And lusty limbs, by prototypon aid,  
     Nomen supplied, and cognomen his trade,  
 So joining both, of might and milt the types,  
 His crony carmen dubb'd him 'SAMPSON SWIPES'

Amongst the goodly guzzling triun  
 Whose cellars eased his weighty wain,  
 A tough old widow, without fail,  
 Each month received her cask of ale,  
 Which honest Sampson, in his punctual round,  
 Had long supplied, nor e'er complaint had found

At length one day  
 The brewer's dray  
 Arrived before  
 The well known door,  
 When, stead of the accustomed hailing,  
 "Good-morrow, Sampson! How d'ye do?"  
 The housewife in a passion flew,  
 Thus, with shrill pipe, his ears assailing  
 Ain't you ashamed to sell such stuff  
 As last you brought me? 'Twas enough  
 To turn the stomach of a pig!"  
 'Indeed!' cried Sampson, "dash my wig!  
 That's queer!  
 'Twas the same beer your neighbours had,  
 And no one else has found it bad  
 I'll swear"  
 "How?" cried the widow in a pet,  
 D'ye disbelieve? I have it yet!  
 'Tis such vile stuff that we must waste it  
 I'll draw a quart, and you shall taste it"

"I thank you, ma'am," quoth he, "you're vastly kind  
 And generous when your liquor's sour, I find  
 I've brought you humming ale, as sound and strong  
 As e'er was brew'd with malt and hop,  
 But, while 'twas good, you never wagg'd your tongue  
 To offer me a single drop,  
 Although," pursued the man of malt,  
 "However bad  
 The ale you had,

You know full well 'twas not my fault,  
So let my master come and taste the beer,  
For devil take me if I volunteer  
To lay my lips against your tankard's brink,  
Unless 'tis fill'd with something fit to drink."

The widow instantly her clamour hush'd,  
And, though she liv'd some fifty years and odd,  
And laid three husbands' bones beneath the sod,  
(Would you believe it?) absolutely blush'd,  
And feeling that her ill-timed huff

Had given just cause for his rebuff,  
A brace of bottles she brought out,  
Strong brindy one, and one brown stout  
A silver pint the latter grac'd,  
A glass beside the first she placed  
And bade the drayman, at a word,  
Inform her whether he preferr'd  
A forming tankard or a potent dram

"Come, that 's too good an offer to refuse,"  
Quoth Sampson, "but I don't know which to choose,  
For, to confess the truth, just now I am  
So pinch'd with cold, and so parch'd with thirst  
That, 'pon my soul, I don't know which is worst!"

## QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO SANDWICH

BY HENRY CURLING

IN old Sandwich most of the streets and alleys have been named (as indeed almost all thoroughfares were designated in former days), either from their situation, or the places they led to. Consequently we have a street in this Cinque Port, the houses, wharfs, and warehouses of which, being situate upon the slimy banks of the haven, is called *Strand Street*, and the venerable-looking mansions, whose windows look upon the sluggish waters of that stream, when regarded from any of the tortuous lanes and blind-alleys approaching from the interior towards that noble thoroughfare, seem to the passenger as though they contained in their lower apartments the hulls of the vessels, whose tall masts appear to penetrate through the very tiles in their shelving roofs.

One house in this Dutch-built street we wish most particularly to particularize and point out. It is a noble-looking and venerable mansion having twice had the honour of accommodating the portly person of bluff King Harry the Eighth, and more than once been the lodging of good Queen Bess, of blessed memory. It remains even at the present time in pretty much the same form as at the period we are writing about, the improving hands of modern architects not having outraged its oak-panelled wainscoating, demolished its carved mantel-pieces, destroyed its wrought ceilings, altered its wide staircases and galleries, daubed its chambers with paint, or bricked up its curious posterns and multitudinous windows. In an apartment of this curious old mansion, at this period the residence of Sir Philip de Mandeville, and which in itself might have formed a subject for the artist's pencil, and

whose windows looked out upon a small patch of greensward running down to the river, sat a lovely girl, of about eighteen years of age

The sun, streaming through the many-coloured panes of the casement, on which the household coat was emblazoned, tinged with rainbow hues the leaves of the volume on which Catharine de Mandeville sought to fasten her attention, and her glance, spite of her efforts, ever and anon wandered from the dull page before her to the gallant falcon she held upon her left hand

"Thine eyes, my bird," she said, as she at length shut the volume before her, threw herself back in her chair, and apostrophised her favourite hawk, "are beautiful, sparkling as the stars reflected from the moonlit waters, but thy spirit is subdued by the envious hood thou wear'st, even as mine own is puddled by the words of the dry volume I in vain attempt to chain my attention to

Catharine de Mandeville was the only child of Sir Philip de Mandeville, of Boxgrove Hall, in the county of Kent. Sir Philip was a native of Sandwich, and owned the mansion we have in part described. Himself and daughter were at the present time residing in Sandwich, preparatory to the visit of the Queen, who had signified her intention of being his guest during her stay at that lively town. Sir Philip was a man who had risen rapidly to fortune during this reign, one who from small means had increased his store to half a million. He was a patient, talented, and persevering man, and the riches he had amassed had been collected by that process of accretion which builds the antheap. Although fond of money, he was not altogether a grasping and avaricious man. Prudent and careful to a fault, he was also charitable, as well as ambitious. He gave large sums to various charitable institutions, and built a free-school in the town. Of a quiet, retiring, and studious temper, he was distinguished by the modesty which belongs to a great genius. Like Jephtha, judge of Israel, he had one fair daughter, and no more. She was beautiful as an eastern houri, and of her he was passing fond. All the wealth he had amassed was for this, his lovely, but somewhat wayward child. Having early lost his wife, he had educated the fair Catharine himself, and forgetting that his pupil wore petticoats in place of doublet and hose, had taught her all those studies, which in a son intended for a learned profession might have been proper, but which, for a girl, were for the most part useless and ridiculous. Catharine de Mandeville, therefore, albeit she gave in to the wishes of her father, on whom she doted, pursuing the studies he loved to teach her, chose, after school-hours, to follow the bent of her own inclinations. She had a wild slip of a kinsman, one Valentine Harkaway, an athletic, rollicking, hunting youth, who had taught her to fly her falcon, and leap a dyke with her cavalier in the county. Consequently, she could break a colt, or reclaim a hawk in the field as easily as she could translate a Greek ode in the closet.

The mantelpiece of the spacious oak-panelled apartment Catharine de Mandeville was seated in was in keeping with the antiquity of the mansion. It was a perfect triumph of art. Some cunning architect of a former time had exhausted his skill in its formation. The carving in every part of it, from flooring to ceiling, was as elaborate as the tracery sometimes found on the screen of an old cathedral, and the devices as extraordinary as the skill with which they were executed.

The eye of the fair Catharine glanced from her hawk to the grim and satyr-like figures carved upon this old mantelpiece. It was easier

to fix her thoughts upon any object rather than the dark volume before her, and her attention became fastened for the moment upon the representation of a stag-hunt cut in one part of this piece of furniture. There were the hunters, with their hounds and horns, the dogs in full cry, and the labouring stag full in view, she could almost have fancied she heard the wild halloo and the cry of the pack as she gazed. This was a favourite object with the fair huntress, she loved to contemplate this piece of sculpture better than the finest Holbein in her father's halls. She resolved to go forth to the marshes, and rose to summon the falconer, and her steed.

"I cannot, like thee," she said, as she turned towards a portrait of Lady Jane Grey, which hung upon the walls of the apartment, — "I cannot, like thee, thou loveliest, best, and most unfortunate of females, muse upon Plato, immured in a cloister, whilst all the greenwood rings and my companions are chasing down the sun."

The fate of Lady Jane Grey always saddened the somewhat over-buoyant spirits of Catharine. Her father's family were connected with the Greys. Lady Jane, before she had the greatness thrust upon her which had caused her ruin, had spent some time in this very mansion.

Catharine stepped to the window, and throwing it open, walked forth upon the green, towards the bank of the river. It was a lovely morning in August. The view presented to her is, I dare say, well known to most of our readers. Before her were the Sandwich Flats, at this period a reedy swamp, in which the heron flapped his wing, and the bog-bittern uttered his deep cry. Flocks of wild geese, too, sent forth their wailing and musical scream as they wheeled about over this fen. On the left stood, upon a small elevation, the ancient castle of Richborough, the *Rutupæ* of the Romans, and where the eagle had first been planted when the legions of Cæsar invaded Britain. On the right was the wild sea-beach, on which had once stood a Norman town, naught now remaining to tell the tale of its whereabouts except an occasional vitrified fragment of the pavements of its monasteries and churches, or perchance, a mass of the brickwork of a subsequent city, which, built upon its foundation, had also long since flourished, stood its trial of sack and siege, gone to decay, and was utterly forgotten. Immediately before her, dark and shadowy, were what at that time were the thick woods of Minster.

The road which traverses the Flats towards Sandwich on this bright morning shewed a different aspect to that which it now presents, when perchance a solitary van drawn by a raw-boned steed, is the sole object to be seen crawling along far as the eye can reach. It was now well sprinkled with wayfarers, carts, wuns, and an occasional horseman. More than one body of men-at-arms might also be observed upon the march, the sun glancing upon their steel-jacks and long pikes, whilst a troop of cavalry clattered along in the distance. In short, the preparation for Her Majesty's visit was already beginning to make some stir in the neighbourhood.

The haven at Sandwich during this period also wore a somewhat different appearance to that which it now presents. Its waters, as we have said, flowed close to the walls of Sir Philip Mandeville's mansion, and several tall ships were moored between his garden and the drawbridge which gives entrance to the town from the Isle of Thanet. Amongst the merchant-vessels, and other portly-looking ships, which had come up the stream, and lay opposite the windows

of the Flemish-looking houses on its banks, one singular craft had excited a good deal of curiosity amongst the seigniors and rich burghers of the town of Sandwich on this morning. The vessel, which had come up with the tide on the previous night, had something the look of a ship of war, and was of a foreign build. She looked like a Spaniard, a carrosel, one of those lighter crafts which accompanied the huge vessels soon afterwards from Spain, and threatening our little island, in the shape of a huge half moon, got such a drubbing by Messrs Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher.

This vessel, had rather puzzled the steeple-hatted, stiff-necked, peaked-bearded, and short-cloaked individuals who lounged, and took their walk of meditations amongst the piles of merchandize, tubs, and bales, which at that time lay upon the adjacent wharfs.

She had rather a mysterious look and the men on board her were as odd-looking as the craft herself. A couple of sentinels paced the deck, armed with long-barrelled Spanish matchlocks, and equipped in quilted buff doublets and steel head-pieces, whilst some half dozen swarthy-looking soldiers, with huge rapiers, and "bearded like the pard," sprawled in different parts of the vessel, and which it was evidently the purpose of the sentinels as carefully to keep them from leaving, as they had already shown a determination to allow of none of the curious citizens to enter.

After contemplating the view from the river side for a brief space, Catharine opened the little wicket which gave entrance to the stabling of Mandeville House, and gave orders for her palfrey to be saddled, and her falconer to be in attendance, as she intended to go forth to the sand-hills by the sea-shore, and exercise her favourite hawk. The round of the small tower in which Sir Philip Mandeville kept his falcons was partially washed by the waters of the haven, and the vessel we have described was moored to one of the large rings in its buttressed walls.

Catharine de Mandeville (as was, indeed, customary amongst the daughters of the fine old English gentlemen of the olden time) gave a good deal of her attention to the management of the hawking department. She knew a hawk from a hand saw as well as e'er a huntsman in the county. As she quitted the falconry, after giving a glance at its feathered occupants, her attention was attracted towards the vessel, which was moored at the extremity of the little quay upon which the stabling and hunting-offices were built. Her quick eye immediately saw that this was not one of the ordinary "argosies" which were accustomed to come up the haven, and she became interested in its appearance.

During this reign the rage for foreign discovery was at its height. The minds of men of the Raleigh school were filled with the wildest ideas of the wonders to be found beyond sea. Enchanted islands were common'y reported to have been occasionally seen, and sailors had brought back reports of having touched upon shores peopled with spirits, lands, whose very gales breathed the softest melody of unearthly music. The Spanish Main, too, where boys went to span counter with doubloons and dollars, and the pantiles of whose edifices were of pure gold, was at this period a land of desire, and those vessels which returned safe from the dangers of these unknown seas were regarded with the deepest interest. Tales of horror, too, had occasionally escaped the lips of the few desperadoes who had returned. Over their

cups they had described deeds of sin and shame, sufficient to render them abhorred and shunned. Cold-blooded slaughter, in its most horrible form, had stained their deeds, whilst wringing from the wondering Indians a confession of the whereabouts of their mines and hoarded treasures, which, except in the heated imaginations of their torturers, had no existence.

The fair Agnes loved to listen to the tales she had heard of the adventurers of the period, and the wonders they were reported to have seen. Many a winter's night in the hall of Boxgrove House she had sat and listened, whilst the snow-storm rattled against the casement, to the stories of her wild kinsman, Valentine Harkaway\*, who had himself made the western voyage.

The wonder of all time, too, who at this period was comparatively unknown, was himself imbued with some of the wild fancies then so prevalent. One of the triumphs of his pen had pictured such an island as we have described, peopled it with spirits, given it into the power of an enchanter, and filled its spicy breezes with strange noises, unearthly voices, and ravished the astonished ears of shipwrecked mariners with heavenly strains.

Whilst the fair Agnes looked upon this mysterious craft, the sounds of a fray suddenly caught her ear. The town drums beat, men shouted to each other, the tread of hasty feet was heard running hither and thither, and more than one shot was fired. Whilst she listened to the tumult, several of the great unwashed of the town, reeking with the violence of action, bats, clubs, and other offensive weapons in their hard hands, rushed tumultuously upon the little quay beside her father's domain, and regarding the ship before them with angry looks, but for the guard which was mounted on her deck, appeared as if they would have boarded her without so much as by her leave. As it was, they arrayed themselves alongside, and making as much noise and outcry as the mob assailing Coriolanus in the capitol, they threw up their sweaty nightcaps, brandished their cudgels, and vented their spleen in the threats they were afraid to put in execution.

"Down with the cursed Catalans!" they shouted. "Sink the piratical craft, and hang up the rascally crew!"

The demeanour of the excited townsfolk quickly aroused the vigilance of the adventurers. A brass drum was heard rolling upon her deck, and a company of matchlocks were quickly enranked. An amphibious-looking, swarthy-visaged fellow, half military, half naval in appearance, all slops, boots, and whiskers, with a hat, sword, scarf, and strut, like Ancient Pistol in the play, immediately took command of this party of men, and ordered a section to advance and clear the rout from the vicinity of the vessel. A party upon this instantly leaped upon the quay, fixed the long rests of their matchlocks, threw back their right legs, blew their matches, and took steady aim at the mob before them.

The hint was not long in being taken. The excited townsfolk, making a rush to escape up Three-post Alley, a narrow passage which leads from the quay into Strand Street, trampled neighbour Muddlewick, the tallow-chandler, to death in their fright, and, choking up the alley, the Widow Jones was smothered in the press, and two slaughtermen and the custodier *de le hog house*\* crippled for life.

Whilst the matchlockmen made the demonstration we have described,

\* So called in the fifteenth century, according to the ancient records of the town.



and the valorous Cinque-Porters endeavoured to escape from the wrath to come, the crew of the Bonaventura were not idle. They quickly unmoored her, filled her fore-sail, the grim ancient recalled his party from the quay, and the vessel began to drop down with the tide towards the drawbridge which gives entrance to the town from the Isle of Thanet. Ere they reached it, however, a large concourse of free burgesses, and freemen who were not burgesses, poured out from the gate-house to oppose their progress, upon observing which, the officer we have before described, himself headed a second detachment from the vessel, marched down upon the mob, and drove them pell-mell into the town, shut the gates upon them, and themselves raising the drawbridge, whilst the vessel glided past, they once more leaped on board. As they did so, however, the enraged citizens poured a volley upon them from the battlements of the gate-house, by which three of the crew were killed upon her deck.

The vessel had borne the contumely of the Sandwich folks up to this moment with the contempt and patience which silent merit so oft of the unworthy takes, she now, however, spoke to them with one of her guns, which, thundering from her deck, went crashing through the iron-studded gate, and shivering half the windows of the houses in Strand Street with the concussion of its discharge, bounded up High Street, and imbedded itself in the mill-walls.

A riot in this lively town was not, during the reign of Good Queen Bess, an affair of such uncommon occurrence as to be matter of great surprise to the fair Catharine. The persecution for religion in Brabant and Flanders drove many families to our Kentish towns. The manufacturers came in bodies, and chose their situations with great judgment, distributing themselves so as not to interfere with one another. The workers in sayes, baize, and flannel fixed themselves at Sandwich, the silk-workers settled higher up upon the banks of the same river which we have described, at Canterbury, the workers in thread seated themselves upon the Medway, at Maidstone. A party of gardeners, discovering the nature of the soil about Sandwich to be extremely favourable to the growth of all esculent plants, fixed themselves there, to the great advantage of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, whose tables were supplied with a variety of new and wholesome vegetables\*. These strangers, however, constantly excited the jealousy of the native tradesmen, and the avarice of the ruling powers of the corporation, and consequently the townsfolk were often at issue with the half Dutch† neighbours, who had done them the favour to fix their residence on their swamp, and hard crab-tree and old iron were usually the arbitrators between them.

\* These advantages were quickly extended to other places, as the ships conveyed large quantities of the seeds of such plants to London, and all over the kingdom. Indeed, in 1509 there was not a salad in all England, and cabbages, carrots, turnips, and other plants, according to Anderson's "History of the Rise and Progress of Commerce," were imported from the Netherlands.

† Many of the names in Kent, especially in Sandwich, are derived from these Dutch and Walloon emigrants, for instance, De Vinck has been made into De-wink, Vande Walla into Waller, Van de Velda into Valder, Van Bunke into Brooks, and so forth. Sir William Monson, in his naval tracts, gives an account of his anchoring in the mouth of Sandwich harbour in May, 1615, in order to protect a Dunkirker that had taken shelter in the haven from two Hollanders, who were lying there to intercept her. By his gallantry he obliged the Dutchmen to give up the chase, and permit the Dunkirker to escape. "Had your Lordships,"

The present riot, however, seemed a more serious matter, to judge from what had just transpired, than was usual even in the lively town of Sandwich. The row seemed on the increase too, there was shouting and bellowing in Galliard Street, hallooing and screaming in Lucks-boat Street, and murder cried in the Butchery. The fair Catharine therefore withdrew from the haven side, and, retiring to the greensward in front of her residence, re-entered the room we have before described.

Valentine Harkaway, as we have said, was a relative of Sir Philip de Mandeville. He was a Kentish original, a bold, honest-hearted, reckless youth, possessing good qualities, which quite redeemed his roughness of manner and violence of temper. With the good folks of Sandwich he was perpetually at feud. Hawks, hounds, and horses were his passion, and lucky it was both for himself and the townsfolk that most of his time was passed amongst the sporting gentry of the neighbourhood, for, when not engaged in tracking, in trailing, hunting, and hawking, he was generally mixed up in some of the brawls which disturbed the streets, and squabbling with the inhabitants of Sandwich. He involved them, indeed, in one sweeping benediction, and sent to the fiends the whole Cinque Port, its barons, its burgesses, its supporters of royal canopies, its mayor, its stewards of the court, its Queen's bailiffs, and the town-clerk. Nay, his great astonishment, he said to his fair cousin, whilst watching the preparations made to receive the Queen at his uncle's house, was how her gracious Majesty, heaven bless her, could think of setting foot in so nauseous a quag.

Having been early left an orphan, he had been much noticed by his relative, and was a kind of attached slave of the radiant Catharine. Her he worshipped, as it were, at a distance, and, although constantly her companion in her hawking expeditions, would never allow to himself that he was anything but "her poor servant." That he loved her with a deep and all-absorbing devotion was quite apparent, but he veiled his feelings in an assumed roughness of manner when in her presence, and, content to live upon a scattered smile, made himself necessary to the fair huntress, by overlooking the sporting department at Boxgrove, breaking the steeds, training the hawks, tending the hounds, and even horsewhipping the falconers and grooms if they required it. Sir Philip, too, he regarded as a superior being, a sort of demi-god, and his usual boisterous style was laid aside when in company with the old peak-bearded sage. In fact, he would hang upon every word his uncle uttered, as if some magician had spell-bound him, and listen with open mouth to steal his sweet and homed sentences. Indeed Valentine loved his uncle for those qualities he himself was most deficient in, and the old man prized his nephew in the same ratio, for his dare-devil spirit, honest heart, and untaught manners, and, albeit he treated his nephew to many a homily upon the subject of meekness and humility, secretly admired the readiness with which, on slight provocation, his hand sought his rapier's hilt.

As the fair Catharine re-entered the apartment we have first found her in, she was met there by her eccentric cousin from the opposite

he says, addressing himself to Lord Elsmere and Sir Francis Bacon, "seen the disposition and carriage of the people of Sandwich, you would have thought it strange that subjects durst oppose themselves so openly against the state. Thousands of people crowded upon the shore cried success to the Hollanders cursing both me and his Majesty's ship. But tis no marvel, for most of the inhabitants are either born bred, or descended from Holland."

door He was accoutred in the dress it was his usual fancy to wear, and which, except on very particular occasions, he never deigned to alter the fashion of A huntsman's loose frock was indeed almost his only wear, a broad buff belt sustained his *couteau du chasse*, long buff gauntlets reached to his elbows, and his heavy riding-boots were pulled up to the middle of his thighs Upwards of six feet in height, he sported a breadth of back and shoulder that would have done honour to a life-guardsmen of the present day

"How now, cousin Kate," said he, as he strode into the apartment, dashed his beaver upon the table, and seized the fair Catharine's alabaster hand in his own capacious fist These island carrions here are at their dirty work again What the foul fiend is the row in Sandwich now?"

His cousin smiled archly at him as she answered, "What, a riot in town, Valentine," she said, "and you inquiring of me regarding it? Come, that is indeed somewhat out of the usual order of things"

"May I die the death of a fat buck, said Valentine, "if I know aught of the matter Bloody with spurring, I have but now arrived from London, dispatched hitherwards by your father, Kate He expected a vessel was arrived in this filthy ditch beneath your windows, and on receipt of letters when he reached town, posted me neck-and-heel with instructions regarding her

"What vessel is that, Valentine?" inquired the curious maiden "Where from, and whither bound?"

"La, you there now!" returned Valentine "To see what frail specimens even the best of you weak women are I am not quite positive, my pretty coz, that I am at liberty to answer your queries The port she hath visited is a secret, cousin The intent and purport of her voyage is equally private, and the nature of the cargo she hath on board is also a mystery

"In faith, then," returned the fair Catharine, "I care not for your mysteries, Sir Valentine, since I think I can give a shrewd guess upon the matter I caught a glimpse of a ship, called the Bonaventura, not ten minutes back She's one of the vessels my father fitted out for the North West Seas, the land of promise"

"Ay, and performance, too," said Valentine, "but come, your guess is not far off the mark The Bonaventura, with a crew of bold fellows, and officered by one or two of the bravest in the land, hath made a successful voyage to Cataia, Solomon's Ophir, my girl By a letter from Captain Frobisher\* to your father, I learned that he sailed sixty degrees north-west beyond Friesland, and came upon an island inhabited by strange and savage Indians, where he landed, marched

\* Captain Martin Frobisher actually sailed to Cataia, near China, at this period Discovering a passage by the North West Seas, he came upon a place inhabited by savages, from whence he brought a piece of black stone, like sea coal The goldsmiths, on his return, assayed it, and vowed it rich in gold ore, the next season he therefore adventured again, and freighted two vessels home with this black stone, and in 1578, his project was so ripe in credit that he set sail a third time, with fifteen good ships, and freighted them all home from the same mines Some of his vessels were lost, and the boasted ore turned out mere dross Frobisher was afterwards knighted, for service against the Spanish armada Shakespeare touches upon this business in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" "I will not believe such Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man" he makes Ford say In fact, Cataian and Frobisher became bywords for vain boasters just at that period

into the interior, conquered the natives, and discovered several mines containing gold ore. Ay, Kate, this is no counterfeit, but the real stuff—gaudy, glittering gold. By the lord, Kate, you ll have a dowry fit for the bride of an Indian prince.”

“Be not over-sure of that, Walter,” returned his cousin. “The bold spirits who constitute some part of the crew of your vessel have been drinking deep in the town, as far as I can understand the matter, and have brought the good ship into difficulties. Nay, that most worthy Cataian is, I take it, the cause of the hubbub you hear without there.”

“Now, the red pestilence strike them,” said Valentine, starting up, and rushing to the casement in the hall of the mansion, “as sure as death they ll cause some mischief to my uncle’s craft. Why have you not told me this before, Kate?”

The scene Valentine had beheld from the casement of his uncle’s mansion was in itself sufficient to move his feelings under any circumstances. One unlucky individual was beset in Strand Street by a whole rout of ruffians, although with his long rapier before him, and his back planted against the palisades in front of the house, he was endeavouring to sell himself as dearly as possible. He was just at that moment on the even of being beaten to the earth by his numerous assailants, when he was released by the sudden appearance of our friend Valentine upon the scene.

That worthy came to the rescue like a tiger, and dealing his blows right and left with tremendous energy, snatched the stranger from the unknightly cudgels of his assailants, and with the assistance of some of the serving-men of his uncle’s establishment, succeeded in bringing him off, and dragging him into the mansion, just as Master Mumble, the mayor, together with the whole *posse comitatus*, thrust into the fray. The gallant who had been thus snatched from the clutches of the Sandwichers, was a youth of some two-and-twenty years of age. He had been considerably mauled in the affray, but, seen under every disadvantage, he quickly found favour in the eyes of the fair Catharine.

Meanwhile the vessel we have before mentioned in this history had successfully warped her way, spite of the townsfolk, along the haven, and followed by a cloud of skirmishers, consisting of a crew of patches, “Rude mechanics, who worked for bread upon the Sandwich stalls,” had got fairly out to sea. Whatever the nature of her cargo might have been, and how come by, (for these were days in which the most renowned of our naval heroes were most unscrupulous conscienceless blades,\* and when once fairly on the high-seas, made war upon their own account occasionally,) it was very evident those in command had no desire or intention that their papers should be overhauled either by the mobility of this Cinque Port, or those in authority over them.

Perfectly aware, from former embroilments in other lands afar, that the present excitement in the town was caused by their own officers,

\* The Pelican, commanded by Drake, the Elizabeth, by Winter, accompanied by the Marygold, of thirty tons, the Fly Boat of fifty tons, the Christopher, a pinnace of fifteen tons sailed from Plymouth, 15th November, 1577, sailed round the world, and returned to the same port, 3rd November, 1580. The ship in which Drake sailed was visited by Elizabeth, who conferred knighthood upon him, there by settling all controversy upon the subject of the immense sums he had brought home. The Pelican remained for years at Deptford, an object of public admiration, till her timbers fell to decay.

and who had donned their bravery that morning, and gone ashore for a lark amongst the Cinque Port *bona robas*, the grim ancient, who we have before seen in command of the vessel, had thought it best to bring-to beyond the draw-bridge for a time, and marching his party of men-at-arms into the town, drove the mob up High Street, into St Clement's churchyard, where he treated the townsfolk to a benefit amongst the tombstones, and giving them one or two volleys, crippled two of the civic-guard for life, and obliged several of the native burghers of the town to take measure of that portion of ground which was now adequate to all their future wants and wishes. By this means he succeeded in bringing most of his party on board, all indeed, but two unlucky individuals, who, having become separated in the confusion, were pounced upon by the civil power, and fairly hunted through the town, as if they had been stringer curs in a rabid state. Master Mumble the mayor, indeed, who had somewhat recovered from the sousing he had received in the water delf, was himself in a state of partial hydrophobia, and vowing vengeance against the runigates if he could but catch them, swore they should have a taste of the flavour of every stream in the town, from the roaring gutter to the slaughter-house dyke. Under these circumstances one of the fugitives, as we have seen, was rescued and sheltered in Sir Philip Mandeville's mansion in Strand Street, and thither Mr Mayor, brimfull of ire and dyke-witer, followed, to demand him.

Indeed, the wild, adventurous life these gallants lived, their perseverance amidst storm and wreck, the difficulties they encountered in distant lands, and even the horrors they were reported to have been witness to, give them a degree of interest during this reign such as is hardly to be conceived in our times. The spirit of the time was entirely military, chivalry was the order of the day, "*A fair vestal was throned by the West,*" and around her footstool knelt the choice-drawn cavaliers and master spirits of the world. All Christendom, too, was about to receive a fillip, and a horseboy to become "*The wonder of the world,*" — "Shakspeare was dipping his pen in his own heart."

The romantic ideas of the fair Catharine were all in favour of foreign adventure. The circumstances, therefore, under which the handsome stranger had been introduced to her presence, were in themselves sufficient to interest her in his favour, and when she looked upon his noble countenance, tall figure, and graceful air, seen to advantage in the rich and elegant costume he wore, she could almost have thought she beheld the personification of one of the characters of a favourite play she had just been perusing, with feelings of wonder, admiration, and delight. In short, the fair Catharine fell headlong in love with the stranger at first sight.

"I might call him," she said to herself,

‘ A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble ’

When, therefore, Master Mumble, 'the mayor, accompanied by the the hog-beadle, the supervisor of the water delf, the town-clerk, and the *posse comitatus*, clamoured for admittance at the portal of the mansion demanding instant and unconditional surrender of the fair Catharine's guest, she resolved to save him from their rapacious clutches. Her steeds were ready saddled in the stables, and making the stranger vouth change doublets with her cousin Valentine, slouched his features

under a wide-brimmed beaver, gave him the hawk she carried with one hand, and with the other led him through a small closet-like apartment, to the stabling, where, mounting him upon the groom's steed, she jumped upon her own palfrey, and, desiring Valentine to admit the mayor into the mansion as she quitted it, she galloped into Strand Street, dashed through the mob, and, clearing the Canterbury gate, turned up a narrow road to the right, and taking the way to Richborough safely reached the walls of the old Roman fortress which stood upon the small elevation where the legions of Cæsar leaped shore when they invaded Britain.

The stranger cavalier had found some difficulty in keeping at the bridle-rein of the delicate creature who thus galloped over rough and smooth in wild career, along the rough and dangerous road they had traversed. They had small opportunity for converse, but his eyes had told him that Diana herself was not more lovely than the fair votaress by his side. She pulled up her steed upon the mysterious cross within the area of the castle, and pointed out to him the Bonaventura just then clearing the mouth of the haven, and getting out to sea. There are some brief moments in man's career worth a whole age of commonplace life. To the fair Catharine and her companion the fleeting minutes which had passed since they had become acquainted were, perhaps, the light "never to shine again in the dull stream of life," this Roman fortress, swept by the blasts of near two thousand years, the greenest spot in memory's waste. Remembrance in after years would hallow these sacred precincts, and dwell fondly upon every trifling incident of that short ride with feelings of romantic interest, only to be furnished by the peculiar situation.

The cavalier dismounted from his steed, and pressed the hand of his faithful deliverer. The terror of the mayor, the hog-beadle, and the town-clerk, were all forgotten as he gazed upon the chiselled features of the fair Catharine, with her beautiful dark tresses streaming in the wind. Even the supervisor of the water delf was forgotten. His story had been told in her too-willing ear, even in the brief ten minutes they had conversed together, as they rested their panting steeds. The lady pointed to a small hostel situated upon the Sandwich Flats, towards Pegwell. By swift riding he might reach it, gain a boat, and get on board his ship, now tossing in the bay. The cavalier swore by the sacred symbol upon which she stood on that day fortnight he would return to claim the fair Catharine for his bride. They would meet upon that cross.

The setting sun tinged the massive ruins of Richborough, and the evening breeze sighed in dreary whispers along its walls, and still Catharine de Mandeville sat, sad and solitary, on her steed, and watched the small boat which was pulling for the Bonaventura, now rounding the point. When the small speck which contained her lover also disappeared, she turned her horse's head, and rode back to Sandwich. One brief fortnight, and they would meet again. He had sworn it by Richborough Cross. Would he keep his word? Time will shew. Ere nightfall the gallant Bonaventura was ashore upon the Goodwin Sands. Those dreadful depths swallowed up for ever the treasures of the Catalan mines. The good ship bulged, the waves rushed in fast, and all that was evermore seen of the crew then on board was three grim-looking adventurers lashed to a mast, who were washed underneath Broadstairs Cliff next morning, dead.



## THE BAG OF GOLD

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL

BRIGHTLY shone the moon over the fair city of Venice, and wherever her silvery rays kissed the dark waters of them any canals which intersect that mart of merchants, as the gay gondolas passed and re-passed, rippling the smooth surface with their prows and fin-like oars, they appeared like the shining scales of huge serpents, undulating and sporting among her marble palaces

In one of the remotest corners of the place dwelt the usurer Guiseppè Valdoni. Rumour reported him as rich as Croesus, but he had one gem in his possession which he valued above his gold, his only daughter, Bianca, a jewel without a flaw! Serenades were nightly performed under the balcony of his residence, and all the gallants of Venice endeavoured to win the attention of the wealthy heiress of Valdoni.

Of all the suitors who sought the lovely Bianca, none found favour in her eyes but Ludovico, the gay, bold, reckless Ludovico. In person he was eminently handsome, and in her estimation, who had only the opportunity of judging of a lover by sight, he was as far above all his competitors. She loved him! ay, and with a fervour which is only known in southern climes.

Truth to say, Ludovico was an inconstant man, a gambler, and a bankrupt in every virtue

It was midnight, and Bianca, with palpitating heart, was watching in the balcony Ludovico came alone in a gondola. She threw to him a bag of gold, and was about to descend, and to place herself under the protection of her suitor

"Dearest, best-beloved Bianca," said the deceiver, "*to morrow* at this hour I will be here and bear you away, if I survive the disappointment of to-night. Everything will then be ready for my bride. Farewell! And he rowed briskly away from the startled damsel, who for his sake had betrayed the confidence of her fond father by abstracting the bag of gold

Cold and heartless as was Ludovico, he felt a pang as he lost sight of the confiding and affectionate Bianca, "But, thought he, with plausible sophistry, "has she not robbed her own father? And shall I keep faith with one who has proved faithless to him who gave her being? Worthless wanton!"

The gallant, having reached his destination, hastily moored his gondola, and eagerly clutching the bag of gold, concealed it beneath his cloak, and hurried homewards. Passing beneath a dark colonnade, reposing in the still shadow of the moon, and calculating in his own mind the worth of the ducats of which he had so unworthily possessed himself, he was startled by approaching footsteps, and, turning round, observed three men close upon his track. They were evidently bent upon overtaking him, and, almost before he had presence of mind to draw his rapier, they fell upon him, and, encumbered by his cloak and the weight of his treasure, he was unable to repel their sanguinary attack, and dropped lifeless at the feet of the brigands, pierced with many wounds. The bag of gold chinked upon the pavement, they seized the weighty prize, and, rushing from the spot, turned into the Piazza di San Marco, thence crossing the Rialto, they encountered the night-watch, who surrounded and captured them

They were searched, speedily deprived of their newly-acquired treasure, and conducted forthwith to the guard-house, where being recognised by the authorities as indifferent characters, and being examined separately, giving a different account of their objects and pursuits, they were locked up, in order to be examined the following morning by the magistrate

They would willingly have relinquished their plunder to bribe their captors, but the latter were too numerous to act dishonestly without the fear of detection, although, under other circumstances, and for such a consideration, they might willingly have refrained from pressing the charge

The magistrate before whom the culprits were ushered on the following morning was a stern man, and possessed great influence in the state of Venice

"Fortunately for ye," said he, addressing the prisoners, "there is no proof that you have obtained this bag with violence, but we may reasonably infer that such plunder was not filched from the lawful possessor while he retained life. Justice, ever associated with divine mercy, and of which we are the unworthy dispenser, charitably gives you the benefit of our ignorance and the want of evidence. Your lives are spared,—and may you repent of your evil deeds. We attach the property in behalf of the rightful owner, and in the meantime



consign you to imprisonment, in order that, should any evidence hereafter arise in your favour, you may have the benefit of it. Away with them!"

The prisoners were removed, and the night-watch who had captured them were liberally rewarded. The bag of gold remained with the magistrate, who was too much occupied with official business to set on foot any inquiries respecting the lawful possessor. He placed the treasure in his strong chest. When the investigation took place, his two nephews were present, and contemplated the bag, which appeared to have some talismanic influence upon all who gazed upon it, with an irresistible desire of appropriation. They laughed at the idea of its being locked up, and consigned to the same fate as the prisoners. In their liberal philosophy they determined that distribution was far wiser than accumulation, and, with a virtue that is so uncommon in the world, they had long practised what they preached. In the exercise of this moral principle they had both become deeply indebted, and, with that fervent generosity known only to the heart of youth, they longed to liquidate their liabilities. There was no owner for the bag of gold, therefore they argued that it could not be better disbursed than in the payment of their debts of honour. Having come to this conclusion, the two honest youths resolved to cut up this stray golden goose, and feast themselves and their creditors therewith.

When sleep had sealed the eyelids of all within the magistrate's dwelling, Giovanni and Guiseppe stealthily quitted their chambers, and proceeded to the strong-room, where the bag of gold was carefully deposited. The sympathy of their pursuit had compelled them, although individually reluctant, to come to a mutual understanding. Now Guiseppe, who was married, contended with his cousin that he was entitled to two-thirds of the treasure, his liabilities, too, were larger than Giovanni's, and, in his opinion, justified this division. They both at last came to the determination of decamping, should they obtain possession, and thus escape both the ire of their uncle and the importunities of their creditors. Guiseppe's wife was on a visit to her father, and his only son, a beautiful boy of four years old, was left in his care, he therefore took the precaution of consigning him to the care of a trusty gondolier, who was to row to a certain point, where he proposed to join him.

But to return to the magistrate's strong-room, which overlooked the canal. They succeeded, with some difficulty, in forcing open the chest containing the treasure, and Giovanni grasped the coveted prize.

"Tis mine!" cried he, exultingly.

"Tis ours," said Guiseppe, holding out his eager hand.

"Stay," replied Giovanni, "I have had half the danger,—surely I am entitled to half the plunder. Nothing less will satisfy me."

"How!—why, did you not promise to be content with one third?" said Guiseppe.

"I had not then possession," replied Giovanni.

Guiseppe burned with rage, and, darting forward, snatched the bag of gold from his cousin's grasp, and rushing towards the balcony, exclaimed, "Do you persist in your demand? Will nothing less satisfy you?"

"*Corpo di Bacco!* nothing!" answered the other savagely.

"Then thus ends the dispute," said Guiseppe, and, opening the casement, he wildly cast the gold into the canal.

A piercing shriek followed, not from the disappointed Giovanni, but from the waters below. Guiseppe had cast the bag of gold upon the innocent head of his child, and killed it!

Giovanni fled, conscious of his participation in the robbery, and too soon the distracted father learned the fate of his boy, and went raving mad!

Giovanni, the fugitive, was reported to have plundered his uncle. The gondolier, meanwhile, had cunningly concealed the bag of gold, and produced a log of wood, which he asserted had been cast from the window, and was the cause of the death of Guiseppe's son, and, safe in the insanity of the wretched father, he carried home the treasure.

A slip of parchment was tied round the neck of the fatal bag, indicating that it contained one thousand golden ducats. But, through fear, or some mysterious influence, the gondolier could not be induced to break the seal that fastened it, fearful even of keeping it in his humble dwelling, he carefully inclosed it in a box, and buried it in his little garden.

Now the gondolier had an only daughter, Veronica, who was very beautiful, and she had many suitors among her own class. The handsome, gay, and dissipated Beppo, however, was her chosen favourite. He rowed so well, and sang so sweetly, that the maid was charmed, notwithstanding his suspected gallantries.

An old tradesman of Venice happened to meet Veronica one evening, as her father was taking her home in his gondola, and became enamoured of her charms. He sought her father, and offered her his "protection." The gondolier confessed himself highly flattered by his notice, but declined the honour.

"Take her to wife," said the bluff gondolier, "and she is yours. I can give her a dowry. Say the word, and the girl and a thousand golden ducats are yours."

"What!" exclaimed the tradesman, whose avarice equalled his new passion, "you are joking."

"By the Virgin!" replied the father, "I speak the truth."

The affair was soon settled between the gondolier and the tradesman, but there was one person who was by no means pleased by the bargain, Beppo, who vowed vengeance against the bridegroom, although he was quite ignorant of the means which had brought about the marriage.

Veronica was married, and the old man conveyed the maid, and the bag of gold, to his house. On the following morning he was found murdered, stabbed in fifty places by a poniard. As he was but a tradesman, the authorities took little or no trouble in seeking out the assassin. These affairs were so common in the city of merchants.

The widow took possession of the old man's property, and concealed the bag of gold, which had been the fatal cause of this unwise and unpropitious alliance.

A few months afterwards the tearless widow married the murderer of her husband. Guilt, however, rarely goes unpunished, and ere a few short months elapsed, Veronica discovered that the man whom she once idolized, and for whom she had sacrificed so much, was in every way unworthy of her love. He lavishly expended the estate of her late husband in his unlawful pleasures, while she, deserted by him, pined in sorrow and in solitude. Proud, overbearing, and revengeful,

Veronica's passion of love was soon transformed to hatred the most intense

The bag of gold, which she had carefully concealed, remained untouched. Depositing it in a place of safety, she instantly sought the presence of the judge, and denounced her renegade and unworthy husband as a murderer!

Beppo was seized, and the evidence she produced was so conclusive that the worthless husband was condemned to the rack.

Veronica retired to a nunnery, hoping to obtain pardon for her sins, and presented the bag of gold as an offering to the convent!

The bursar or treasurer of the convent was a certain Brother Anselmo, a thin, bilious man, severe and taciturn, who verily looked like a skeleton clothed in parchment. He was regarded as almost a saint by the good sisters, so punctilious was he in the performance of the religious duties. It is true that he had been a great reprobate in his youth, and it is equally true that he had become a great hypocrite. The bag of gold was confided to his custody, and so fearful was he of its corrupting influence, that he resolved to convey it far from the pure atmosphere of the convent, for fear of contamination. This was assuredly carrying his scruple to the extreme. He first, *probably*, entertained the insane idea of casting the "root of all evil" beneath the blue waves of the Adriatic, but upon mature deliberation he contended that it would be better to lay it by for charitable purposes. Sinner as he was, he might one day be in want of it, he therefore resolved to deposit it forthwith in the hands of a trusty friend-in-need, who had supplied his necessities in the days of his lamented extravagance.

Unfortunately for Brother Anselmo, he carried the bag of gold to the lawful owner, who instantly recognised and reclaimed the stolen ducats. He possessed irrefragable proofs that the parchment-label was in his own hand-writing, and embraced the precious bag of gold with the fondness of a parent who had recovered his lost child. Brother Anselmo vainly remonstrated, and the interview concluded by the miserly money-lender unceremoniously kicking him out, retaining possession of the fatal treasure.

Fain would the astonished bursar have resented this unseemly rebuff, but a consciousness of his own villany made him gulp the indignity which was put upon him, but he vowed vengeance. Before he could put in execution his secret purposes his defalcation was discovered, he was summoned before the tribunal, and condemned to pass the remainder of his wretched existence in a dungeon!

The bag of gold thus returned unbroken to the hands of the rightful owner, having been in its travels the cause of so much crime and misery to its intermediate possessors.

Wealth, obtained by a long life of toil and honesty does not always produce happiness, ill-gotten gold—never!

## THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON LIFE

BY J. FISHER MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF LONDON"

## CHAPTER XII

## AUCTIONS

THE perpetual transfer of property from hand to hand in London gives to the various auction-marts a permanent importance, as one of the remarkable features of London life

The necessity of quick return of money requires a perpetual bargain, sale, and auction, and the announcements of these last form a very marked feature in the advertising columns of the day

The Auction Mart, pre-eminently so called, though there are a hundred others of various minor degrees of importance, may be called the greatest thoroughfare in the world. Estates pass through it with the ease of "greased lightning," indeed, at one time or another, England has jumped down her own throat, the said throat being represented by the all-swallowing maw of the Auction Mart. Here are submitted to your approbation, here solicit the honour of your preference, to-day, at "twelve for one o'clock," a slice, some twenty thousand acres of the sandy deserts of the Cape, a princely estate in Gloucestershire, "with political influence extending over I know not how many thousand *independent* yeomen,"—how far the political influence thus advertised as a marketable commodity agrees with the character of independence ascribed to the yeomen, the auctioneer does not condescend to inform us,—"the next presentation to a living within fifty miles of London, in a sporting neighbourhood,—single duty,—present incumbent aged seventy-seven," "absolute reversion to money in the funds," "house and premises in a first-rate business situation in the city," "eligible estates at Swan River," "a cellar of choice and valuable wines," "a family vault at Kensall Green," "a four-roomed freehold cottage and garden," "the Coliseum"

Entering the apartment where the three last mentioned commodities were about to be offered to public competition, we were not surprised to find it crowded to excess, a popular and well-known auctioneer being expected to ascend the pulpit, and great the curiosity of the assembled crowd

It is with heroes of the hammer as with heroes of the pen and sword, every age has its prime hero, to whom all others succumb, and play secondary and inferior fiddles. He fills the public eye with a constant, steady light, while others flit before it like meteors. He is the *prince* of auctioneers, millions have been transferred from time to time by the sound of his ivory mallet. He is the worthy successor of the historical auctioneers of other days, whose names have survived their catalogues, of Cock, and Squibb, and that fortunate brother, immortalized by Peter Pindar,

"Who with a hammer, and a conscience clear,  
Got glory, and ten thousand pounds a year."

After waiting patiently half an hour and more beyond the appointed time, we observed a man in his shirt-sleeves in the act of putting on a bloom-coloured coat, which harmonized exactly with a bloom-coloured face, then, taking a comb from his waistcoat pocket, he carefully arranged "the lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare, upon either side his forehead. His toilet thus performed in the eye of his bidders, and an expectant grin having already begun to expand itself over the faces of his curious auditors, the successor of Squibb, who, unlike the young Iulus,

"Sequitur patrem passibus æquis"

grasps his ivory mallet, and ascends the rostrum

His keen eye, circling round the room, takes the measure of his audience at a glance, he sees their value, and knows by instinct how to adapt himself to their humour. Although, in all probability, this gentleman has not studied rhetoric as an art, and perhaps never heard of Sheridan's plan, of first disarming his auditory by a preliminary joke, then, ere they have time to recover their presence of mind, bringing up, and letting fly a discharge of facts and arguments, yet this is precisely the plan of operation of our humorous auctioneer

Yet his humour is not uniform, nor his gravity equally grave, in all places. He is a "wiser and a sadder man" in the city, selling great estates, than he is at Covent Garden, disposing of a consignment of Turkey carpets, but, however he may augment or diminish his inexhaustible budget of fun, his ease and freedom of manner are undiminished, whether he expatiate upon the paradisaical excellence of a Norfolk territory to the monied Jews of Cornhill, or eulogize a set of dining-tables before the mahogany Jews of Broker's Alley

After the good-humoured joke with which he conciliates his auditory has been perpetrated, and the laugh with which it is sure to be greeted has subsided, George looks grave, *funnily* grave, ludicrously solemn, comically sad. He finds that he wants words to express his sense of the value of the investment he is about to bring before you, he only wishes *he* had money, Consols *quaking* at 98½. Here George shakes his head prophetically, saying, as plain as a shake of the head can say, "Consols at 98½ can't last." The capitalists look grave as George continues shaking his head, and when he has repeated the words, "quaking at 98½" three or four times, they begin to think there is *something in it*

"Money, he continues, "literally a drug, of no value (A laugh) Yes, he repeated it, utterly worthless, dross, literally dross (A laugh, and a voice from the back benches, "I wish we had some of it, though") "Do ye? I dare say you do (Laughter) Well, my friend, all I can tell you is this, Rothschild told me the other day he was offered £100,000 for a sixteenth per cent, and wouldn't take it, and another capitalist of my acquaintance offered the same—I mean a similar sum, at a half per cent, and couldn't get it (A laugh) You *may* laugh—ugh—agh"

The two last monosyllables faintly represent a short, dry, peculiar interjectional sound, something between a cough and a grunt, in which George delights, and which serves as a stop-gap in the quick-set hedge of his oratory

After a pause, and a gulp of brown sherry and water, he proceeds,—

“Where will you get such interest for your money? (No answer) I thought you wouldn't be able to show me such another chance for doubling your capital—agh—ugh Why, where's the difficulty? You can borrow money on the security of this property for little or nothing, and I am sure you are too honest to ask it for less (A laugh) Come, now, make a beginning Give me a hundred thousand—(a pause)—ninety thousand—eighty—seventy—sixty—anything you please The difficulty is, I see, to break the ice—agh—ugh”

At length he gets a bidder—fifty thousand is bid And now no angler, patiently awaiting the long-expected nibble, is more brisk than our auctioneer His eye wanders rapidly over the monied mob below, he leans anxiously forward, and his eagle glance catches the bidding, which echoes from his lips ere the nod of the bidder has well ceased to sanction the announcement Sixty—sixty-five—seventy thousand pounds, the hammer vibrating from the undulating elbow, hangs menacingly in the air, the competition, having reached the marketable value of the investment, begins to flag, George raises the hammer to strike, but disappoints us with a blow on the desk with the side of his hand At length the sharp, decisive knock announces the sale, and the clerk proceeds to register the name of the successful competitor

We would do great injustice to the prince of auctioneers of the nineteenth century, if we did not confess that he is not less great in the study than the rostrum, his written is not less original than his spoken style, nor do we well know which demands our greatest meed of admiration and applause, the written panegyrics with which he raises property in the eyes of capitalists, or the uttered eulogies with which he knocks it down

The elegance and aptitude of his quotations, the native modesty with which he introduces himself, as connected with the “princely” estate he is intrusted with by the “noble and patriotic proprietor” to submit to public competition, the easy confidence with which he annexes a seat in Parliament to the many advantages of the purchaser, the complete union of all possible *agremens*, and total absence of any drawbacks, of whatever kind, upon whatever property, prove to us, with more than Socratic or Aristotelic force, how perfect the terrestrial bliss that money, invested under the hammer of our hero, may secure

Let us suppose, for example, that this great man has received instructions to dispose of the parish round-house, pound, stocks, or pillory You must not imagine that these public buildings will be introduced to your notice in the vulgar tongue, on the contrary, somewhat in the following style will appear his preliminary advertisement —

MR GILES SCROGGINS

Has the happiness to inform capitalists, that he has had the honour to receive the instructions of the

CORPORATE BODY

of the terrestro paradisaical locality of

FROGSHOLE

to dispose of without reserve, at the Mart on the first day of April next, a portion of the

## CORPORATE LANDS

and tenements, comprising a *little Heaven* of a *rotundo* celestially located at the *exclusive* end of the village, (London and other mails pass the avenue daily,) in the centre of a

## SPORTING PARADISE,

thickly populated with game, the tails of the pheasants and partridges literally overlapping, and the hares and rabbits, for want of accommodation, forced to lie three in a bed

## LORD BADGER'S FOXHOUNDS

hunt the immediate neighbourhood and distant mountains blending with the *blue* firmament at the top, realize the poetry of

## THE IMMORTAL BARD,

with mutton at fourpence futhing a pound and other elegancies in proportion!

It may not be *above the mark* to indicate that the far famed scenery of

## GILNVA'S FAVOURED JACK

must fall below par—in fact a discount—when weighed in the balance with the sublimity of the scene under examination. The pencil by Byron or Scott would in vain describe, without *ocular demonstration* being within a momentaneous drive of the

## FIDDLERS GREEN RAILWAY

In addition to “a distant view of the changing sea, a few hundreds, judiciously laid out by the hand of taste in enlarging the mansion, would delight the prospective

## VISUAL ORB

of the enterprising capitalist. But it must not be overlooked that

## NATURE

has herself pointed out this desirable residence for public characters, and that there is a *moral* certainty of the happy proprietor being returned, at the next election, (or sooner,)

## A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE

Together with the mansion will be disposed of,

## IN A RING FENCE,

a compact little estate, judiciously adorned with a belting of timber useful and ornamental, where stock may be regarded *as secure as under lock and key* under the immediate tutelage of the authorities of the district

Not far from this exquisite little property is lot *three*—an *unique* erection, rendered of classic interest by the residence upon one occasion of the renowned Sir Hudibras, whose sublime and very funny biographer has described it so much superior to what Mr Giles Scroggins, or *language* could attempt, that he hopes the monied world will pardon this short notice —

“In all the fabric  
You shall not see a stone nor a brick,  
But all of wood by powerful spell  
Of magic made impregnable,  
There neither iron bar nor gate  
Portcullis chain, nor bolt nor grate,  
And yet men durance there abide,  
In dungeon scarce three inches wide,

With roof so low, that under it  
They never stand but lie or sit  
And yet so foul, that whoso is in  
Is to the middle leg in prison,  
In circle magical confined  
With walls of subtle air and wind”

It is altogether a *task of supererogation* to dilate upon the beauties of the circumjacent *lots* of lovely scenery round about the mighty ocean will not be left behind, it ought not to be forgotten that fresh herrings may be had, with *lots* of mushrooms the umbrageous common, with a right of pasture for the *goshings*, challenges competition with

## THE BOUNDLESS PRAIRIES

of central Africa, and the

## GREAT SANDY DESERTS

of North America. Money may be made by washing pigs in the pond, abounding with carp, tench, and tittlebats belonging to the estate

Printed particulars with conditions of sale, and a lithographic print of this *byou* of a lot, may be had at the Fox and Geese, Frogshole when Mr G S returns from his circumambulatory inspection of this angelic paradise

Our readers must not fall into the mistake of supposing that the

above announcement, or its prototypes in the daily papers, are seriously penned, quite the reverse. The peculiarity of the style is merely intended to attract notice, and excite curiosity, and the flowers of hyperbole, which the eloquent author is accustomed to scatter over his subject have as much relation to the real merits of the property in the market, as the florid ornaments of a mansion have to the comfort of those dwelling within its walls.

We believe the peculiar style of these advertisements contribute as much to the amusement of newspaper readers as the reports at Bow Street, or any other humorous portion of the paper. We read them with due allowances for the imagination of the writer, conscious that if his flights of fancy do the estate no good, they as certainly do it no harm, and we recognise with renewed pleasure every fresh indication of his hyperbolic humour in advertisements of several columns in length, tessellated in slim *italic* characters, alternating with robust Roman capitals.

For our own parts, we trust we shall be awarded that meed of praise we consider ourselves so richly to have deserved, in preserving for posterity some account of the written and spoken style of a great public character; thus supplying a desideratum in all ages wanted, and but rarely supplied, particulars of personal interest connected with the great historical personages of our country.

The genius of Squibb has not been preserved to us. That he was great in selling old china we know, but of the manner of his greatness we are not informed. Cock—in his day, cock of the walk—was, we are told a man of persuasive power, but we are told no more. The nice touches that make the finish of character are lost to the world in Cock and Squibb, but are preserved to the entertainment of remotest ages in our graphic portraiture of Scroggins.

Of auctions, as places of resort by purchasers, who imagine that things are to be had cheaper there than at respectable shops we can only say, that those who try them with that view will find themselves very much mistaken.

London auctions are so numerous and regular, that they form a permanent branch of traffic, employing hundreds of people, who devote all their time, skill, and shrewdness to prevent the *bona fide* purchaser from getting any article he may have come there to purchase for one farthing less than what they choose to call its value. Sooner than he shall have it, these people raise the auction, bidding against him at all hazards, and when the sale is over, retire to a neighbouring coffeehouse, appraise the articles purchased at their probable marketable value, and divide the loss.

This is only one of the illustrations of a truth, in London almost universal, that *you cannot be permitted to interfere with the regular course of profits*. Certain men there are, in every line of life, who are interposed, by the necessity of the case, between the vendor and purchaser. These brokers, or go-betweens, must have their intermediate profit, which you must be content to pay, or sweat for it.

There is a certain recognised imposition, a transfer-tax, to these people upon everything that one man buys and another man sells in London, from an estate of twenty thousand a-year to a sieve of apples. You *must* pay it, and you are a great fool if you do not, for, as sure as you attempt to take short cuts, or try to save the



profit of somebody upon everybody, you will find that, instead of being imposed upon lightly, without taking any trouble, you take a great deal of trouble to impose heavily upon yourself

## CHAPTER XIII

## PICTURE AUCTIONS

Everybody is a judge of painting except a connoisseur

HOGARTH

If Hogarth be right, we claim the high distinction of being judges of painting—we are *not* connoisseurs

And yet, if, as Goldsmith says, the art of the connoisseur consists only in observing that “the picture might have been better painted if the painter had taken more pains, and in praising the works of Pietro Perugino, we almost think our long experience about town might entitle us to a distinction so easily acquired

The print and picture-dealers shops of London we look upon as so many preliminary National Galleries, nurseries of the fine-arts. To the fancy ironmongers we also owe something, few of our determined gallery-hunters are ignorant of the tea-tray style of painting

But the auction-rooms are the great sources of instruction and entertainment, we never fail to patronize them in the season, call for catalogues with an authoritative air, and scan the pictures through a pocket-glass, with the earnest scrutiny of a collector

There is a large class of idlers, to whom the auctions of pictures are a cheap and expeditious mode of killing time, they never fail in their attendance, are as well known as Christie and Manson themselves, they never bid, but note the biddings upon the margins of their catalogues, they are curious, smoke-dried specimens of humanity, and when one sees them at a sale of articles of *virtu*, one can hardly help inquiring when they are to be knocked down. They stare in amaze at each successive importation of Raphaels, Poussins, Corregios, Dominichinos, and Salvator Rôsas, “the property of a gentleman, or the “genuine collection of a late noble connoisseur deceased,” and are lost in astonishment at the superhuman industry of the masters, who, though their lives do not appear to have been prolonged beyond the ordinary term of humanity, yet have contrived to bestow upon posterity a picture at least for every day of their indefatigable lives. One of the most experienced picture-auction-hunters in town, informed us that, in the course of thirty years, calculating the sizes of the several works of art, as noted in his catalogues, he has attended the dispersion by auction of half an acre of Raphaels, three roods, fifteen perches of Cuyps, twenty-five square yards of Vandyke, and a small farm of the best Flemish masters

The impudence, to call it by no harsher name, with which picture-dealers catalogue their trash, has been happily ridiculed by a man who despised quackery in art—himself a great master,—the immortal Hogarth, who, in a supposititious bill from a manufacturer of pictures by the old masters to a dealer, has let us into some of the secrets of this reputable fraternity

## MR VARNISH TO BENJAMIN BISTER, DR

|                                                                                                                                                                                              | <i>l</i> | <i>s</i> | <i>d</i> |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|----------|----------|
| To painting The Woman caught in Adultery, upon a green ground, by Hans Holbein                                                                                                               | 3        | 3        | 0        |
| To Solomon, his Wise Judgment, in panel, by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti,                                                                                                                      | 2        | 13       | 6        |
| To a painting and canvass for a naked Mary Magdalen, in the undoubted style of Paul Veronese,                                                                                                | 2        | 2        | 0        |
| To brimstone for smoking ditto,                                                                                                                                                              | 0        | 2        | 6        |
| Paid Miss W——, for a live model to sit for Diana bathing by Tintoretto,                                                                                                                      | 0        | 16       | 0        |
| Paid for the hire of a layman, to copy the robes of a Cardinal for a Vandyke,                                                                                                                | 0        | 5        | 0        |
| Portrait of a man doing penance, by Albert Durer,                                                                                                                                            | 2        | 2        | 0        |
| Paid the female figure for sitting thirty minutes in a wet sheet, that I might give the dry manner of the master,*                                                                           | 0        | 10       | 0        |
| The Tribute money rendered with all the exactness of Quintin Matsys the famed blacksmith of Antwerp,                                                                                         | 0        | 12       | 6        |
| To Ruth at the feet of Boaz upon an oak board, by Titian,                                                                                                                                    | 3        | 3        | 0        |
| St Anthony preaching to the Fishes, by Salvator Rosa                                                                                                                                         | 3        | 10       | 0        |
| The Martyrdom of St Winifred, with a view of Holywell Baths, by Old Frank                                                                                                                    | 1        | 11       | 6        |
| To a large allegorical altar piece consisting of men and angels, horses, and river gods, the thought most happily hit off, by Rubens,                                                        | 5        | 5        | 0        |
| To Susannah bathing, the two elders in the background, by Castiglione,                                                                                                                       | 2        | 2        | 0        |
| To The Devil and St Dunstan, the tongs highly finished, by Teniers,                                                                                                                          | 2        | 2        | 0        |
| To a Queen of Sheba falling down before Solomon, by Murillo,                                                                                                                                 | 2        | 12       | 6        |
| To a Judith in the tent of Holofernes by Le Brun,                                                                                                                                            | 1        | 16       | 0        |
| To a Sisera, in the tent of Jael its companion, by the same,                                                                                                                                 | 1        | 16       | 0        |
| Paid for admission into the House of Peers, to take a sketch of a great character for a picture of Moses breaking the tables of the law, in the darkest manner of Raphael, not yet finished, | 0        | 2        | 6        |

## CHAPTER XIV

## SHOPPING

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day with his friend to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking glasses, and nut crackers, and fiddles, and many other gim cracks, and having observed them all and the other funnibums that make up the furniture of a country fair, he said to his friend

*"Lord how many things there are in this world of which Diogenes hath no need"*

ISAAC WALTON

WHAT would London be without its shops?

How dull to the pedestrian on a fine Sunday in June, is the formal, quaker like aspect of the shuttered shops of Fleet Street and the Strand! How dismal to the loungeur are the tedious streets, where the tobacconists and pastrycooks alone offer their attractions to his excursive eye! How provoking to the pert milliner, whose only day of lifting her eyes from everlasting work is Sunday, when the haberdashery shops, with all their flippery, are as a sealed book, or a fountain shut up

The shops of London, on Sunday, like a gallery of pictures turned

\* Some of the ancient masters acquired a *dry* manner of painting, from studying after wet diapery — WEBB on *Painting*

to the wall, on other days display their thousand works of art in the most splendid frames, and the gayest colours, each shop is a *picture*, more or less highly finished, or coloured, according to the wealth and taste of the owner, and drawing its own especial mob of gaping admirers

Without the privilege of the shop-windows, what on earth would become of our thousands of London loungers?

Without their aid, and the auction-rooms how, in the name of laziness would the wretched member of a West End club contrive to imhiliate the time between breakfast and dinner?

To him, and to the stranger, the unemployed, the idle, the shops of London are means of education and amusement, normal schools of art and industry, repositories of taste and *virtu*, libraries of industry, science, intellect applied to provide for the artificial wants and multiplied requirements of civilized and social man, museums of manufacturing ingenuity and skill

If we were called upon to point out a single test by which we might determine the degree of refinement of a people, we would say, look at the shops, *there* you will see, reflected in the number of commodities, the number of *wants* of refined life, and perhaps, after all, it is by the number of our artificial wants that our refinement is to be calculated

Let a man walk leisurely from Oxford Street, down Regent Street, along the Strand, Fleet Street, Cheapside, "to the India House, let him stop, and introduce himself to the outsides of individual shops, let him enter into conversation with them, and hear what they have to say, and, if he does not return to his chamber impressed with more vivid ideas of the tremendous wealth, importance, enterprise of this mighty metropolis of shopocrats than he had before, we can only say, he is not the man we took him for

There is a physiognomy of shop, a decided expression of countenance, that it once indicates to the spectator its social position, and *status* in society. Here is a shop, for instance, with wide mouth, low forehead, blarney eyes, and dusky features, a shop that a poor man would no more think of entering than he would of intruding into a gentleman's parlour, a shop that says as plain as it can speak, "I care, not I, for chance customers, I am a shop of high connexions and good family. The *employes* of such a shop as this are more like clergymen than shopmen, bald-headed, confidential, black-coated, long-service shopmen, men of good salaries and manner, grave and independent in their deportment, who have been in the establishment nine-and-twenty years come next Lord Mayor's day, and intend to be there the remainder of their respectable lives

These old established shops stare at a chance customer, they are civil, but cool in serving you, and take care to charge you a little higher than they do to their own connexions, they will not condescend to enter into conversation with you, and if you make any objection to the price or quality of any article, they return your money with great indifference and solemnity

Nevertheless, you cannot lay out your money at a greater advantage than in one of these, in fact, they are the only shops to be depended on, they *cannot afford* to cheat you, nor give you a bad article, they are *said* to be dear, because they charge a *high* price for

a *good* article, and in this point of view they may be as well called cheap shops as dear.

Contrast one of these with a ticket-shop, or pretended cheap shop, a lying, Jeremy Diddler shop that pretends to be always selling off at a great sacrifice, as if its sole ambition were to ruin itself for the benefit of a discerning public.

There is something of the cut of the swell-mob about one of these cheap-shops, it looks as if it had stolen its commodities, or had obtained them upon false pretences, which in truth, is usually the case, its plate-glass windows, brass sashes, and full-length mirrors have an impudent, unpaid-for expression.

There are no shopmen in these places, but only somethings between young men and boys, raw, twenty pounds a year counter-jumpers, in sallow, half-starved cravats, and seedy black coats, there is great bustle and appearance of business, which you never notice in shops that enjoy the *reality*, the shop-boys have a servile, insolent manner, and an open, undisguised desire of cheating and taking you in. You are attracted, if you know no better, by the low prices of articles ticketed in the window, and you enter, you ask to look at the article in the window, thus the shopmen will not allow, but assure you they have precisely similar goods, which they proffer for your inspection, if you persist in declining any other article than that you see marked in the window, you will in all probability be insulted and turned out of the shop, if not sent to the station house, as has before now happened to an adventurous bargain-hunter. Whatever you are wheedled or bullied into buying at these pretended cheap shops is sure to be dear, or, what amounts to the same thing in the end, of inferior quality, you never quit the counter without the unpleasant sensation of having been taken in, or of having been dealing with people whose trade is to take people in.

We hear a great deal of execration bestowed upon fortune-hunters, but we do not know that there is not another class of sporting-characters, almost, if not altogether as detestable, we mean *bargain-hunters*. Time, temper, and shoe leather, will these people submit to the loss of, for a bargain, will stew themselves in an atmosphere of odoriferous perspiration among greasy Jew-brokers, at an auction, for a bargain, will bid against their best friend for a thing which he wants, and which they don't want, for the love they bear a bargain. Now, what is a bargain? Something purchased for less than its fair marketable value. Who is the sufferer by this? Either the vendor, the owner, or the poor artizan, whose days and nights of labour have been consumed in its production.

With what excess of glee will a bargain-hunting lady return home with "such a love of a bonnet, "such a beautiful worked muslin," "such a sweet love of a tamboured collar, in the purchase whereof she has been lucky enough or clever enough to get it a bargain—" a mere nothing—an old song—and wonders how they can make it for the money!

Alas! how many tears may not the poor worker of that precious bargain have shed, while wearing her fingers to the bone for wages, mayhap barely enough to keep body and soul together! What struggling hearts may not have bent over the needle or the tambour-frame,—hearts whose only aspiration is for that happy, that long-desired hour, when they will for ever cease to beat,—hearts whose

joy, hope, and freshness have long since given place to the complaining bitterness of unremitting, unrequited toil!

Ay, ladies of Britain, go bargain-catching, and give to South Sea islanders and nasty *niggers* the accumulated produce of your savings from the sweat and life-blood of your distressed countrywomen!

We have no patience with the hungry-eyed, greedy-hearted wretches who rush into cheap shops, and the only respectability about the cheap shops is their cleverness in *doing* these hunters of bargains. It is not that the buyer is sure at these places to get an article fifty per cent *worse*, at five-and twenty per cent *less* than a respectable tradesman can afford to sell it for, this we rejoice at, this is a sort of retributive justice, it serves the bargain-hunter right. It is the misery among tradespeople, artificers, shopmen, the screwing of the poor workmen and workwomen, to which the bargain-hunter, by his purchases, is an accessory after the fact, since all who have the misfortune to have any concern with the cheap shops are sure to burn their fingers.

A respectable tradesman has an article in his shop, forming the most valuable portion of his stock in trade, but which he cannot afford to sell, and which secures to the honest purchaser an honest article at an honest price, I mean his *character*. This enables the tradesman to *afford* to do what is fair, and he *does* it, this is a protection to the customer from imposture far before the mendacious announcements of the ticket-shops, this it is which enables the customer to enter a shop with confidence, quit it with satisfaction, and return to it with alacrity. Believe me, it is worth a trifle *extra* to deal with an honest man, who by straightforward behaviour has raised himself to independence.

These observations apply to cheap tea-shops, cheap tailors, cheap jewellers, cheap haberdashers, cheap everything—whatever is too *cheap* is too *dear*. The tradesman will not get rich by this cheap system, and the customer will find, sooner or later, that he has sacrificed his true interest to a mere delusion.

Let us now resume our stroll and our casual observations, as we proceed along the leading line of the world of shopkeepers. Here is an historical shop—a shop that has made a fortune, and founded a family. There it stands, a monument of the supremacy of honest, humble industry in this great and powerful country. There you see it, an estate of five or ten thousand pounds a-year to the tradesman, and the means of a decent livelihood to numbers of industrious heads of families,—and yet it is only a saddler's shop. Out of that shop have been turned boys, sons of the saddler, who stitched therein. These boys have gone to school and college, and have returned with all the honours that intellectual labour can extort from colleges and schools. The eldest son of that saddler has pushed himself, through the several gradations of an arduous profession, to a highly respectable station, the second son of that saddler is at the head, and is confessed worthily to be at the head, of a profession the most distinguished by public honours and rewards of any in this country. He has long been a senator and an advocate, and before these pages see the light may probably be a peer. The third son of that saddler has extended, in distant lands, the power and glory of his country by force of arms, and stands confessedly one of the most distin-

guished warriors of his time What an accumulation of honour in one family!—what an illustration of the height to which in this country the son of the humblest man may, if he is worthy, attain!

Here is another shop—another saddler's shop You see a number of clean-faced, well-fed looking fellows, pricking pig-skin into shape The owner of that shop, once a poor youth, has now a title, a carriage—what did I say? a manufactory of carriages—footmen in sanguine breeches and gold-laced coats, a splendid mansion in one of the most fashionable parts of the town, he is, moreover, a valuable magistrate, an exposé of swindlers and schemers, and a public-spirited citizen, in Oxford Street a saddle-maker, in Park Crescent a gentleman of fortune, at the Mansion House a man of law and authority

A third shop is a baronet's—a knight of the bloody hand—a map of enormous fortune Here you must excuse me, while I step in and purchase at the counter of Sir John a pennyworth of sweet oil, wherewith to anoint my razors

Not to particularise individual shops, it is quite a catalogue to recount the number of men of distinction that have been shop-keepers in London, and whose children now sit in Parliament, on the Bench, adorn the Church and the army, or swell the number of independent families in private life When a shop is established in London, it is no longer a shop, it is, in point of fact, an *estate*, from which the possessor can quietly retire, receiving his rents, through the hands of his shop-keeping representative, with the same certainty as if his property were in lands, funds, or houses

Stop here—let us take a lesson in the fine arts at one of these gorgeous print-shops—take care of your pockets, and flatten your nose against the middle of the window No one heedlessly passes the print shops, a look at them costs nothing, and there is always something to please The wealthy and great go inside the shops, pay for prints, and *possess* them, the vulgar and penniless stay outside, criticise the engravings, and *enjoy* them, so trivial, after all, is the difference between the man who has money and the man who has it not

The sporting print-shops attract us, one sees what is going on in the hunting world, without crossing a horse-back or going to Melton There they are—magnates of the chase, in hunting panoply, their dogs, horses, and the whole *materiel* of the chase Next, the caricatures while away ten minutes, not without much risible emotion, the inimitable HB puts forth all his powers of humorous ridicule to amuse us wayfarers of the streets, Brougham, the Proteus of politicians, is pulled into ludicrous postures by a string in the hands of the Duke of Wellington, Palmerston, as Cupid, blows bubbles that, as he blows them, break in empty air, Peel, as Phaeton, drives his triumphant chariot, oblivious of the melting influence of the sun of public opinion Our rulers are by the pencil of this witty artist made ridiculous, and we laugh contentedly, in the confidence of our own obscurity At Cockspur Street, the Haymarket, Bond Street, and Pall Mall, we have displayed before us the classical engravings of the day Here Turner's extraordinary and incomprehensible experiments in colour resolve themselves into subject, and become legible under the hand of the translator The exquisite dogs of Landseer, with their *human* faces, are dispersed upon the

wings of the multiplying press Raphael and Correggio live over again in the soft, luscious, lithographic productions of the German school of engraving, Fanny Ellsler, Dumilatre, Taghioni, in their chosen *pos*, bound through the sustaining ether, Wellington, in dresses heroic and academic, as like and as unlike himself as it is possible for the same man at one and the same time to be, smiles and scowls upon the admiring spectators, Peel's bland, immovable, and gentleman-like features are not wanting.

We see in the windows of print-sellers what a nonentity is fame. Here, in the evanescence of a transitory popularity, statesmen have their places in the windows, as on the Treasury bench, when they are in Opposition, they are deposed from the post of honour in the centre of the print-seller's window, and stowed away, no longer marketable, in the unenviable obscurity of the portfolios in the back-shop. The grave has hardly closed on the remains of a royal duke, or other illustrious personage, than he lives again for the mob of gazers at the print-shops, and continues offered for sale until some other great personage appears, whose lineaments become, in life or death, saleable commodities. Even kings are treated with hardly more ceremony by those great potentates of Cockspur Street and Pall Mall. His Majesty of Prussia frowns upon us in all the dignity of his huge moustache, for a week or ten days after he has quitted our shores, when he is deposed from his window, and Espartero reigns in his stead. Queen Christina puts the Regent out of countenance, and the window, and Narvaez or Bravo, or whoever is uppermost for the day, compels her Christian Majesty to retire into the back-shop, and waste her sweetness in a portfolio.

The print-shops, properly regarded, are not mere galleries of the arts, but popular pictorial histories of England, the Continent, and in a word, the world.

From the print-shops we proceed to the book-shops. These furnish less matter for observation to the lingering mob, the titles are soon read, and, as you are not in the humour, or the funds to buy, the titles are all the information you are likely to obtain.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step—from the print and book-shops to the *gourmand* shops is but twenty yards. Perhaps in nothing is the excess of London luxury more strikingly exhibited than in the *gourmand* shops, where plain roast, baked, or boiled, have no place, where everything is foreign, rich, full of zest, and expensive.

What a variety of stimulants for the palled, exhausted palate has not the research of caterers for the appetite of luxurious man provided! Here are every variety of continental sausages, while Norwich, Cambridge, Epping are forgotten,—reindeer tongues, Strassburgh bacon,—as if Wiltshire was not good enough for Englishmen—turkeys stuffed with truffles, wild boar's head, potted meats, fish and fowl in every variety of pot and pan, *pâtes de foie gras*, fit goose-liver-pies of Strassburgh, powdered beef of Hamburgh, and a thousand other contrivances, that might create an appetite "under the ribs of death."

Ha! do I not see a bulky form, swathed hand and foot in bandages of flannel, with bolsters at his back, and pillows supporting his misshapen toes? Now he rubs his chalky knuckles with misshapen thumb—now he plies the brandy-bottle to assuage his agony

—'tis Gout, taking his ease in this his own chosen palace, where thousand sprites of dainty meat and drink, potted and bottled, wait to do his bidding on a thousand belly-gods about town. See his sunken eye, his flaccid chops, his greasy lips—bah! let's be off—these delicate meats are delicate poisons!

Here is something more plain English, more honest more substantial, a butcher's-meat shop. Here you may behold the roast-beef of Old England in all its glory, beef in exaggeration of feeding and condition. That rib, now, is not merely the fat—no, sir, it is the marrow of the land!

“The ox was a picture for punters to study,  
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy.”

There is not in London—which is as much as to say there is not in the world—a finer sight than the shops of the great victuallers about Christmas time. It is at once a delightful and tantalizing sight. You see it for nothing, but you get nothing by the sight, except a feeling of regret that you are not able to appropriate a portion, as the saying is, to your own cheek.

Here is a shop we should have noticed before—meat after fish—Grove's venison and fish-shop. Really this is worth looking at. Here ichthyologists linger delighted, there is always some strange, monstrous fish extended on the marble slab—a sturgeon, dog-fish, hog-fish, saw-fish, or other curiosity of the deep. Here you are sure to find the largest salmon imported, with shoulders broad as a Bath chairman's, and tall like the blade of a battle-axe, turbot, over whose creamy breast crawl in congenial society the yet live lobster, the speckled trout, bedropped with crimson hail, the luscious carp, the slimy tanch, physician of the flood, the gelatinous john dory, the delicate little white-bait, the huge crimped cod-fish, with his appropriate garnishing, the smelt. Surely these Groves must be the *Groves of Blarney*, of whom we have heard so much and so often, in poor Power's melodious song,

The trout and the salmon they play backgammon,  
Sporting so beautifully all the day,  
But if you offer to take hold of ever a one of them,  
Don't the *pots* immediately take you away.”

Good eating deserves good drinking, and, if you have the wherewithal, you need assuredly not remain many minutes either hungry or dry. In London, the public-house is always either next door but two, or round the next corner, or over the way.

The regular gin-shop or gin palace is familiar, in exterior at least, to every perambulator of the streets, but, designing our lucubrations for a distant posterity, a posterity, mayhap, altogether made up of tee-totalers,—for to this perfection, doubtless, shall we come at last,—we think proper to essay a brief description of one of those nurseries of misery, want, and vice, that abound in every quarter of our thirsty metropolis.

The gin-palace, then, is generally at the corner of two intersecting streets, in a gin-drinking neighbourhood, it lowers, in all the majesty of stucco pilasters, in genuine cockney splendour, over the dingy mansions that support it, like a rapacious tyrant over his impoverished subjects.



The doors are large, swinging easily upon patent hinges, and ever half-and-half—half open, half shut, so that the most undecided touch of the dram drinker admits him. The windows are of plate-glass, set in brass sashes, and are filled with flaming announcements, in large letters, "THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN LONDON,"—"CREAM OF THE VALLEY,"—"CREAMING STOUT,"—"BRILLIANT ALES,"—"OLD TOM, fourpence a quatern,"—"HODGES BEST, for mixing," and a variety of other entertainments for the men and beasts who make the gin-palace their home. At night splendid lights irradiate the surrounding gloom, and an illuminated clock serves to remind the toper of the time he throws away in throwing away his reason.

Within, the splendour is in keeping with the splendour without, counters fitted with zinc, and a long array of brass *taps*, fittings of the finest Spanish mahogany, beautifully polished, bottles containing cordials, and other drugs, gilded and labelled, as in the apothecaries' shops. At one side is the bar parlour, an apartment fitted up with congenial taste, and usually occupied by the family of the publican, in the distance are *vistas*, and sometimes galleries, formed altogether of huge vats of the various sorts of liquor dispensed in the establishment. Behind the counter, which is usually raised to a level with the breasts of the topers stand men in their shirt-sleeves, well-dressed females, or both, dispensers of the "short" and "heavy," the under-sized tipplers, raising themselves on tiptoe, deposit the three-halfpence for the "drop" of gin, or whatever else they require, and receive their *quantum* of the poison in return, ragged women, with starveling children, match and ballad-vendors, fill up the foreground of the picture. There are no seats, nor any accommodation for the customers in the regular gin-palace, every exertion is used to make the place as uncomfortable to the consumers as possible, so that they shall only step in to drink, and pay, step out, and return to drink and pay again. No food of any kind is provided at the gin-palace, save a few biscuits, which are exhibited in a wire-cage, for protection against the furtive hand, drink, *eternal*, poisonous drink, is the sole provision of this whited sepulchre.

There is not in all London a more melancholy and spirit-depressing sight than the area of one of the larger gin-palaces on a wet night. There, the homeless, houseless miserables of both sexes, whether they have money or not, resort in numbers for a temporary shelter, aged women selling ballads and matches, cripples, little beggar-boys and girls, slaving idiots, piemen, sandwich-men, apple and orange-women, shell-fishmongers, huddled pell-mell, in draggle-tailed confusion. Never can human nature, one would imagine, take a more abject posture than is exhibited here, there is a character, an individuality, a family likeness common to the whole race of sots, the pale, clayey, flaccid, clammy face, pinched in every feature, the weeping, ferret-like, lack-lustre eye, the unkempt hair, the slattern shawl, the untidy dress, the slip-shod gait, too well betray the confirmed drunkard.

The noises, too, of the assembled topers are hideous, appalling even when heard in an atmosphere of gin. Imprecations, execrations, oburgations, supplications, until at length the patience of the publican, and the last copper of his customers, are exhausted, when, rushing from behind his counter, assisted by his shopmen, he expels, *vi et*

*armis*, the dilatory mob, dragging out by the heels or collars the dead drunkards, to nestle, as best they may, outside the inhospitable door

Here, unobserved, may you contemplate the infinite varieties of men self-metamorphosed into beasts, soaker, tippler, toper, muddler, dram-drinker, beer-swiller, cordial-tipper, sot

Here you may behold the barefoot child, hungry, naked, clay-faced, handing up on tiptoe that internal bottle, which made it, and keeps it what it is, and with which, when filled, it creeps home to its brutal father, or infamous mother, the messenger of its own misery

Here the steady, *respectable* sot, the good customer, slides in, and *flings* down his throat the frequent dram, then, with an emphatic "hah" of gratification, drops his money, nods to his friend, the landlord, and for a short interval disappears

Here you may behold with pity and regret, and as much super-added virtuous indignation as the inward contemplation of your own continence may inspire the flaunting Cyprin, in over-dressed tawdriness, calling, in shameless voice, for a quartern of "pleasant-drinking gin, which she liberally shares with two or three gentlemen, who are being educated for the bar of the Central Criminal Court You may contrast her short-lived hey-day of prosperous sin, with that row of miserables seated by the wall, whose charms are fled, and whose voices are husky, while they implore you to treat them with a glass of ale, or supplicate for the coppers they see you receive in change from the barman, and who are only permitted that wretched place of rest that they may *big* for the benefit of the publican, and for his profit poison themselves with the alms of others

*Their* day is over, night has fallen thick and heavy upon their fate, beggars are they of the poison, which, while it mitigates for the moment their gnawing sorrow, soon

Shuts up the story of their days

Let us forget this painful scene, and resume our digressive, shop-exploring way

Of London shops the shawl shops are decidedly the most attractive to the passer-by These are more like the interior of a Sultan's divan than in English tradesman's shop, diapered and festooned as they are with the rich productions of the looms of Tibet, Angola, Cashmere, of more than Tyrian splendour of dye, and of patterns varied, it would seem, to infinity Rich carpets conceal the floor of these establishments, vases of rare and costly china are dispersed about the room, whose great size is relieved by rows of pillars, lustres of brilliant crystal depend from the painted ceilings, and the rosewood *tables* (for here you see no vulgar counters) dispersed throughout the vast apartment are heaped with costly velvets, and piles of cloth of gold

The goldsmiths, although the display in their windows may not be so attractive to vulgar eyes as the shawl-shops, far surpass these in internal wealth and variety of costly property

The chronometer-maker's is a never-failing stopping-place for the shop-window lounge Let us count the gold watches, as we have nothing else to do, more than three hundred gold watches in the window alone, each reposing in state on its bed of crimson velvet,

very satisfactory to the poor author, who is so seldom up to the "time of day, or able to inform the vulgar world" "what o'clock!" Here is always something scientific at work in the window, attracting mechanical optics, a spiral spring, putting in motion some intricate piece of machinery, or a compensating pendulum, moving from side to side, like a trimming politician in either House of Parliament.

We pause curiously to examine shops that delight in displaying new inventions, grates, for example, warranted to burn no coals, or what amounts to exactly the same thing, in which no coals will burn. An infinity of stoves, calculated to suffocate a family with the greatest economy, candles warranted to burn without snuffing, and candlesticks that snuff their own candles, waterproof coats, caps, *life* hats, preservative from water, not only of the head, but in case of accident, of the body appertaining thereunto. Apparatus calculated to cook everything for nothing, patent beds, patent easy and uneasy chairs, patent locks, not only impossible to pick, but which *defect* the picker, articles with outlandish names, *corazza* shirt-shops, *Hedyvoma* coat-shops, and a thousand other indispensable necessaries, made attractive by Greek, and Latin, and Gibberish denominations.

The greatest curiosities among shops are, beyond all question, the curiosity-shops, nor do we think, that, if called upon to exhibit to a stranger by one illustration, the profusion of superfluous wealth in this metropolis, we should not conduct him to a curiosity-shop, saying "Lo, in such a place as this there are people who expend thousands of pounds."

The useless lumber, or, as Brother Jonathan would call it, "plunder," that abounds in these establishments passes all calculation, but it may be safely assumed that everything bears a price in an inverse *ratio* to its possibility of being applied to any useful purpose. Here are high-backed chairs, with low bottoms, the frames of carved oak, the seats crimson plush, as old as the time of my grandmother's grandmother, who, if she used these, must have

Sat with her toes  
As high as her nose

Yet this useless apparatus for a hall, or vestibule, will cost you from five to ten pounds a piece, or somewhat about three times the price of a chair that you can sit down on. Here are inlaid cabinets, of ridiculous and tasteless design, whose only merit is the labour that has been wasted in the manufacture of such trumpery, Japan screens, covered with outrageous mimicry of things animal and vegetable, in tawdry colours, hideous idols, bronzes, noseless blocks, and cracked china teapots, bound with tape, old copies of old pictures, for which prices are demanded that make one's hair to stand on end, old rusty armour, swords, helmets, and musty, moth-eaten tapestry, in short, whatever is ridiculous in design, worm-eaten in texture, and in use unprofitable.

Nor, in our enumeration of the endless varieties of shop, must we forget the shops of the lanes, alleys, and other lesser veins of town. These seem to be surviving shops of the last century, which, having fallen into reduced circumstances, have retired from the prosperous

thoroughfares to these dusky regions, where presides over their commerce a venerable lady in white hair, and silver spectacles, or a superannuated gentleman, as old as themselves. Hundreds, we might say thousands of these shops, presided over by these ladies and gentlemen, "all of the olden time, are juvenile, that is to say, subsist upon the farthings, halfpence, and pence, affectionate parents and masters of all ranks are in the habit of bestowing upon their little ones. The modern Michael Angelo (Titmarsh) in his amusing, instructive, and impartial book on Ireland, records an observation of one ragged urchin to another, "Once, says he, "I had a halfpenny, and bought apples with it. "Dates," observes De Quincy, "we forget, epochs never, possession of the halfpenny the Hibernian youth could not forget, it was his epoch. In London, under the most unfavourable circumstances, the observation would be to the following effect. "Once a week I have a penny, and buy sweet-stuff with it. For these youths, so liberally dealt by the little sweet-stuff shops in the little lanes and alleys abound in great profusion. Here, under the tantalizing denominations of hard-bake, almond-rock, brandy-balls, bulls-eyes, elcampayne, sugar-plums, candied almonds, acid drops, Bonaparte's ribs, peppermint, and sicchirine juices in great variety and profusion, in the City, however, where children are taught to stuff as soon as they can crawl these sweet-stuff shops rise to wholesale dignity, and supply not only little children, but the "trade."

In these minor shops, too, one sees restored the little penny-half-penny places of a remote village, where the division of traffic is unknown, and where everybody sells everything at every price: coals, penny battle-axes, brick-dust, odd, tattered volumes of the Spectator, potatoes, pens and ink, Bibles, bacon, farthing tobacco-pipes, turnip-tops, table beer, the Sunday paper, Warren's blacking, and forty songs for a halfpenny.

But the reader is tired, and thinks it high time to shut up shop.

We are of the same opinion. Dick—turn off the gas—turn out the cat, and up with the shutters!

## THE MINIATURE

A MADMAN'S STORY

BY PAUL PINDAR, GENT

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"Sadly those lineaments I trace  
As I survey the spectral train  
Veil but that one reproving face,  
And I shall be myself again!"

CALLING one day on a friend, who had amassed a large collection of autographs, and other manuscript curiosities, he showed me a small quarto volume, which had been bequeathed to him by a relative, a physician, who for many years had been in extensive practice in London.

"He attended the patients at a private asylum for insane persons of the better classes," said my friend, "and I have often heard him speak of the writer of that beautiful MS, a gentleman of good family, who

had been an inmate of — House upwards of thirty years, at the time he was first called to attend him

On looking over the volume, I found it filled with scraps of poetry, extracts from classic authors, and even from the Talmudic writers, but what interested me most was a narrative of several pages, which appeared so circumstantially related as to leave little doubt of its being partly, if not wholly, founded on fact. I begged permission to make a transcript, which was readily granted and the result is before the reader

“We laugh at what we call the folly of our ancestors, and their notions of destiny, and the malignant influences of the stars. For what will our children deride us? Perhaps for dreaming that friendship was a reality, and that constant love dwelt upon earth. I once believed that friendship was not a vain name, and thought, with the antique sage, that one mind sometimes dwelt in two bodies. I dreamt, and woke to find that I had been dreaming!”

“George S—— was my chum at school, and my inseparable companion at college. We quitted it at the same time, he to proceed to London, where he was in expectation of obtaining a lucrative appointment in one of the English colonies, and I to return for a short period to the family mansion. When I reached — Hall, I found several visitors, among whom was my cousin, Maria D——. She had grown a woman since I had last met her, and I now thought I had never seen a more perfect figure or a more bewitching countenance. Then she sang like a siren, and was an elegant horsewoman. Will those who read this wonder that I fell in love with her, that I spent nearly the whole of the day in her company, and that I could think of nothing in the world besides?”

“Something occurred to delay my friend George’s departure from England, and, as he was idling about town, I invited him to — Hall. Great as was my regard for him, I now, however, discovered that I could live less in his company. No marvel! I preferred the society of my lovely cousin, upon whose heart, I hid the happiness to learn, my constant attentions had already made a sensible impression. I hesitated to make her an offer, though I had every reason to believe our attachment was mutual, partly, perhaps, from that excessive delicacy which constantly attends on true love, and partly because I wished to do so when my friend should have left us less exposed to intrusion. Would that the deep sea had swallowed him up, or that he had rotted under a tropical sun, ere he had come to — Hall!”

“One morning I arose earlier than usual, and was looking from my chamber window on the beautiful prospect which the house commanded. Wrapped in a delightful reverie, of which my lovely cousin was the principal subject, I paid but little attention to the sound of voices below. Suddenly, however, I awoke to consciousness, for the sweet tones of a female in earnest conversation struck on my ear. Yes, it was hers—it was Maria’s. What could have called her forth at so early an hour? As I looked earnestly towards the walk which ran through the plantation, I saw emerge from it my cousin and my friend! My heart rose to my lips, and choked my utterance, or I should have cried out at the sight. I withdrew from the window, and threw myself on the sofa, tormented with surmises a thousand times more painful even than realities.

"At the breakfast table I was moody and thoughtful, which my friend perceiving, attempted a joke, but I was in no humour to receive it, when Maria, in a compassionating tone, remarked that I looked unwell, and that I should take a walk or ride before breakfast, adding, that she and George S—— had walked for an hour and more in the plantation near the house. Though this announcement was certainly but ill calculated to afford perfect ease to my mind, it was yet made with such an artless air, that my more gloomy surmises vanished, and I rallied, but I wished my friend would take his departure. Right truly says the Italian proverb, 'Love's guerdon is jealousy'.

"After breakfast, George S—— proposed a stroll on foot to the ruins of the Cistercian Abbey, about a mile distant from the Hall, to which I at once assented. As we walked along the beautiful and shady lane which led to the ruin, George was as loquacious as ever, talked of everybody and everything, and of his confident expectation of realising a fortune abroad. I was, however, in no humour for talking, and made few remarks in reply, but he appeared not to heed my taciturnity, and, when he arrived at the spot, broke forth into raptures at the sight of the noble ruin.

"And truly it was a scene the contemplation of which might have lulled the minds of most men! A thousand birds were circling around us, the grass near the ruin was not long and rank, but short, close, studded with trefoil, and soft as a rich carpet. Luxuriant ivy climbed the shattered walls, bleached by the winds of centuries, and the lizards, basking in the sun, darted beneath the fallen fragments at the sound of our footsteps as we approached the spot.

"We both sat down on a large stone, and surveyed the noble oriel. I was passionately fond of gothic architecture, and had often admired this window, but I thought I had never seen it look so beautiful before. My moody thoughts fled, and I was wrapped in the contemplation of the exquisite tracery, when I was suddenly roused by my friend who, putting me familiarly on the back, exclaimed,

"'It is a beautiful ruin, Dick! How I wish thy sweet cousin, Maria, had accompanied us!'

"I was struck dumb by this declaration, but my look was sufficiently eloquent to be understood by him, and he did not fail to interpret it aright. He appeared confused, and I, regaining my self-possession, rose from my seat with the laconic remark, 'Indeed!'

"George S—— attempted a laugh, but it failed, he was evidently as much disconcerted and disquieted as myself. How lynx-eyed is love! We mutually read each other's hearts at the same moment.

"'I am sorry for you, Dick,' said he, after a short pause, affecting very awkwardly an air of indifference, 'upon my soul, I am, but I'm over head and ears in love with the girl, and should die at the bare thought of her encouraging another.'

"I wished for the strength of Milo, that I might have dashed out his brains against the huge stone on which we had been sitting. I felt my very blood seethe and simmer at the declaration, and with my clenched fist I struck him a violent and stunning blow, which, though it did not beat him to the ground, sent him staggering several paces backward.

"'Liar!' screamed I frantically, 'take that! You dare not proceed with your folly.'

Recovering his feet, George S—— laid his hand on his sword, which

he half unsheathed, but, as if conscious of there being no witness present, or wishing, perhaps, still further to convince me of the advantage he possessed, he did not draw

"Nay, said I, 'out with your weapon, nothing less will do I would rather lose my birthright than yield to thee one, without whom life would be valueless'

"He smiled bitterly, wiped his bruised and bloody face, and slowly drew from his bosom a small miniature, encircled with diamonds, which he held before my eyes. One glance was sufficient—it was a portrait of Maria! It was that face which, sleeping or waking, has haunted me these thirty years past

"'Villain!' I cried, clutching at the portrait with my left hand, while I snatched with my right my sword from its sheath, 'you have stolen it'

"With assumed coolness, which it was impossible he could feel, he smiled again, put back the miniature in his bosom, and drew his sword. The next moment our weapons crossed with an angry clash, and were flashing in the morning sun

"My adversary was a perfect master of his weapon, and he pressed upon me with a vigour which any attempt to retaliate would have rendered dangerous in one so much inferior to him in skill. Maddened as I was, I yet restrained myself, and stood on my guard, my eyes fixed on his, and watching every glance. My wish to destroy him was intense. The fiend nerved my arm, and, while he warmed with the conflict, I became more cool and vigilant. At length he appeared to grow weary, and then I pressed upon him with the fixed determination of taking his life, but he rallied instantly, and, in returning a thrust, which I intended for his heart, and which he parried scarcely in time, his foot slipped, and he fell on one knee, the point of my sword entering the left breast by accident. It was not a deep wound, and perhaps he felt it not, for he attempted to master my sword with his left hand, while he shortened his own weapon, and thrust fiercely at my throat, making at the same time a spring to regain his feet. But his fate was sealed as he rose, I dashed aside the thrust intended for me, and sheathed my weapon in his left breast. I believe I must have pierced his heart, for he sank on his knees with a gasp, and the next moment fell heavily on his face, with his sword still clutched tightly in his hand

"Wearied, and panting from the effects of the violent struggle, I threw myself on the large stone which had so recently served us for a seat, and looked on the body of my adversary. He was dead!—that fatal thrust had destroyed all rivalry, but at the price of murder, the murder of one who had been my friend from boyhood upwards! A thousand conflicting emotions racked me as I beheld the piteous sight. Hatred was extinguished, and remorse succeeded, yet I still thought of the audacity of him who had provoked such deadly resentment. Fear, too, fear of the consequences of this fatal encounter in a solitary spot, without witnesses added to the intenseness of my misery, and I groaned in anguish. What was to be done? Should I go and deliver myself up to justice, and declare the whole truth? Should I fly, and leave the body of my friend to tell the dismal tale?—or should I bury him secretly, and leave it to be supposed that he had been robbed and murdered? As each suggestion was canvassed and rejected, in my despair I even thought of dying by my own hand

"'Ah! miserable wretch!' I exclaimed, 'what hast thou done?—to

what dire necessity has a fair and false face driven thee ? Yet I will look once more on those bewitching features which have brought me to this wretched pass !

"I stooped, and turned the dead man on his back. His pallid face was writhen and distorted, his lips were bloody, and his eyes, which were wide open, seemed still to glare with hatred and defiance, as when he stood before me in the desperate struggle for life and death. I tore open his vest, and discovered the wound which had killed him. It had collapsed, and looked no bigger than the puncture of a bodkin, but one little round crimson spot was visible, the hemorrhage was internal. There lay the miniature which, a few minutes before, had been held up exultingly to my frantic gaze. I seized, and pressed it to my lips, forgetting in my transports how dearly I had purchased it.

"This delirium, however, soon subsided, and my next thoughts were of the dead body. I looked about me for some nook where I might deposit it. There was a chasm in the ground among the ruins a few yards off, where the vaulted roof of the crypt had fallen in. It was scarcely large enough to admit the corpse, but I raised it in my arms, bore it thither, and with some difficulty thrust it through the aperture. I heard it fall, as if to some distance, with a dull, heavy sound, and, cowering after it my adversary's hat and sword, I hurried from the spot like another Cain.

\* \* \* \* \*

"At dinner, one glance from Maria, as I replied, in answer to her inquiry after George S——, that he was gone to make a call a few miles off,—one glance, I say, thrilled through my very soul, and almost caused me to betray myself. All noticed my perturbed look, and, complaining of violent headache, I withdrew from the table ere the meal was ended, and betook myself to my chamber.

"How shall I paint the horror of that evening, of the night that succeeded it, and the mental darkness which fell upon my wretched self ere the morning dawned ! Night came, I rang for lights, and attempted to read, but in vain, and, after pacing my chamber for some hours, overpowered by fatigue, I threw myself on the bed and slept, how long I know not. A succession of hideous dreams haunted my slumbers, still I was not awakened by them, the scenes shifted when arrived at their climax, and a new ordeal of horrors succeeded, yet, like him who suffers from nightmare, with a vague consciousness that all was not real, I wished to awake. Last of all, I dreamt that I was arraigned for the murder of my friend. The judge summed up the evidence, which, though purely circumstantial, was sufficient to condemn me, and, amidst the silence of the crowded court, broken only by the sobs of anxious and sympathising friends and relatives, I received sentence of death, and was hurried back to my cell. Here, abandoned by all hope, I lay grovelling on my straw bed, and cursed the hour of my birth. A figure entered, and in gentle accents, which I thought I recognised, bade me arise, quit my prison-house, and follow. The figure was that of a female closely veiled. She led the way, and passed the gaolers, who seemed buried in profound sleep. We left the town, crossed the common, and entered a wood, when I threw myself at the feet of my deliverer, and passionately besought her to unveil. She shook her head mournfully, bade me wait a while till she should return with a change of apparel, and departed.



"I cast myself down at the foot of an aged oak, drew from my bosom the portrait of Maria, and, rapt in the contemplation of those lovely features, I did not perceive the approach of a man, the ranger of the forest, who, recognising my prison-dress, darted upon me, exclaiming, 'Villain! you have escaped from jail, and stolen that miniature from the Hall!'

"I sprang to my feet, thrust the fatal portrait into my bosom, and would have fled, but he seized, and closed with me. In the struggle which followed we both fell, I undermost. At that moment I awoke, I was in reality struggling with some one, but who I could not tell, for my candles had burnt out, and the chamber was in total darkness! A powerful, bony hand grasped me tightly by the throat, while another was thrust into my bosom, as if in search of the miniature, which I had placed there previous to lying down.

"With a desperate effort I disengaged myself, and leaped from the bed, but I was, again seized, and again my assailant attempted to reach my fatal prize. We struggled violently, at one time I seemed to be overpowering him, and for several moments there was a pause, during which I heard my own breathing, and felt my own heart throbbing violently, but he with whom I contended seemed to breathe not, nor to feel like a warm and living man. An indescribable tremor shook my frame, I attempted to cry out, but my throat was rigid, and incapable of articulation. I made another effort to disengage myself from the grasp of my assailant, and in doing so drew him, as I found by the curtains, near to the window. Again the hand was thrust into my bosom, and again I repelled it.

"Panting with the violence of the struggle, while a cold sweat burst out at every pore, I disengaged my right hand, and, determined to see who I was contending with, I dashed aside the curtain. The dim light of the waning moon shone into the chamber, it fell upon the face of my antagonist, and one glance froze the blood in my veins. It was he!—it was George S——,—he whom I had murdered, glaring upon me with eyes which no mortal could look upon a second time! My brain whirled, a sound like the discharge of artillery shook the place, and I fell to the ground, blasted at the sight!

\* \* \* \*

Here follows a few incoherent sentences, which I have not deemed it necessary to transcribe. The reader will probably supply the sequel to this sad story. Whether the whole narrative is a creation of the brain, or whether the struggle in the demented man's chamber is the only portion which is not literally true, and that this may have been the combined effect of horror and remorse, acting on a highly susceptible mind, must be left to the examination of those who have made the physiology of madness their study.

## INTRODUCTION OF TOBACCO INTO EUROPE \*

WHEN Christopher Columbus landed at Cuba, he caused that island to be explored by two men belonging to his ship's company. On their return, they made a faithful report of all that they had seen to their chief. "These two christians," said the admiral, in his despatch to the court of Spain, "in their exploring expedition, fell in with a great number of Indians of both sexes, who had small lighted brands in their mouths, the smoke of which they inhaled."

Such was the first introduction of tobacco to the knowledge of Europeans. It was from these aborigines of Cuba that the civilized nations of the earth learned to acquire a habit so artificial, and repugnant to our natural tastes, and the leaders of European fashion—coxcombs heretofore redolent with the perfume of roses and aloes—adopted, as the acme of luxurious refinement, this custom, borrowed from the "untutored mind" of the poor Indian.

Three hundred years have sufficed to render this usage of the Indians of Cuba a necessity throughout the habitable globe. Some learned men have attempted to question the fact of America having set the example of this whimsical taste. They have maintained that the leaf of the *nicotiana*, or tobacco, was known in the East before America revealed its use to Europe. But all oriental scholars admit, that neither in eastern works written previous to the discovery of America, nor in the account of travellers, any mention is to be found of tobacco.

True, according to Bell, the Chinese have smoked for several centuries, but then it must have been other aromatic herbs, and not tobacco. It was only in 1599, when the Portuguese brought them the seed, that they became acquainted with that plant. It was about that period and during the thirty years that the Portuguese retained their establishments in the Persian Gulf, that the use of tobacco found its way into Persia and India. This reminds me of an amusing incident told by Sir Thomas Herbert, and which occurred during his residence in the East.

Two years after the expulsion of the Portuguese from Persia, there arrived at the town of Casbin forty camels loaded with tobacco. The driver, unapprized of the expulsion of the Portuguese, proceeded with his goods quietly to the market, when the Schah's favourite, Mahommed Ali Bey, who had not received the customary bribe (*piseak*), gave orders that the punishment ordained by the law should be inflicted upon them. Firstly, and in the most summary manner, the merchants had their ears cropped, next, by way of punishing them in that very organ through which they had sought to tempt the weak-minded heges, their noses were slit open. After which process, Ali Bey caused an immense hole to be dug in the earth, after the shape of a pipe bowl, into which the forty loads of contraband tobacco were cast, and, having set them on fire, he indulged the populace *gratuitously* in the pleasure of inhaling for several days the most nauseous and offensive smoke.

The Turks also learned the use of tobacco from Europe, about the same period that the Persians did.

\* From the forthcoming "Visit to the Hwannah, by the Countess Merlin."

Sandys, another Englishman, wrote as follows in 1610 —“ The Turks take great pleasure in tobacco, which they use through a small tube, at the end of which a round wooden bowl is fixed, a custom we English have lately taught them, and if this practice were not discouraged (Bim, a Mahratta chief, ordered the other day a pipe to be forced through the nose of a Turk, and directed him to be paraded in this state about the town,) if, as we said, this practice were not discouraged, it would become general ’

But to return to Cuba Don Bartolomeo de Las Casas wrote in 1557 “ The plant whose smoke the Indians inhale is stuffed into a dried leaf, which resembles a squib, such as our children make for the festival of ‘ Fête Dieu The Indians light it at one end, placing the other in their mouths, inhale the smoke, which completely overpowers them, and induces a state of intoxication

Don Gonzalo Hernandez de Oviedo Valdez, alcade of the fortress of St Domingo, furnishes us with further curious details, as to the use of tobacco amongst the Indians of the Havannah

“ Amongst other vices, says he in his History of the Indies, “ to which the aborigines are addicted, is that of inhaling the smoke of a herb, which they denominate *tabaco*, which produces insensibility, and this is the way they set about it The caciques, or men of consequence, make use of a tube four to five inches long, and about as thick as the little finger This tube terminates in two branch tubes, the ends of which they fix in their nostrils, whilst the other end is held over the burning leaf, they then aspirate the smoke three or more times, until they fall to the ground where they lie in a state of insensibility, intoxicated, and to all appearances in sound sleep When the cacique falls, overpowered by the narcotic, his wives—pagans happen to have more than one—carry him off to bed, provided always that he has given such orders beforehand, for otherwise they leave him where he lies, till he recover from his temporary stupor

‘ I cannot conceive, observes the worthy alcade, “ what pleasure there can be to transform oneself into a brute beast, when one is a Christian, nevertheless, some of this last denomination begin to imitate the Indians, but only, be it understood, in cases of illness, or to drive dull care away

We have just seen in the preceding accounts three distinct modes of smoking, undoubted prototypes of the cigar and the pipe, as in use in the present day The triangular tube alone, amongst the Indians, bore the name of *tabaco*, but not the leaf or the plant A peculiar sort of cigar still goes at the Havannah by the name of *monsquelon*,\* or squib, to which the good friar Bartolomeo de Las Casas has compared it

The *nicotiana*, or *tobacco*, was cultivated with especial care by the Indians, who attached to that plant not only an idea of enjoyment, but of religious veneration They called it “ blessed of God,’ *cosa santa* The word *tabaco* belongs, it would appear, to one of the American dialects, and was generally used in the West India islands after the Spanish conquest These, no doubt, borrowed it from the aborigines, who in their turn had adopted it from the Caribbees, when, sword and torch in hand, they made descents upon these coasts

\* *Fumar un tabaco* (smoke a cigar), is the expression used at the Havannah

The plant which produces tobacco appears to have been originally a native of Cuba, but grows in the present day wild throughout the greater part of the continent of America, and the adjacent islands. Let modern compilers say what they like, it was in this island that the Spaniards first met with it, and the annals of that period bear out the assertion. Since then its cultivation has spread with rapidity throughout the globe. Nature, as if foreseeing its brilliant destiny, gifted it with every phant, hardy, and resisting property, rendering it suitable for every climate, and from Cuba to Sweden, from Turkey to Maryland, this curious and singular plant may be seen in luxurious growth. The quantity of seeds produced by a single stem is prodigious. Linnæus states that one stalk yielded 40,320 seeds, and the germ of these seeds retains its quality of fructifying for several years.

Tobacco was first introduced into Europe about the middle of the sixteenth century, and it is incredible in how short a space of time its use became general, although it had to undergo rude and violent attacks, which elicited warm and eloquent replies. The schism which this innovation created was truly awful, and if the doctrines of Calvin and Luther inflamed the heads of theologians, and turned Europe topsy-turvy, tobacco became the firebrand of discord throughout the world.

John Nicot, French ambassador at the Portuguese court, brought to France the first specimen of tobacco in 1560, and presented it to the Dowager Queen Catherine de Medicis, which circumstance tended to enhance the value of that novel production. It was called *nicotiana*, out of compliment to the ambassador.

It was the Cardinal de Sainte Croix, the papal nuncio in Portugal, who first introduced it into Italy, and there, as in France, it bore the name of him who had introduced it, namely *Saint Croix's plant*. From the qualities which were speedily ascribed to it, it gained the various denominations of *buglom*, or *antarctic panacea*, of *holy herb*, or *sacred Peruvian henbane*, and many others.

According to Stow, tobacco was introduced into England in 1568. The young courtiers were the first to bring it into vogue.

Sir Walter Raleigh, for some time Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and his friend, Sir Hugh Middleton, made it the fashion, by smoking in the streets, and other places of public resort, indulging with apparent ecstasy in the intoxicating perfume which they exhaled around them. People stared at them at first, then imitated them, and thus the use of tobacco became at last the fashion even amongst ladies. 'Twas at this juncture that the new pleasure became the object of inveterate persecution on the one hand, and irresistible predilection on the other. Stow describes it as "*a stinking plant, the use of which is an offence to God*," whilst Spencer, in his "*Fairie Queene*," denominates it as "*divine tobacco*." King James the First led the crusade against tobacco, and his aversion to that leaf would have been tantamount to a prohibition with any nation less independent than the English. Whilst Amoret the Fourth was thrusting pipes through the nostrils of his dependents, whilst the Schah of Persia was cropping ears, and slitting the noses of his subjects, while the Czar of Muscovy was actually cutting off the entire probosces of his serfs, and Pope Urban the Eighth fulminating excommunications against those of the faithful who presumed to take snuff, King James the First

was engaged in fierce polemics, and hurling anathemas against tobacco-smoke

From the brunt of these cruel punishments having been specially directed against the nose, it may be inferred that the custom of taking snuff preceded that of smoking, or was at least more general at that period. The following singular extracts are from King James's work, entitled the "Misocapnosi." It will show to what excess the use of tobacco was carried at that epoch in England —

"And as for the abuse, says his Majesty, "which arises from this disgusting habit, is it not filthy in the extreme to give way to it at table, where cleanliness, decency, and propriety ought to be observed? Ought not men to be ashamed of puffing across the table, and contaminating the flavour of the dishes with the poisonous effluvia from their pipes, disgusting those who hold that custom in abhorrence? But it is not confined to table, there is neither time nor place where one, is free from this ill-bred habit. Was there ever such folly as that of never meeting a friend without offering him a cigar, as if we were in the East? It is no longer offered as a remedy, but as an article of enjoyment, and he who dares decline the pipe is looked upon as a ninny, or an unsociable simpleton as falls to the lot of those who drink deeply in the cold regions of the East. Why, a lady could not confer a greater obligation upon her servant than offer her with her delicate hand a pipe of tobacco."

Here is another specimen of the manners of those times, and of the policy of King James —

"Is it not, continues the King "the greatest of sins, that ye, men of all classes in this kingdom, educated, and destined by God to consecrate your persons and your property to the preservation of the honour and safety of your King and the commonweal, that you thus unfit yourselves for the performance of these two great duties? You are no longer able to observe the Sabbath like the Jews, your whole concern is to ask a light of your neighbours to light your pipes. See how injurious this habit is to your interests! Let the nobility of Great Britain answer this, they who pay yearly from three hundred to four hundred pounds sterling, in order to indulge in this filthy habit —

This sum would appear exorbitant, did we not bear in mind that tobacco was sold at a very high price at that period, and that its use was much more general amongst the nobility of England and the middle classes than at the present day. The received custom of offering pipes to guests and visitors added considerably to the expense of this indulgence.

The wave of persecution against tobacco spread in its turn to France. Pamphlets without number made their appearance one of the most famous of which was by a Dr Fagon, and entitled, "*Ex Tabaci usu frequenti vita est brevior*." This same Dr Fagon, having a thesis to maintain against this alleged pernicious substance, and being prevented by indisposition from attending in person sent in his place a colleague, whose nasal intonation belied throughout the discourse the thesis he supported, and bore evidence that his nostrils were incumbered with snuff.

Spain itself had its share in the general movement against tobacco. The Bishop of the Canaries, Fray Bartolomeo de la Camara, afterwards Bishop of Salamanca, forbade the priests to take snuff two

hours before or two hours after having said mass, and the clergy in general were forbidden to take snuff in churches, under pain of excommunication, and a fine of one thousand maravedis. After having had the honour of being thus persecuted, tobacco was in a fair way of being adopted irrevocably in all parts of the globe.

The superiority of Cuba tobacco is admitted on all hands. It is especially cultivated in the western part of the island, in a district called the Vueltra Abajo. Sandy and light soils are best suited for its culture. The *regás* (tobacco-fields) are situated along the banks of the rivers, but the finest descriptions are grown in the neighbourhood of the rivers the Consolacion and the San Sebastian. The atmosphere varies so slightly in different parts of the island, that it exercises very little influence upon the plant, everything depends upon the soil. If by dint of chemical analysis, the soil could be rendered equally suitable to the culture in all parts of the island, a new source of riches would be opened to the inhabitants, and a vast field of encouragement to the white population.

Tobacco is cultivated and prepared at home, and in small quantities. An industrious labourer, assisted by his wife and children, is able to cultivate about half a caballeria of land (about half an acre), which contains from twenty-five to thirty thousand tobacco-stems, planted about a foot apart. The intervals are appropriated to the culture of maize, rice, &c., which are gathered without expense or trouble. One of the great advantages derived from the culture of this article, as has been already mentioned, is, that it opens a vast field to the industry and prosperity of the white population. The properties are small consequently the colonists are certain of a ready sale, as competition and rivalry are unknown, the crops can never be too abundant, for that leaf is in request throughout the world, and that of Cuba is preferred to all others. The labour is easy, and the preparation costs but little. The grower finds employment for his family, and even his youngest children, in the delicate and various processes of manipulation and preparation. If the soil could be improved, the culture might be extended over all parts of the island, population would flow to the rural districts, and labour and riches would tend to promote civilization through the channels of commerce.

Tobacco, and the manner of using it, were not only discovered at Cuba, but nature seems to have bestowed a marked preference on this island in respect of this plant, although it grows spontaneously in other parts of South America, the admitted superiority of its quality, its primitive growth in this island, the remarkable circumstance of its having been the only plant cultivated, and, what is more singular, its being venerated by the Indians, an idolent race, living upon fish, and wild fruits, all justify the belief that the immense advantages of the culture of tobacco were especially bestowed by Nature on this island.

Nevertheless, thanks to the narrow policy, and the inquisitorial measures adopted long since by *La Factorie*, the culture of this precious commodity is far from having attained the development which it is capable of.

From 1735 to 1765 the trade was in the hands of several companies by private contract. Subsequently, during the reign of Ferdinand the Sixth, the *Factorie* was established, under the pretext of

improving and extending the cultivation, the removal of the plant, too, was forbidden. The effect of this measure tended only to lessen the crop, and, in 1783 and 1793, several measures of reform were introduced in the factory, and the subsidy was increased to fifty thousand dollars, but the manufacture of tobacco by private individuals was prohibited, and inspectors were nominated to visit and survey the crops rigorously, in order that the duties might be regularly levied. These vexatious proceedings, and the odious exaction occasioned a serious falling off in the crops. In 1720, during the monopoly of the companies, the exportation amounted to six hundred thousand *alobas*, independent of the consumption in the island, and although in 1803 the expenses of the *Factorerie* were considerably reduced, and one manager alone retained, the crop of 1804 was inadequate for the consumption of the island. From that period endeavours were made to correct some of these abuses, but whilst the system of prohibition continued the evil could not be eradicated, and the culture of tobacco continued to decrease and fall off, until 1827, when that important article of trade was entirely freed from the arbitrary shackles of the *Factorerie*. Infallible ruin would have befallen this branch of industry, but for the wise measures urged and carried into effect by the sagacious Don José de Pinillos, Count de Villanueva, intendant of the Havannah.

But the cultivation of tobacco will not obtain its full development at Cuba, until the Spanish government, by concessions, and by holding out advantages, shall have succeeded in attracting new colonists to the island.

The *vegueros* (growers of that leaf) are very expert in improving the quality of tobacco, and employ many processes for increasing the beauty, the silky softness of the leaf, nay, even its very shade. Other researches determine the merits of the manufacture, intrusted exclusively to the housewife and her daughters, and, when the connoisseur is sauntering at his ease, inhaling with delight one of those cigars *de la Reina*, relishing with the *gusto* of a true amateur its delicious flavour, and admiring its aptitude to catch and retain fire, let him know, then, that cigar, so fiery and yet so mild, has been—well, this cigar has been, like most others he has ever smoked, rolled,—yes, rolled upon the bare thigh of one of the country girls, called a *guajira* in Cuba.

## MEDITATIONS AT A KITCHEN WINDOW

BY A HUNGRY POET

SPIRIT of Hunger, who dost love  
With threadbare sons of song to rove  
Through some blind alley's dark retreat,  
The Muse's old-established seat,  
Clinging to them close the while  
In a most uxorious style,  
Or, to mock them, when alone  
They scrape a clean-picked mutton-  
bone  
In some ethereal attic, where  
The wind howls up the creaking stair—  
Taunting Spirit of Starvation!  
I feel thy fullest inspiration,

While, standing by this kitchen-win-  
dow,  
With phiz as grave as any Hindoo,  
I mark yon partridge—dainty bit!—  
Gently wheeling round the spit  
'  
Savoury bird! thy very sight  
Lends an edge to appetite,  
And my stomach, while I gaze,  
Rumbles volumes in thy praise!

Some in sonnet, ode, or tale,  
Laud the maudlin nightingale.

improving and extending the cultivation, the removal of the plant, too, was forbidden. The effect of this measure tended only to lessen the crop, and, in 1783 and 1793, several measures of reform were introduced in the factory, and the subsidy was increased to fifty thousand dollars, but the manufacture of tobacco by private individuals was prohibited, and inspectors were nominated to visit and survey the crops rigorously, in order that the duties might be regularly levied. These vexatious proceedings, and the odious exaction occasioned a serious falling off in the crops. In 1720, during the monopoly of the companies, the exportation amounted to six hundred thousand *dobas*, independent of the consumption in the island, and although in 1803 the expenses of the *Factorerie* were considerably reduced, and one manager alone retained, the crop of 1804 was inadequate for the consumption of the island. From that period endeavours were made to correct some of these abuses, but whilst the system of prohibition continued the evil could not be eradicated, and the culture of tobacco continued to decrease and fall off, until 1827, when that important article of trade was entirely freed from the arbitrary shackles of the *Factorerie*. Infallible ruin would have befallen this branch of industry, but for the wise measures urged and carried into effect by the sagacious Don José de Pinillos, Count de Villanueva, intendant of the Havannah.

But the cultivation of tobacco will not obtain its full development at Cuba, until the Spanish government, by concessions, and by holding out advantages, shall have succeeded in attracting new colonists to the island.

The *vigueros* (growers of that leaf) are very expert in improving the quality of tobacco, and employ many processes for increasing the beauty, the silky softness of the leaf, nay, even its very shade. Other researches determine the merits of the manufacture, intrusted exclusively to the housewife and her daughters, and, when the connoisseur is sauntering at his ease, inhaling with delight one of those cigars *de la Ruma*, relishing with the *gusto* of a true amateur its delicious flavour, and admiring its aptitude to catch and retain fire, let him know, then that cigar, so fiery and yet so mild, has been—well, this cigar has been, like most others he has ever smoked, rolled,—yes, rolled upon the bare thigh of one of the country girls, called a *guajira* in Cuba.

## MEDITATIONS AT A KITCHEN WINDOW

BY A HUNGRY POET

SPIRIT of Hunger, who dost love  
With threadbare sons of song to rove  
Through some blind alley's dark retreat,  
The Muse's old established seat,  
(ling'ring to them close the while  
In a most uxorious style  
Or to mock them when alone  
They scrape a clean picked mutton-  
bone  
In some ethereal attic, where  
The wind howls up the creaking stair—  
Taunting Spirit of Starvation!  
I feel thy fullest inspiration,

While, standing by this kitchen win-  
dow,  
With phiz as grave as any Hindoo,  
I mark yon partridge—dainty bit—  
Gently wheeling round the spit  
'  
Savoury bird! thy very sight  
Lends an edge to appetite,  
And my stomach, while I gaze,  
Rumbles volumes in thy praise!

Some in sonnet, ode, or tale,  
Laud the maudlin nightingale



Some exalt the cooing dove  
 Some the royal bird of Jove,  
 Fond of new born lamb, the glutton !  
 And not indifferent to mutton ,  
 Some, the mountain condor, who,  
 Crafty as a Polish Jew,  
 Seldom from his lodgings hies out,  
 Have to peck a dead man's eyes out ,  
 Some, the rook, of solemn clack,  
 Dressed, like parsons, all in black ,  
 Some, the woodcock some, the wild  
 geon  
 Some, the well conditioned pigeon,  
 Who, to gastronomic eve,  
 Looks so lovely in a pie  
 But the partridge, plump and white,  
 Is my feathered favourite  
 Dressed as epicure could wish  
 And crisp of breast and wing,  
 " Isn't he a dainty dish  
 To set before a King ? " \*

But hark ! the clock from yon church-  
 tower  
 Shrilly strikes the wished for hour,  
 And the butler, grave and steady  
 Proclaims the tidings— " Dinner 's  
 ready !  
 Dinner's ready ! " Proclamation  
 Source of liveliest delectation ,  
 All who hear it mutely bless  
 The messenger of happiness !  
 Dobbs a lawyer, grim and spare  
 Leaps in transport from his chair ,  
 Hobbs, a fat old city bore,  
 Weighing twenty stone or more  
 Cuts a long dull story short  
 About the Aldermen's list Court ,  
 Pretty Mrs Colonel Cox,  
 A widow shrewd as any fox,  
 To her dandy neighbour's sighs,  
 And his whisper'd flatteries,  
 Turns awhile a careless ear, •  
 Better pleased, I ween to hear  
 The tuneful rush of whizzing cork,  
 And clatter of the knife and fork !

• " Dinner's ready ! "—Down they go,  
 Two by two, a gallant show,  
 Attracted by the rich perfume  
 That floats around the dining room  
 Now they're seated, and, methinks,  
 Commence mid cheering nods and  
 winks,  
 And interchange of social greeting,  
 A course of serious, steady eating  
 In imagination, I  
 Join the festive company,

And, on schemes of havoc bent  
 Waste no time in compliment,  
 But placed, by her express command  
 At my hostess's right hand,  
 Set to work with heart felt glee  
 On calipash and calipee,  
 Victimize the venison pasty,  
 Punish the calve's head so tasty,  
 Pitch into the pigeon pie  
 With a shark's voracity  
 Flirt with jelly, custard, ice,  
 Like the Arab Ghoul with nice,†  
 And quaff the sparkling cool champagne,  
 As thirsty meads drink in the rain,  
 Obedient to dame Nature's laws  
 While my ever restless jaws  
 Convey a very vivid notion  
 Of the poetry of motion !

• Glorious enterprize ! But, hark  
 How the guests in whispers mark  
 Their sense of wonder and affright  
 At a poet's appetite !—  
 " There's a mouthful ! — did you  
 ever ? "—  
 • He's bolted all the pasty ! "— " Ne  
 ver ! "—  
 " Goodness gracious, what a swallow !  
 Sure he beats an ostrich hollow ! " —  
 " I try him with a tough ship's cable ! "—  
 • Oh good Lord, he'll clear the  
 table ! "—  
 Such the pert facetious sneers  
 Mutter'd in his neighbour's ears  
 By each guest to mark his sense  
 Of my rue ventripotence !  
 Well, I grudge them not their gain,  
 I host am tolerant who win ,  
 And I have bravely won, I swear,  
 A dinner fit for my Lord Mayor

• Mere empty boast ! An envious cloud  
 Wraps my vision in its shroud ,  
 Vanish'd is the banquet hall,  
 Host and hostess, guests and all,  
 And I stand musing here, the winner  
 (In fancy only) of a dinner !—  
 Dry dreams of imagination,  
 Could ye but repress starvation,  
 How supreme in joy would be  
 The gifted poet's destiny !  
 But, alas ! with magic sway  
 Ye rule us, only to betray ,  
 And gladly I'd exchange heaven  
 knows,  
 All delusive Fancy's shows •  
 (Though brilliant as a comet's tail)  
 For a rump steak and pot of ale !

\* Vide the old nursery song

† Vide the story of the Ghoul, in the Arabian Nights

## THE GAOL CHAPLAIN \*

OR, A DARK PAGE FROM LIFE'S VOLUME

## CHAPTER XXXIII

## SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

Occupation is a blessed relief to the miserable. Of all the ingenious modes of torture that have ever been invented that of solitary confinement is probably the most cruel—the mind feeding on itself with the rapacity of a cormorant when the conscience quickens its activity, and prompts its longings

FENIMORE COOPER

POUNCE was right. The authorities had decided that this unfortunate man, Lyp Wyatt, should have an opportunity of forming his own opinion of that terrific punishment, solitary confinement. The culprit was noisy, vehement, and ungovernable. No advocate, however friendly, could defend his conduct, for it was subversive of all discipline. But still, after lengthened consideration of the subject, and highly favourable opportunities for ascertaining its tendency, I hold it to be a punishment which no human being has a right to inflict upon another. Its results are too frightful, its tortures are too great, its penal consequences are too permanent. Lacerate the body, if you will, punish the man, if the dire extremity of the case call for it, even with the lash, subdue a thoroughly rebellious and ungovernable spirit by the infliction of spare diet, subject the refractory prisoner to severe and continuous labour, abridge his period of relaxation, and enlarge his period of toil, feed him "with the bread of affliction, and with the water of affliction," *but spare the intellect*. Tamper not with the mysterious empire of the mind. *That leave to the judgment and award of THE GREAT ETERNAL.*

I know that this is not the popular doctrine, I know that far-sighted statesmen and fluent legislators have insisted on the "utility of solitary confinement, and have averred that "it is a system which must be, and ought to be, carried out to its *utmost* practicable extent. Indeed! Is this conclusion—arrived at after lengthened experience, and on competent authority—to be wholly disregarded — "*Solitude always develops insanity in those who have been insane before, just as the tread mill brings out phthisis in those predisposed to it*"

Is utter indifference to be ours, as to the diversified suffering and anguish which this new and desperate punishment has inflicted upon numbers of our fellow creatures? Are consequences to the individual never to be weighed by us? There *are* those, let us remember, towards whom society ought not to forget its duties, because they

\* The following errata occur in our last number —

Page 293, line 13 from bottom, *for* fume at, *read* fume at it

294, line 8 from bottom, *for* the pleasure with which I frequent the Coverley bowling green is to this hour indescribable, *read* the pleasure with which I frequent to this hour the Coverley bowling green is indescribable

298, line 6 from bottom, *for* in the memory, *read* in memory

299, last line, *for* fear, *read* fears

have, unfortunately, forgotten their duties towards it. There are those—helpless, it is true, and in our power—who have a right to say to us, “Proportion our punishment to our mis-doing, macerate, if so it please you, the bodily frame, but abstain from the infliction of secret and daily torture of the brain.”

Mine, I know, is tender ground, but *on paper, if nowhere else* I may venture to say, that the advocates of the system have little reason to felicitate themselves on its success. It is matter of public record, that at the Spinning House at Cambridge, where there are two cells termed solitary, the keeper has declared that “he is afraid to confine them (the women) for a longer period than eight or ten hours, lest they should commit suicide, *two having attempted to strangle themselves*.” Nor is this horror of solitary confinement entertained by female prisoners only. The surgeon of Biecon county gaol observed, that “*SOLDIERS* placed in solitary cells suffer much both in body and *mind*—in winter additionally, from the coldness of the cells. They have complained to him of the want of books and have said, that *they* would rather be hung than remain there.” The medical officer of the Spalding House of Correction remarked, “I only visit the prisoners in solitary confinement when sent for, but I scarcely recollect one who has not sent for me, and *in the generality of cases I have found it to be the mind that has been affected*.” But all these statements, sad as they are, yield, in point of horror, to the Monmouth tragedy. *There* the tendencies of this system were fully developed. Its warmest advocate must shrink from such a result of his theory. During a recent year, in the month of February, a man “died in Monmouth County Gaol, apparently from fright. He was put into a solitary cell, and was *found dead the next morning*.” There were no indications of the cause, excepting congestion of the brain. There was a rumour that the cell was haunted. He was a fine and powerful man. The verdict ran, “Died from apoplexy, produced by the effect of a superstitious dread of solitary confinement.” Some of the prisoners heard him cry out. The turnkey thought him low-spirited when he placed him in the cell. On the previous day the deceased told a companion that he was going into solitary confinement and that he feared he never should live the week out. He added that *there was some one walking there*.

And yet this, we are told is “a reformatory punishment,” a punishment which will effect, if any human penalty can effect, amendment in the most hardened and callous offender!

It was to be tried upon Lippyatt. The order ran —

“For refractory conduct, misbehaviour, and insolence, three days solitary.”

Towards the close of the second day I took care to see him. He was considerably altered in appearance, *the mind seemed shaken*. He complained to me of shadows passing across the cell and that at times a large white bird perched itself at the foot of his bed, and jeered and jabbered at him. He implored me to intercede in his favour, and obtain his release, otherwise he was sure he should be tempted to make away with himself. I combated his terrors in the best manner I was able, and, with a faint promise of a representation in his behalf, at which he caught with affecting eagerness, I left him.

Mr Trounce was the first visiting justice I encountered, and to Mr Trounce I told my tale

"Mr Cleaver, responded that magistrate, with a most forbidding air, "I do not recognise your right to utter one single syllable upon this subject. Confine yourself, sir, I beg, to matters spiritual."

"My intention, believe me, is good," said I, returning to my point, undeterred by his frowns, and quite impervious to his rebuff. "You will remember, sir, that, ten days since, in the gaol of the adjoining county a prisoner in the solitary cell nearly effected self-destruction, by cutting up his blanket into strips, and using it as a halter."

"Well! and what then?"

"This that should poor Lypppyatt be driven to any similar attempt, it would, I am sure, be as painful to you as to me. He is on the verge of insanity at this moment."

Mr Trounce looked at me with features rigid as marble, and at length, in a cold, unfeeling tone, replied,

"This morbid sensitiveness relative to these degraded men, of whom, I repeat, Mr Cleaver, you are the spiritual teacher, not the medical officer, is wholly superfluous, and very incomprehensible. This gaol, sir, is fortunate enough to possess a surgeon, in receipt of a certain salary, charged with certain definite duties, and when he acquaints me that this man's mind is affected by the endurance of solitary confinement, I am, and shall feel, bound to listen to him."

"But *this* wretched captive is a sailor, his life has been passed chiefly in the open air, exercise and exertion have been his the day through, and now, independent of solitude, this change to a small, damp, ill-ventilated cell cannot be otherwise than most injurious."

"He should have considered all these points before he came here," was Mr Trounce's rejoinder.

"But, circumstanced as he is *now*, should not we consider them for him?"

"I don't see that," returned the visiting justice doggedly. "At all events, your enumeration of them will not avail him. Lypppyatt you will *not* liberate, and to *yourself* do no small injury. I detest," said he vehemently, "your grievance-hunters, and shall make a *mental memorandum* of the conversation you have addressed to me this morning."

I had reason enough to remember that "mental memorandum" subsequently.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV

##### THE ENGLISH MATE AND THE RUSSIAN EMPEROR

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good and whose enemies are characters decidedly bad.

LAVATER

"WHAT availeth complaint from the *friendless*? It excites no attention, awakens no sympathy!" was poor Sheridan's remark, a few hours before his death. It is a brief but bitter indictment against the powerful, and mightily was I tempted to re-echo it, on receiving, ten minutes after my interview with Mr Trounce, a further repulse from another acting magistrate.

"I decline all interference," was his prompt comment on my narrative. "I cordially approve of solitary confinement as a punishment, and am confident that this man—Lyppiyatt do you call him?—will be the better for its infliction during the rest of his life."

"And my persuasion is equally strong—pardon my frankness—that he will be infinitely the worse. It will not contribute in any degree to the reformation of his refractory and rebellious propensities."

"Why?"

"Because imprisonment in a dark solitary cell—the change from solitude in light, in which a man may work, and, to a certain extent, amuse himself, to solitude in darkness, where he can do neither the one nor the other—is viewed by the sufferer as an unjust aggravation of that amount of misery and torture to which he is bound, as a prisoner, to submit. It will serve but to harden and strengthen him in his wickedness."

"Defective reasoning! anything but that of a philosopher!" said my companion. "*No profound thinker* would thus argue!" And he turned away with a sneer.

"It is well," was my rejoinder, "if I act as a man, and I instantly resolved to search out the surgeon. He readily agreed to accompany me to the refractory cell. It was below the ground, and reached by a flight of steps from the main passage of the prison, damp, without light or ventilation, and piercingly cold."

"This will never do," whispered the doctor, after he had attentively regarded the prisoner's appearance, felt his pulse, and weighed the answers returned to his questions. "He must have an hour's exercise in the yard forthwith, in fact, the man's system is sinking under his punishment, *that* must be suspended for the present. Tell him this while I go and see the keeper, and, if he is obstinate, tender to him a formal written certificate. I am glad I accompanied you. The visit is most opportune, for another night of solitary confinement, and the morning would have found this fellow a maniac."

The gratitude of Lyppiyatt may be readily imagined, and the terms in which that gratitude was expressed interested even that matter-of-fact person the surgeon.

"That's no common seaman," said he, when we saw him together the next morning. "No 'fo'castle Jack' could turn out his sentences 'taut' and square in that fashion."

"He is no common seaman," was my reply, "but the master, and, I believe, owner of a vessel, which has had contraband goods on board, and which the revenue officers have seized, he declares, unjustly. It is a perplexed and intricate history, and I have never cared to inquire into it, because I understood some actress of questionable character to be mixed up with the disclosure. He is ruined, poor fellow."

"To a certainty, if he has trusted a petticoat with his secrets."

The doctor was a bachelor, the world said a "disappointed" one. With him it was evidently *post meridiem*, and its surest sign the readiness with which he snarled at the sex.

"Ruined by an actress! eh? Well, his predicament is not singular. He's not the only man who can date his overthrow from so attractive an associate. Harkee, my man, have you no friends, no relatives,

none that can intercede for ye with Government, and procure the release of your vessel?"

"I think I possess some clum, replied he moodily, "upon the favourable consideration of Government I ought to have Services rendered to royalty are generally remembered Another would make much of them, but in my case 'tis hopeless Disaster tracks me like a shadow

"Put 'man' cried the surgeon cheerily, "tis always darkest just before break of day But as to services, of what description may yours have been, either to state or sovereign?"

"I speak not of myself, was his reply, 'but of another When the Duke of Kent held the command at Gibraltar, my father, then a young man, perilled his life for him You have heard, perhaps, the story? The Duke, misled by bad advisers, shut up the wine-shops, and the consequence was a mutiny, or something very near akin to it, among the soldiery Matters for some hours wore an awkward appearance, and at length the Duke was counselled to reconsider his order, and finally to cancel it

"He was the *scape-goat*, said the doctor, aside to me "His royal father never forgave him the blunder he had committed in issuing the order, and the minister of the day never digested the concession he had made to insubordinate spirits in cancelling it In all respects the results were melancholy As to the Duke, they threw a shade, unjustly enough, over his military career to his dying hour—Well, my man, what followed?"

"Four days afterwards, when the hubbub had ceased, and the affair was apparently forgotten, the Duke was recognised in a steep narrow street, leading up to the ramparts It was a bad part of the town, chiefly inhabited by Jew-salesmen and vintners of the lowest class As ill luck would have it, the Prince was on foot and unattended He was mobbed, threats were uttered, stones were thrown There was an evident intention to injure him My father was bargaining with a ship's chandler for some slops wanted on board the 'Maid of Devon, when he heard a strange outcry, groans, hisses, and oaths shouted in every language under heaven Turning round, in the centre of a crowd, he spied the Prince, and quick as thought understood his dilemma One moment, and he stood by his side, the next he felled an ill-looking blackguard, who had approached his Royal Highness nearer than my father judged polite or necessary, warded off a sharp missile from another quarter, and, in doing so, received a hurt, the scar of which he carried with him to his coffin That stone was aimed at the Duke, and, had it hit him fairly, the probabilities are, there would have been no Princess Victoria The guard soon came up, and at the first sound of their measured tramp the assailants slunk away My father was thanked, his name, and that of his ship, were asked, and a young officer, called Wetherell,—I believe he rose the ladder of promotion so high as to become a general,—told my father that neither his name nor his assistance would be forgotten But nothing came of it'

"Have you now, since you have been in trouble, represented these facts in the proper quarter?"

"I have, but vainly, no notice was taken of my application I wanted *backers* They are indispensable in England My mate succeeded better at Odessa'

"At Odessa! How so?"

"We traded there, and my first mate, Bob Chivens, got into great trouble. He was beset, robbed, and in fact cursedly ill used. Not that I mean to say he was quite and altogether free from blame himself, but surely some little allowance should be made for the freaks of 'Jack Tar'. However, he was plundered, beaten, and left almost for dead. Some eight days afterwards, when he could stand upon his legs, and tell his own story, Chivens and I went to the British Consul,—the *acting* Consul, I think they called him, not that we found him *such*,—and begged he would get us redress.

"It is impossible. You should have kept sober, and this would not have happened.

"But I'm your countryman, cried Bob. 'Words cost nothing, at any rate, tell us what to do, put us, any how, in the wake of these pirates.

"I've other matters on hand. I don't sit here to settle the disputes of drunken sailors.

"What, then, said Chivens, 'am I to be regularly cleared out, robbed of every farthing of my wages, left penniless among foreigners, and make no effort to better myself?"

"Go to sea, and earn more.

"Pointed and pleasant!—rather a contrast to the words and deeds of our Cadiz consul, Mr Brackenbush, with whom even a refusal is clothed in terms of kindness. But the *acting* Odessa gentleman is dead and gone, and so peace to his memory! As we were leaving his office, a keen-looking, sharp-eyed old man, who had listened most attentively to Chivens's story, came up behind us, and, plucking him by the sleeve, whispered, in a low, cautious tone,

"Don't be discouraged, *our Father* will grant you redress, appeal to him.

"What! *AI OF F*, you mean?" said my mate, quite at a loss to comprehend his new friend's meaning.

"No, no,—step aside—this is not a matter for the public street. Hush!—not a word—this way.

He passed into a little garden, of which there are many at Odessa, and closing the door, said, in a low, suppressed voice, as if anxious that no syllable of what he was saying should reach other ears than our own.

"I am *English-born*, as you will at once believe, but I have lived so long at Odessa that I am almost a Russ and am so accustomed to his authority, that I speak of him as if I were one of his native subjects. They, when referring to the Czar,—his voice, as he uttered this word fell lower still—'always call him *OUR FATHER*.'

"He means the chief skipper. Bob said I to Chivens, who could not catch one word in ten which the old man used,—'the chief skipper—ay, ay! He is to them what our Sailor-King at home is to us.'

"Just so, said the old man, 'state your case in writing. This is my advice, take it, and you'll not repent it.

"But how? The devil a word of Russ do we understand.

"Then draw up your grievance in French.

"French! God forbid that we should say our say in Mounseer's language either! No, no, that will never do.

"Then write your letter in English.

“And who will deliver it?”

“Who? send it by post, address it to Tsarskoe-Zelo It will not miscarry, and *it will be read*”

“Burnt, I should say, cried Chivens

“No *read*, repeated the old man earnestly, ‘*read*, I say, and HEADED My counsel is good, try it

“He opened the door, placed us beyond it, again locked himself up in his little sandy garden, and who and what he was we could never learn His counsel, however, we adopted A statement was forwarded, clumsily written, and not cleverly worded, Chivens declaring throughout that it was time and labour thrown away

“We neither of us *then* understood the unfailing activity and unswerving justice of *Him* to whom we appealed Eleven days elapsed, and we judged our case hopeless, when on the following day, the twelfth, orders came down which changed the entire aspect of affairs A rigid and searching inquiry was instituted A summary of the whole affair *was sent back to Tsarskoe-Zelo* One fellow got a taste of the knout, and Chivens, within a shilling or two, the whole of his money Now,’ concluded Lypppyatt, “people prate about civilized and uncivilized people, about this sort of government and that sort of government, but commend me, say I, to that ruler, and that mode of ruling, where a poor man gets ready justice, and where his complaints can reach the FOUNTAIN-HEAD *Health and long life to the Emperor Nicholas!* the sovereign to whom the humblest in his dominions can confidently appeal’ Oft have I told the tale, and drank his health on the deck of ‘The Fair Maid of Devon’ Those were happy days Will they ever return?”

## THE VETTURINO

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO

### PART I

‘All mortal things must hasten thus  
To their dark end — SHILLEY’S “*Cenci*”

### CHAPTER I

#### THE CHATEAU DE BLONAY

Here the Rhone  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a throne  
*Childe Harold, Canto 3*

INCLINATION has made me a wanderer, yet, were I to choose an abiding-place, I know no spot I would fix upon so readily as the beautiful village of Montreux, on the Lake of Geneva

It stands on the last gentle slope of the base of a richly-wooded mountain, with the murmuring waters of the lake beneath, and the lofty Alps above it and around Dark forests clothe the steep sides of the heights which form the foreground, while in the distance tower the snowy pinnacles of the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Morcles, and a hundred icy peaks beside The soil is hallowed by the associations of history, of poetry, and of romance The vineyards and meadows of Clarens adjoin those of Montreux, Meillerie and



St Gingoulph are visible across the lake, and almost at our feet are the battlements of Chillon,

‘Which round about the wave enthrals’

Although the descriptions of innumerable travellers have made the celebrated spots in this neighbourhood “familiar in our mouths as household words,” yet few have dwelt on the beauties of the one which deserved description most, — of Montreux, “the cynosure of neighbouring eyes.” For situation it certainly bears the palm, Clarens, “the birth-place of deep Love,” lies too open, Villeneuve too low, and Vevay, so much vaunted, is a *town*, and not a clean one! Montreux, on the contrary, is sheltered from every inclement blast, it is secluded, and yet within a stone’s throw of the high Italian road. The village is the perfection of cleanliness, and the very air we breathe is perfumed by the vineyards in which it is embosomed.

It was accident which first made me a resident on a spot which has haunted my memory like the vision of the Arab camel-driver in the desert, and when I think of the time I passed there, I can scarcely persuade myself that the recollection is not a dream. Yet, even during my short stay, events occurred which gave a sad reality to the actions of many. I shall have little difficulty in recalling them.

It was early in the summer of the year 18—, that I found myself a sojourner in the city of Berne. I had, in a previous tour already visited the Bernese Oberland, and my object was now to leave behind me this little nest of aristocratic citizens, and bid farewell to its piazzas, its fountains, its beers, and its most delicious trout. The direction in which I wished to bend my steps was where

“Lake Lemman wows us with its crystal face,”

but the question occurred to me, which was the pleasantest mode of reaching its shores? I communicated my wishes to mine host of the Abbaye aux Gentilshommes, who undertook — it was his hope, to find me an agreeable mode of conveyance. Nor was he long in doing so. “A vetturing,” he said, “had arrived only the night before from Basle, the driver of which, bound for Lausanne, was anxious to get on immediately, and having deposited his only passenger at Berne, would gladly meet my wishes in arranging for the journey.”

I requested that the man might be sent for, and was glad to experience no difficulty in concluding the bargain, being prepossessed by the air of openness and honesty which marked the countenance of the vetturino.

Theodore — such was his name — was a fine young man, about eight-and-twenty, with a laughing eye, a florid complexion, and an air of mingled modesty and fearlessness, sufficiently characteristic of the “hardy Swiss.” He was not one of those supple, pliant specimens, who become such unequalled *valets-de-chambre* nor was he of that surly, consequential brotherhood who used to enact the part of janitors in the Parisian hotels, and who have bequeathed their names to all succeeding porters, he was a free-born son of the soil, who appeared proudly conscious of being the countryman of Tell and Hofer, and feelingly alive to every recollection which had a tendency to awaken his patriotism. He was, therefore, an excellent

cicerone, and many a steep ascent did he beguile of its weariness by his conversation. He pointed out to me all the remarkable sites which we passed—the lake and battle-field of Morat, the feudal castles of Colombier and Granson, and the island of Jean Jacques, he recommended to me the various objects which I ought to visit at Neufchâtel, at Yverdon (for such was our route), and finally at Lausanne. But, independently of this local information, he gave me an account of himself, which interested me still more. His native home he said, was at Montreux, a few miles beyond Vevay, “*l'endroit le plus riant du monde*.” He had been absent about six months on a long excursion into the north of Germany and Holland, returning by the Rhine and through the Breisgau. He looked forward to the moment of rejoining his family with feelings of deep interest, as he freely told me, not merely on account of his parents, but in consequence of the position in which he was placed with regard to a young maiden of Villeneuve,—‘the prettiest girl in the Canton’—he added, with an assured air, to whom he was affianced, and whose hand he was now about to claim, as her father had promised him on the day when he last departed, the maiden’s consent had *somehow* been obtained *before*. He had saved some little money during his journey. “But her father,” he said, “is a comfortable man, he has only one child besides Adele, a son, named Adolphe, a clever, bold jager, a little gay, perhaps, but as good a fellow as ever breathed, so that Master Dupont can afford to establish our *menage* as well as that of any in the Commune. In addition to these personal revelations, Theodore also informed me that he had a charge of some consequence to deliver at a château near Vevay, he should proceed thither with the carriage, and, as he spoke in such high terms of his own village, it was soon arranged that I should fix my head-quarters at Montreux, and visit Lausanne on my return homewards.”

Accordingly my stay there was very short, as Theodore’s impatience to get on increased as we approached the end of our journey.

It was a bright morning in July when we left the city, and skirted the shores of Lake Leman, fresh beauties rising every moment before us. Theodore was in high spirits, he sang and talked without intermission, and the effect was contagious, his horses even seemed animated by the same spirit, and we moved gaily forward. Passing through Vevay, we paused as we ascended a slight acclivity, where the roads separated.

“That is the road to Montreux,” said Theodore, indicating the right-hand one, but, if monsieur pleases, this is the one I must take. The *détour* is not much, and will make hardly an hour’s difference.

“I suppose, then, Theodore, that *somebody* lives hereabouts whom you wish to see before the rest?”

“Ah, sir, you mean Adele. No! her father’s house is *beyond* Montreux. I must take this road to deliver the charge of which I spoke, at the Château de Blonay, the view is so fine, you will scarcely regret the delay.”

In this region of romance the expectant traveller runs no risk of disappointment, as the reality far exceeds description.

We leisurely ascended the mountain slope, discovering at each turn of the road some snowy peak, or lofty Alp, previously hidden from the view, at length we gained a level space, and emerging from a thick growth of chestnut and mountain-ash, we beheld before

us the time-worn towers and lofty turrets of the Château de Blonay

The original building—and much of it yet remains—was built as far back as the tenth century, and the architecture of the whole is little less antique. It stands, a fine relic of feudal times, on a slight eminence in the midst of a small but fertile plain, and is nearly surrounded by lofty mountains. On the side towards the lake the prospect is unimpeded, and from the airy of the donjon-keep, or embattled turrets, the gazer's eye may wander amid the majestic range of icy chains of Mont Blanc on the one hand, or till it loses itself in the purple line of the far-distant Jura on the other.

"And who lives here Theodore? I demanded. "Have you any famous baron in this magnificent castle, any 'redoutable seigneur, who still raises *corvée* and *gabelle* on the surrounding peasantry, his serfs?"

"No, monsieur, the proprietor is old M de Blonay, who lives principally at Lausanne, and all he raises here is the rent from his vineyards, and the price at which he lets the château.

"It is let at present, then, I suppose?"

"Yes, monsieur, to a Dutch lady, Madame Van Helmont, a very kind, good person, she has lived here these three years, and has made the gardens quite a show! It is she whom my business concerns. She receives her income annually from Amsterdam, and my journey being to that city, I was commissioned to bring it to her. Here it is!" he added, producing a canvass-bag from a small case under one of the carriage-seats. "Two hundred louis-d'ors, as the banker sent them.

"And had you no fear of being robbed, Theodore, with such a sum, and travelling such a circuitous route?"

"Oh, no, few people now-a-days would think of stopping a poor vetturino, at least on this side the Alps, besides, he added, smiling, "I know how to conceal, and—if needs must—defend my charge, as to the time, Madame Van Helmont was in no hurry, so, you see, monsieur it was not possible to manage it better.

I could not but admire the primitive manner in which this commercial affair had been conducted, and while I was pleased with the steady honesty of the vetturino, I felt deeply impressed with the confiding simplicity of his employer, and experienced a strong desire to become acquainted with Madame Van Helmont.

## CHAPTER II

### THE CHATFIAINE

She gave relief—abundant, kind —CRAËBE

WHILE I was reflecting on the matter, Theodore approached a little wicket, and rang the bell for admittance, the door was shortly opened, and "a mayden curteis stood before us. In our travelling zeal we had forgotten that it was Sunday, and were only reminded of it by Annette's informing us that her mistress was at church.

"But her stay cannot now be long, and if monsieur would like to see the château, Madame Van Helmont will feel highly gratified on her return.

As I wished for nothing better, I gladly assented to the proposition, and in a few minutes I was enjoying, from a noble oriel window in one of the vast apartments of the castle, the splendid view I have already described. I had not been long engaged in contemplating the magnificent scene, when I heard the sound of wheels approaching, and presently a neat little *char-à-banc* drove up to the gate of the château, in which I could distinguish the figure of an elderly female, whom I rightly judged to be the mistress of the mansion. I descended, of course, to pay my respects, but found Madame Van Helmont already informed of the cause of my visit.

"I am glad, monsieur," said she, "that Theodore's punctuality has been the means of procuring me a visitor to my antique abode. I hope you have not felt *ennui* from the interruption of your journey."

"*Ennuï*, madame," I answered, "can rarely find its abode in the Château de Blonay, it must certainly have been an entire stranger since your residence here. The signs of employment are too manifest."

"Ah, that is our country's custom, we Dutch resemble our good friends, the Swiss,—we like occupation. My garden, my bees, my flowers, my aviary, everything about me, in short, furnishes me with the materials, but I forget that you are a traveller, and I dare say Annette has never once thought of the most necessary part of a traveller's welcome. You must take some refreshment, Annette, child, bestir yourself. Monsieur must judge if the dairy of Blonay is discredited by Dutch management, and tell Theodore to come to me in the *grande salle*."

Meanwhile the old lady offered to conduct me through her sunny parterres, glowing with the richest hues of roses of every dye, carnations, ranunculuses, and the not-forgotten tulip. The old walls teemed with ripening fruit, and from out the rents which time had rifted at their base the quick-eyed lizard darted across the path, once or twice, too, a gaudy, harmless snake, disturbed from its coil, where it lay basking in the sun, quickly unfolded itself, and fled amid the dry grass to its retreat.

Madame Van Helmont was a person of considerable taste, with a frank, open disposition, which led her to speak freely of her situation and pursuits. The consequences of the first revolution in France had deprived her of her husband and son, both of whom had fallen in the Dutch service, and had eventually caused her departure from her native soil. During the latter part of the war she had resided in France, but, subsequently to the battle of Waterloo, had returned to her home near Amsterdam. But she no longer felt that it *was* her home, the great charm, the once familiar faces were gone, and after a short residence, she sought that amusement in travel which was denied to her in repose.

She had visited the greater part of Europe, and had even extended her excursions to the shores of Asia, but time and satiety at length wrought their effect. She became weary of wandering, and finally resolved to take up her abode on the banks of the beautiful Lake of Geneva. The Château de Blonay offered itself, and she became the willing tenant. Here, among books, and flowers, and domestic occupations, she passed her time cheerfully and happily, doing good in her limited sphere, and hailed with affection and re-

spect by her dependents, and the surrounding peasantry, to whose wants she amply ministered, and, thus occupied, she found no cause to regret the choice she had made

I felt highly interested as I listened to the quiet, unaffected manner in which Madame Van Helmont detailed her narration, and her calm look and benevolent smile added much to the impression

After a short promenade we entered the château, where we found preparations had been made for a substantial repast. Madame Van Helmont did the honours with simple hospitality, and a traveller's appetite did justice to the rest. While thus engaged, a gentle tap was heard at the door, and Theodore entered, laden with his bag of gold,—for even in pastoral Switzerland gold is a requisite for happiness. He drew back on perceiving that Madame Van Helmont was not alone, but she desired him to enter.

"Our business," she said, "is not complicated, and monsieur will excuse its transaction here." Count the money, Theodore, to satisfy *yourself*, while I write your *quittance*."

Theodore came to the table, and deposited the bag; he broke the seal, and endeavoured to untie the careful knot, which, for greater security, had been twisted round the neck, but his efforts were fruitless, and to solve the Gordian mystery, he produced an enormous clasp-knife from a side pocket, which he displayed somewhat ostentatiously as he said, with a smile, "*Ca vient de Bermigan! c'est Anglais ce couteau là*." His English blade soon effected the desired purpose, and the rouleaux were speedily disclosed.

I could scarcely tell what circumstance induced me to note an episode apparently so unimportant, perhaps it arose from the interest which I took in the whole proceeding, perhaps from one of those causes which one seeks in vain to define, nevertheless it made a strong impression on me.

The tale was, of course, complete, and Madame Van Helmont insisted on rewarding Theodore with a present of five louis, to which at first he sturdily objected, but the words "*corbaille*" and "*menage*" effected a relaxation in his denial, and with a look of grateful acknowledgment, he followed the clown's example, and did "empetticoat the gratillity." I now rose to take leave, after resisting repeated solicitations to prolong my repast, or take a parting glass of *anisette* or *curaçoa double*, but I did not decline Madame Van Helmont's hospitality without willingly acceding to her request that I would pay an early visit to the château, when she hoped to shew me more than I had yet been able to observe.

### CHAPTER III

#### FAMILY MISFORTUNES

The hope, and expectation of thy time  
Is ruin'd and the soul of ev'ry man  
Prophetically doth forethink thy fall

*King Henry IV Part I*

DESCENDING by Clarens and the Château de Chatclard, we soon arrived within sight of the spire of Montreux, and many minutes had not elapsed before I was safely deposited at the door of the Hotel de

la Couronne, where I resolved to establish myself. Theodore took leave of me with many expressions of thankfulness, and wended gaily on towards Villeneuve, while I once more found myself alone on the spot where I had so much desired to be.

It is not my purpose at this moment to dwell in tourist's phrase upon the many beauties of this romantic region, nor shall I describe my pilgrimages to Chillon, to Meillerie, and to St Gingoulph, my wanderings amongst the wooded heights above Montreux, nor the many—to me—perilous attempts in search of the picturesque. But after the lapse of a few days, when a pause from my first exertions, permitted me a moment's leisure, I thought of the Château de Blonay and its inmate, and called to mind my neglect in not having sooner inquired after my friend Theodore, the Vetturino.

"Do you know," said I one morning to mine host of the Couronne, Monsieur Visinard,—“can you point out to me where Theodore the Vetturino lives?” I thought I should have seen him before this, and expected to have congratulated him on his prospects, but I suppose he has been too much occupied since his return to remember the interest with which he inspired me during our journey.”

“Ah, monsieur, he is a good young man, poor Theodore!” replied Monsieur Visinard with an ominous shake of the head, and a countenance of real seriousness, “I fear something untoward has happened to thwart his views during his absence.”

“It grieves me to hear it,” I answered. “I hope the girl to whom he was betrothed has not played him false, he would feel that most.”

“No, it is not that, sir, Adele is a good girl, and loves Theodore truly, I believe, as a maiden should who is about to plight her faith to the object of her choice, but circumstances have occurred in her family which may scarcely render it advisable for them to be married.”

“You surprise me,” returned I. “I thought all was arranged for their marriage.”

“So it was, sir, but I will tell you what has happened. You see, sir, Adele has a brother, a fine, smart young fellow, but a little too wild, and fonder of gay company than befits a lad brought up at the foot of the Dent de Jarmen, he was always of a roving daring disposition, and while he followed the chamois, and scaled the mountain-peak, it was no matter, every Swiss should do the same, it is but natural to him. I like it myself, though I am married, and have four children. But the sports of the field were not enough for him, and Lausanne lying so near, he got a taste for the pleasures of the city, and fell in with a knot of young fellows like himself, who once had more money than wit, but had now exchanged commodities. Well, he liked this company, and by degrees began to absent himself continually from home, scarcely ever returning to Villeneuve, except to get money from his father to carry on this dissipated course of life at Lausanne, where they say he played at cards, and, even worse than that, spent his gains,—little enough, perhaps, if that were all,—on a tawdry Frenchwoman, a sort of cast-off mistress of one of his companions. I hope this last was only a report, for I should be sorry to think, bad as he is, that he had quite forgotten a poor girl who loved him once, pretty little Therese Brissac, but, be

that as it may, the courses he was following were too bad to last, and so his father told him, and Adele intimated as much whenever she saw him, which was very seldom latterly, and only when he paid his flying visits with one or two of his gay friends. She has told my wife often, with tears in her eyes, that she had a foreboding of some great evil in store for her, and when my wife replied that she was only love-sick because Theodore was away, she looked sadder still, and seemed to think that he was destined to be unhappy on her account. But, not to keep you too long, sir, — the end of this business did come, as everybody predicted. Adolphe, disregarding every affectionate and parental remonstrance, became deeply involved, and, trying to retrieve himself, played for very high stakes, which he lost and being joint-possessor with his father of some lands, from whence their principal income was derived, he pledged their value to the amount he had rendered himself liable for, he even went further, and made himself responsible for what must prove utter ruin to his family if they consent to abide by the terms, and old Dupont is of such a disposition that I think he will not allow a stain to rest upon his name, if paying the money can wipe it off, though it reduce him to beggary. Not that he would ever want while my house, or, indeed, my house in Montreux or Villeneuve, has a door to open to him, but it is a hard thing, monsieur, to be reduced from affluence to poverty and that from no fault of one's own, but solely in consequence of having a spendthrift son.

"And Theodore, I suppose, has just learnt the unwelcome intelligence. How does he bear it?"

"Sadly enough, but still, manfully. He tries, my wife says, to cheer up Adele, and tells her that if they have lost everything, he is still able to support her, but she tells me he is very much cast down to think of his friend Adolphe having behaved so ill, his own brother, as we may say, for they were brought up together.

Here ended Monsieur Visinard's communication, and it caused me much painful reflection. I resolved the following morning to pay my promised visit to Madame Van Helmont, in the hope that it might be in her power to devise the means of rendering assistance to the distressed family. It was at an early hour, therefore, that I bent my steps in the direction of the Château de Blonay.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### MURDER

O who hath done  
This deed? *Othello*

THE morning was lovely, and all things seemed to smile in the light of the sun as his rays came streaming down the gorge of the mountain, beneath which the castle stands. The vachers were already busily tending their herds on the distant heights, and the tinkling bells of the flocks of goats could be faintly heard as they were led to browse on the lower ranges. Occasionally a peasant girl, in her high, bell-shaped straw-hat, wide sleeves, and short petticoats, with her long panner on her back, and a staff to aid her in the steepest ascents, would greet me as she walked with rapid step in the direction of the châteaux, and around a knot of idle little urchins would issue from some cottage by the way-side, and clamour for

*balzen*, the vigneronns were already at their labour, and the fresh perfume of the vines was shed deliciously on the morning air, as with leisure pace I moved towards Blonay

On reaching the wicket I was surprised to find it unclosed, nevertheless I rang the bell, but no one answered to my summons. Again I pulled it violently, but obtained no answer

"I will take the liberty, then," thought I, "of entering unannounced, and I passed into the garden. "Ah!" I exclaimed, "leave your gates open for a moment, and mischief is sure to be at work, the cattle have been here, and trodden down all the flowers

As I drew near the hall-door, other signs of confusion were manifest, clothes were scattered about, the entrance-door stood open, and I heard a sound of voices as of women in lamentation. I moved tardily on, wondering what could be the cause of such an occurrence in this quiet spot, but the hall was deserted. I called loudly for Annette, and hearing voices in the corridor above, which runs round the interior of the court, I ascended a flight of steps, and proceeded in the direction of the noise. Through an open door a number of persons assembled in one of the inner rooms—a sleeping apartment,—and pushing by some of those who formed the outer circle of the crowd, I reached the spot to which all eyes seemed directed

There, stretched on the floor, her night-clothes torn, her hair dishevelled, and weltering in her blood, was extended the lifeless form of Madame Van Belmont!

Beside her knelt Annette, weeping bitterly, and holding on her knees one of the passive hands of her murdered mistress

"Good God!" I exclaimed, horror-stricken at the appalling spectacle, "say, what has happened? How comes this blood here? what accident has befallen madame?"

I gazed round the apartment, an expression of grief and horror was on every countenance, tears choked the utterance of many. At length one spoke. It was Claude Bissac, a young peasant, a *protégé* of Madame Van Belmont

"Alas! monsieur, we are all ignorant of the cause of this dreadful event, but the fact is, that some villains have entered the chateau during the night, have plundered the money and jewels of madame, and consummated their crime by murdering the dear, kind, good, unfortunate old lady!"

"Is there no trace of the murderers?" I inquired,—"no clue by which to guide you? Who first discovered the sad catastrophe?"

"It was I, sir," sobbed Annette, "I went, as usual, this morning early to call my mistress, and knocked at her door several times without obtaining any answer, at length, thinking she might be ill, I ventured to go in, and found the chamber as you see, my poor mistress lying here quite dead, the secretaire broken, and the casement open. My shrieks alarmed the gardener and his family, and before long all the neighbourhood. Oh, what a dreadful sight! what a terrible day!" and again she burst into a flood of tears

"Where does the nearest *juge de paix* reside? I asked, "has any one gone to Vevey, to inform the authorities there?"

I was answered in the affirmative

"Let us examine the premises," I continued, "and endeavour to discover if any clue exists to guide us in our search after the assassins, for I judge there must have been several



We accordingly commenced a general search, but, save the signs which had first attracted my attention on entering the garden, nothing was perceptible. There were footmarks, it is true, in the soft mould under the window, but one had effaced the other, and nothing could be distinctly traced. At length an exclamation was heard from Claude Brissac, whose eye was attracted by something which glittered beneath a thick, tufted plant near the gate. He stooped down, and groping under the leaves, drew forth a large, open case-knife, the blade of which was notched and smeared with blood. He held it up in the air, exclaiming, "Here is the murderer's knife!"

I looked at it intently, it was an English blade, the maker's name, and the place, "Birmingham," were engraved upon it. A horrible fear entered my mind. "Could it be the same I saw in Theodore's hand when he unfastened the bag? Could he be the murderer?" It was too dreadful to entertain the idea! These thoughts passed like lightning through my brain, but I refrained from giving them utterance. "The kind, gay, light-hearted young man, whose every look but a few days before bespoke a mind fraught with innocence, could he in one moment have become a villain of the deepest dye?" I would not imagine so. But the circumstances in which his friends were involved, their want of money, his knowledge of a source that could relieve them, and yet, as if robbery were not bad enough, why should murder have been superadded? I did not continue the questions which crowded my mind, but resolved to be guided by more conclusive evidence. The knife might *not* be his, or he might have lost it.

The weapon became the object of everybody's attention, it was passed from hand to hand, each person receiving it with a countenance expressive of awe and disgust, mingled with intense anxiety. No one appeared, however, to recognise it. I began to breathe freely. "Surely," thought I, "if it were Theodore's it would have been known directly."

At length a sallow little Cretin,—one Jacques Labarre, an ostler at Montroux, examined it, he possessed little of the finer feeling which influenced the peasantry about him, he took the knife eagerly, and looked at it with a scrutinising glance. The handle as well as the blade was covered with dirt and gore, he rubbed it with his sleeve, and his wide mouth distended with an ominous chuckle of self-satisfied ingenuity.

"See here!" said he, "here is a mark which perhaps may tell us who the owner is, who can read? There's something here which was not formed when the knife was made."

Every one crowded round him, he scraped with his nail, and half a dozen voices exclaimed at once, "'T S.—it is Theodore's! Yes! it is his name, Theodore Santre!"

On hearing this worst suspicion confirmed, my emotion was so great as almost to overpower me, and I leaned against the wall for support. A thousand painful feelings agitated those around me. Every one seemed to suffer from the shock, some looked incredulous, others quite bewildered, the Cretin alone remained quite unmoved, he smiled significantly, "Ce beau Theodore! was all he muttered.

## NOCTES NECTARÆ

*Scene* — Friendship, Wit, Wisdom and the Materials    *Time* — approaching the small hours    *Present* — Deux jeunes hommes très convenables pour un petit thé

WHISKEY-DRINKER Colour, sir is everything

CANTAB Indeed! I thought that Irishmen observed in whiskey, as in love, the "*nummum ne crede colori*" principle

WHISKEY-DRINKER In love, my boy, you are pretty right as regards the great nation in general, and as regards myself, in particular, I confess to have paid most disinterested attention to all ages of the softer sex, from sixteen to fifty, and to all colours, if you'll just leave out downright ebony black

CANTAB To the colour of your favourite "comforter" you are faithful. Now, as we cannot on this side of St. Patrick's hering-brook get a sight of the orthodox hue without difficulty, it would be consolatory to know those particular ones which we should avoid. Our Anglo-Irish whiskey boasts almost as many as Iris's bow

WHISKEY-DRINKER Barring the brightness Ceres has nothing to say to the composition of such atrocious liquors, nor Iris to their general effect. The odious colours to avoid are the dirty pale like an icicle in a consumption, and the whity-brown, which most resembles a love-sick lady of the tropics

CANTAB The 'dirty pale' is a corruption of the Scotch. I suppose, for I have always observed the Glenlivet and Fairintosh,—it least what I have seen of those distillations,—to be of a pure pellucid colour, like rock-water

WHISKEY-DRINKER Decidedly. The tavern-keepers mix water with the Scotch juice to increase the quantity at the expense of the quality, and very often, to compensate for the diminished strength, they add vitriol, or spirits of soap

CANTAB Spirits of soap!

WHISKEY-DRINKER Well, there is something mighty soapy about it, for if you put a spoonful of it into either hand, and rub your palms together, you may have a patent lathering box any morning you want to have a clean shave, grog-blossoms, and all. Now, the pure unadulterated spirit uses no soap-suds, but evaporates as quickly as spirits of wine, or an Irishman's passion

CANTAB Well as to the "whity-brown?"

WHISKEY-DRINKER That's murder in Irish! or, at least, manslaughter of the Irish staple by a dirty attempt to physic it with an infusion of burnt sugar, and doubly-diluted London stout

CANTAB That, however, is the colour of the newest and most approved article in the London market

WHISKEY-DRINKER Of course it is. The Londoners, properly so called, are the queerest race of bipeds in the world. They won't have things natural like other people, but coloured up to their own notions of the correct. Look at the sherries and brandies that are coloured for the London market. O Cockney! Cockney!! Cockney!!!

CANTAB And the genuine colour, after all—what may it be?

WHISKEY-DRINKER The colour of Ceres' harvest-crown

CANTAB. *Straw-colour?*

WHISKY-DRINKER With the sun shining through, the purest and brightest straw-colour

CANTAB And "unde derivatur?"

WHISKY-DRINKER From a three years consignment of the pure distillation of "the bailey-bree to a sherry, or better still, a madeira butt, after which, from that fountain of beauty, "*Medio de fonte leporum, &c.*," nothing distasteful will arise, not even a headache, I'll warrant you

CANTAB But, supposing one does not find it convenient to live up to a butt of this whiskey, one in chambers like myself, for instance?

WHISKY-DRINKER Sure, one can live down to a small-beer cask, I suppose; or not call one's self a hospitable gentleman, and, sure, one can fill that same little trifling rotundity of ten, twenty, or it may be, of five-and-twenty gallons dimensions, with the nectar I speak of with pride and affection, and most conscientiously swear by. Then one can sell it up tight, and very tight, and much tighter than a pettifogger's conscience, or a woman's secret, and put it into a sack that has been accustomed to convey potatoes to the kitchen-ranges of "my lords and gentlemen, or the dwellings of the poor, and bury it in the ground

CANTAB Bury it in the ground!

WHISKY-DRINKER Exactly so. Indeed I'm not quite sure that it is a new idea, and I wish that your Cambridge Philosophical Society, or the Camden Society, or the Percy Society, or the Shakespeare Society, or the British Association, or the British and Foreign Institute, would enlighten us on the fact as to whether "sherris sack" was not sherry buried in a potato sack, and taken up from the tomb after a given time. Be this as it may, however, and I've seen far more absurd deductions from the *antique* swallowed without a grain of salt, good whiskey becomes much better by being buried for some time. One year in the ground is better than two above it—"post fata superstes, —"post funera virtus, try this plan, although, not having a foad of ground that calls you master, you be compelled to take a twelvemonth's lease of five feet square of some suburban cabbage garden to enable you to do so. If you afterwards repent the trial on putting your treasure-trove to your lips, you may call me Scroggins's Ghost, or the Flying Dutchman, or condemn me to circumambulate the sea-girt isle of Britain with dancing dogs, white mice, a bear, a monkey, and a hurdy-gurdy for the remainder of my rational existence

CANTAB By Jove, this "death of the sack" is very extraordinary

WHISKY-DRINKER Not half so extraordinary as the resurrection. 'Tis then you get the value of your spirited improvement, and a tenfold return for your investment in the soil

CANTAB Bravo, Paddy! You speak in the true spirit of a tenant farmer. Your evidence in behalf of the body in general would figure well in Lord Devon's Blue Book

WHISKY-DRINKER I am the son of one whose sagacity in whiskey is on a par with his georgics, and whose

"Constant care was to increase his store,  
And keep his only son, myself, at home!"

CANTAB And it appears too plainly that your

Constant care was to decrease his stoïe,  
And keep his only son, yourself, from home !

Let us drink to the governor—hip, hip, my hearty !

WHISKEY-DRINKER With all my veins In his own whiskey, too, of the last consignment, and a more hearty libation was never poured at the shrine of filial piety Now, as to staying at home, there are two things quite clear, had I done so in the first place I should not have seen the world, and in the second, I should not have been fortunate enough to command the love and admiration of so delightful an acquaintance as yourself

CANTAB Pray excuse my blushes

WHISKEY-DRINKER Blush away, my rhododendron, till the very walls are *couleur de rose* with the reflection, and if you faint, there is a plentiful supply of cold water in the closet on your right

CANTAB Cold water I had always heard that Irishmen were hydrophobists so far, and only patronised hot water when mixed with that which is an acknowledged improvement

WHISKEY-DRINKER And you hear a great many other similar bits of absurdity about us and, what is worse, you believe them too, although we *do* live, in an age of rail and steam, which ought to wear down ancient prejudices

CANTAB And so it is to be hoped they will

WHISKEY-DRINKER Well,—I m generally laughed at for saying will, say shall,—so they shall, sir Did I ever tell you the cold water anecdote about Lord —, one of the judges, and Sir Darby O Brallaghan K C B ?

CANTAB No, let us have it, by all means

WHISKEY-DRINKER The judge and the baronet sat next each other at dinner, at the lovely Countess of B—s, and on inquiring as to the state of the baronet's health, his lordship was informed that "it was only purty middling on account of the rheumatics in the going joints —" "Nothing like the cold-water cure, sir, said the judge, "in-and-out, drenching and bathing" — "Is it bathing, my lord? does your lordship mean a cold-bath?" — "Decidedly!" — "Oh, dear! oh, dear! that's a mighty desperate remedy, and a most disagreeable one to boot, it includes washing one's feet into the bargain, my lord?" — "Well, it is open to *that objection*, Sir Darby, said the amiable and polite Lord —

CANTAB A very good story

WHISKEY-DRINKER If it were true, which it is not, although I have heard it gravely told in society Now it happens that the most sedulous devotion to the Naiads is the chief characteristic of the nymph-worshipping Sir Darby O Brallaghan It is a well-known fact, although Napier does not mention it in his History of the Peninsular War, that when the regiment which he commanded was awaiting on the bank of the Eurumea the storming order at the siege of S<sup>ra</sup> Sebastian, in 1813, and the guns from that tremendous fortress were distributing their favours in all directions, such was the force of Sir Darby's natatory predilection, that, under the very fire of the enemy, that gallant and facetious officer peeled off his regimentals, with all that remained of his shirt, and plunged fearlessly into the pleasant element Nor should I forget to mention his having philosophically observed after his first dive, that, dead or alive, there was nothing like being clean and comfortable Half-

an-hour afterwards the breach was declared practicable, the stream was crossed, and the gallant — th Caçadores, the bravest of the brave Portuguese Light Division, with its dashing Irish Colonel, were in pell-mell amongst the astounded French, whom, to use Sir Darby's own words, they made "hop about like pays upon a malt-house flure!"

**CANTAB** Bathing under the fire of the enemy Like a Hibernian  
**WHISKEY-DRINKER** Like a Trojan, sir! Fancy the stream of Giupuscoa, the Simois, or Scamander!

**CANTAB** What intense love of cold water! And you really patronise cold water, even as far as the cold-water cure?

**WHISKEY-DRINKER** Yes, for coughs, colds, sore throats, fever, bile rheumatism, and indigestion, internally, externally, from the top of the head to the soles of the feet, night or morning, winter or summer, at all times, in all weathers, I can safely recommend it to the entire circle of my numerous and admiring friends. The sight of water amid the enlivening scenes of external nature has charms for me which I cannot well describe, whether it be the crystal well, sacred to some dear old saint in the good old time, with its mossy marge and unpresuming shade of the hawthorn or the holly bush, or the sparkling rill, light leaping down the hill-side from rock to rock, as of old when

Arethusa arose  
 From her couch of snows  
 In the Acroceranman mountains      •  
 From cliff and from crag,  
 With many a jag,  
 Shepherding her sweet fountains,

or the pleasant streamlet, gliding through softest meadow scenery, overhung occasionally by the willow, the wild ash, and the alder, or the summer lake, all sun-lit if you are merry, or moon-lit if you are sad, the swallow skimming its glassy surface, with airy wing as light as false friendship flying from distress, whilst on its distant bosom gently gliding appears some tiny bark, with its snow-white sail, sweet picture of fondest hope in life's young morning, or the broad and noble river, through whose glad waters rides Commerce, bearing on her wings the blessings of peace, and fanned by the breath of prosperity, or old Ocean himself, except when he's "veiled and perplexed, in a mighty great wonderful, thunderful passion, as Mrs Malowney said to her potatoes, when they boiled over and put out the turf"

**CANTAB** Very poetical! But why go off at an Irish tangent from the sublime to the ridiculous?

**WHISKEY-DRINKER** Because you are most ridiculously stopping the circulating medium of the sublime, so I'll trouble you to pass me the "Ars Rhetorica, which neither Longinus nor Quintilian knew anything about. Touching cold water, did you ever read Casimir's beautiful ode to his native fountain?

**CANTAB** I have, and a very beautiful one it is. It is a pity we have not got a translation of it.

**WHISKEY-DRINKER** I'm your man for that little trifle. Give me your most polite attention, whilst the sweet numbers fall upon your ears like the trickling of living drops from the rocks of Cyrrha

## Ad Fontem Sonam,

IN PATRIO FUNDO, DUM ROMÆ REDIISSET

Fons innocentæ lucidus magis vitro  
 Puræque purior nive,  
 Pagi voluptas, una Nympharum sitis  
 Ocelle natalis soli,  
 Longis viarum languidus laboribus  
 Et mole curarum gravis  
 Thuscis ab usque gentibus redux, tibi  
 Achine prosterno latus  
 Permite siccus, quia potes, premi, cavâ  
 Permite libri manu

Sic te quietum nulla perturbet pecus  
 Ramisque lapsus arbore  
 Sic dum loquaci prata garritu secas,  
 Et lætus audiri salis,  
 Assibulantes populetorum comæ  
 Ingrata ponant murmura  
 Tibi, lyreque Vatis haud frustra sacer  
 Nam si quid URBANUS probat  
 Olim fluenti lene Blandusiæ nihil  
 Aut Sirmioni debeas

## The Poet to the Fountain of Sona,

ON HIS PATERNAL FARM, AFTER HIS RETURN FROM ROME

Fountain, whose sweet waters flow  
 Purer than the purest snow  
 Sparkling with reflective light,  
 Than a mirror's far more bright,  
 Hail to thee, the hamlet's pride!  
 Blessings on thy mossy side—  
 Where the Naiads drink the wave,  
 And their light limbs gently lave!  
 Eyelet of my parent earth,  
 Watering my place of birth,  
 Pity me, with travel worn!  
 Many a league with care forlorn,  
 I have come from Italy,  
 Fountain to revisit thee!  
 Let me stretch my weary side  
 Mid the wild flowers by thy side  
 Let me cool my parch'd lips, and  
 Pledge thee in my hollow hand!

May no flocks with footsteps rude  
 Desecrate thy solitude!  
 May no fallen branch of tree  
 Ruffle thy tranquillity!  
 Whilst the meads your waves divide,  
 Murmuring, sparkling as they glide,  
 May the poplars whistling shroud  
 And the vocal winds be still  
 List'ning to thy song and mine,  
 Which shall make thee all divine  
 If my URBAN bless thy name  
 Thou art concenter to fame,  
 Old Blandusia's wave of glory  
 Henceforth shall not thine surpass,  
 Nor the scenes through which you flow  
 Yield to classic Sirmio

At this stage of the entertainment the Whiskey-Drinker's hand-  
 maiden enters, with "Please, sir, Mr O Daly is below," upon which  
 intimation she receives brief instructions to "*romp up the paper*"  
 Shortly afterwards a heavy step is heard near, and more near, ad-  
 vancing up the winding stair, accompanied by the eccentric sibilan-  
 tion of one who had evidently whistled at the plough, to the air of  
 "Moll Roe in the morning" The anabasis accomplished, a hoarse  
 voice, less indistinct as it approaches along the corridor, trolls mer-  
 rily,

"In winter 'tis you makes me warm and hearty,  
 In summer, my dailing, you cools me like ice,  
 Coming home from a wake or a gay jolly party,  
 Ooh, sweet '*duch an durris*' I likes your advice!"  
 Rí toor, lá loo rí toory lá loory lá,  
 Rí toory lá loory, rí toory lá lay—ah!"

After which the door opens, and, striding into the apartment with  
 the gay air and free carriage of one of Nature's troubadours, appears a  
 remarkably fine-looking young man tall in stature, and straight as a  
 pine tree of Mount Ida, with black hair, whiskers ditto, and eyes to  
 match, a green kerchief, carelessly tied in a sailor's knot, round his  
 noble throat, which it leaves freely revealed, a dark blue coat, with  
 gilt buttons, white swansdown waistcoat, with a shamrock deftly

worked thereon, and fawn-coloured cassimirs indispensable. This splendid specimen of the dark Irishman of Iberian blood, fixing on the welcoming host his laughing eye, and stretching towards him a hand as large as a leg of mutton, which is grasped in reciprocation, *sic inde loquitur*

O DALY Och, Master Pat, Master Pat, wasn't to-night a proud day for ould Ireland?

WHISKEY-DRINKER O Daly, my fine fellow, I'm glad to see you, late or early. Help yourself to the large horn goblet bound in silver, with the ponderous wooden sugar-smasher in it, standing like a pestle and mortar on the top of the dumb-waiter, and bring your keel to an anchor in the harbour of that vacant easy-chair. Here's the saccharine, and here's the scald, and here's the *ransin*. Fill up your chalice, and tell us all about it. You look as if you had been at a dance.

O DALY At a dance! No, nor a wake either. Bad manners to you, Master Pat, wasn't I at the dinner?

WHISKEY-DRINKER What dinner?

O DALY What dinner? Why, Dan's, to be sure. What dinner! And that's the cowl'd way you ask all about the glorious news. What dinner, indeed! Och mille murda! This is wonderful fine drinking, anyhow, and mighty comfortable and conveyment to warm one's throat after all the cowl'd wine I tuk in drinking the Queen's health and Dan's, and hob-nobbing wid the ladies.

CANTAB It was a grand affair, then, Mr O Daly, this banquet at Covent Garden to your liberator?

O DALY Troth, you may say that, ma vouchalleen. Emancipation was a fool, the three days of July all blatherumskite, and the battle of Anghrim only a cock-fight to it.

WHISKEY-DRINKER But I thought *you* could not with propriety, nor indeed with safety, go to a political meeting, as the Queen's piper. You are a ministerial personage.

CANTAB Oh, is Mr O Daly the celebrated Terry the piper, who played before her Majesty and the French court, at the Château D'Eu?

O DALY The very same, and at your service, sir, but not *piper*, if you please. I have the honour and felicity to be her Majesty's court musicianer, by royal appointment, ramed, glazed, and hung up in the windy.

WHISKEY-DRINKER Are you quite sure that it may not turn out unpleasantly for you, in case of its being heard in the highest quarter of the realm that you interfere in politics?

O DALY Lave me alone for that. Sure there was no politics to be broached, barring in friendship, and no more there wasn't at all at all, barring the fun of the thing, and, whether there was or not, maybe I wasn't sent there to bring home the news of what Dan tould the people.

CANTAB What, to the palace?

O DALY And where else? Every inch of the way, and every word that was said.

WHISKEY-DRINKER I suppose you can favour us with a recital by way of a full dress rehearsal.

O DALY I suppose I can, and I suppose I must. Well, there was the world's wonder, and no end of people there, and them that

cleaned the trenchers in the pit were remarkably well-dressed, day-cent men, some with white cravats, and some with black, and some with Donnybrooks, like myself, but the most gentlemanly part of the congregation was the ladies in the booths, which I was tould they call the boxes. Such grandeur, such dresses, such raal quality, such beauty, my jewel, such burgamot, such owdycolony, such lilies and roses, such jullyflowers, and such white pocket-handkerchiefs! There was one purty crather in the stage-booth, on the left-hand side of the chairman, dressed in white muslin, as tall as a queen-lily, and her hair black and shining like the raven's wing, and her eye darting fire like a basilisk, that you might light your pipe at it, and her beautiful arms as white as an egg-shell, and she stood up almost the whole time, and clapped her little hands, and waived her delicate bit of white fringe, and enjoyed herself like a thrue pathriot when Dan was laying down the law to us, and deliverin' his noration. Troth I couldn't ate my dinner comfortably, gazing at her till the tears came into my eyes, though I drank the more. And, says I, "Young woman, you're the bright Phaynix of the world," says I, "and I wish that one Terry O Daly was an aigle of nobility for *your* sake and *his own*, poor boy!" says I. And with that the trumpets cried out, loo ra loo! loo ra loo! too ra loo ra loo ra loo! the same as they call the soddgers home to barracks, or the bugle-call at break of day. And a fat little chap behind the chair roared out like a lion, "Fill up, you divils, and bad luck to the daylight, says he, "the chur is going for to discourse yez. And then Tommy Duncombe, the mimber for Funsbery, spoke up for the ould country like a Briton, and he tould us he had always a regard for *Granuail*, although he never saw her purty face, and says he, "The Queen, God bless her, is Queen of Ireland as well as the rest of the world, and she'll go next summer and see Paddy's land. And why not? for who is to purvint her?" says Tom. "And thin," says he, "the ruction would be quashed as aisy as anything, aisy as shelling pays or drinkin' ould whiskey, and people would have payce and quiet, and the Queen's sarvints and horses would spind money there," says he, "and make the mare go, and do good to thrade. And as for my friend, Dan," says he, "I'd like to see the man that'll lay the tip of his little finger on the tip-top curl of his brown wig—Hookey Walker!—my eye and Betty Martin! So let us give ninety times nine for Dan," says bowld rathin' Tommy Duncombe. Ah! then if you could only see the sight, such a storm of delight, such a regular whirlpool of enchusiasm, the men dancin' and jumpin', and crying hurroo! and the ladies waving their shawls and pocket-handkerchiefs, and the fuglemen, with the trombones, cried out "Silence!" and made more noise themselves than the rest of the place put together. Well, then, my jewels, Dan got up at last, and began to talk to them in his own sweet, soft butther-em-up and shidder-em-down accintuation, and he said he never saw such a gathering of the boys and girls afore in his born days, and that he'd go to jail or to Jericho for twenty years to see the likes agin. But when he began to throw the soft sawdher into the ladies laps, and to talk about angels, and seraphs, and diamond-eyes, and the terrustrial paradise, the darling beauties of the world cried out as how they couldn't hear him, bekaise he was too far aff, and may be they didn't want to see all that was of him besides, for,



d ye see, you couldn't see no more of him than from his chest, or, at most, his waistband up. So out they had him, and up they had him on top of a dale table in the face of the country, and he looked as fresh as a three-year-owld, red and rosy, in a rifle-green frock, and a boa-constrictor round his neck. Every now and then, when he was going to give something good, he gave a twist to the curls of his brown wig, as much as to say to his innimies, "Take care of your corns, for I'm going for to be down on the top of yez. I was just undher him, do ye see, and swallowed every word that dropt from him as sweet and beautiful as the blessed dew in my father's green fields of a May-day morning. And sure they all listened to him, Sassenachs though they were, and the men were going mad wid joy, and as for the women, they cried sometimes, and then laughed away the drops that came trickling down, and then cried again. And sure we all made it up, as the little boys do at school, and we said we'd call each other no dirty nicknames no more, and nothing happened to disturb our jocularity, but a great fat fellow just opposite me that interrupted Dan, and wanted him to say something about the ninety-nine pints of the charter and unyvarsal suffrance, and I said to him, "Howld your plate," says I, "or I'll jump down your throat, you uncommon omedhaun," says I. "You'd have no room there, Paddy, if you did," says a smart young gentleman on my right, "bekaise he's choke-full to the chin already with grubbery, and no more room for inside passengers," says he. "But sure we'd make room for a wisp in the baste's mouth," says I, "and, if we dipped it in whiskey, may be he wouldn't have no objections," says I, giving back my young joker his shuttlecock as spruce as he sent it. Well, d ye see, Dan went on talking music to them as sweet as my own pipes when they play Aillean Aroon, or Paddy Whack, or some other complaintive ditty for the Queen, and he tould them that the music of his voice would be sung upon the wings of the steam-press to the four quarters of the Europeyan world, and to Amerikay, and wherever the English lingo was heard, spoken, interpreted, and understood. And says he, "We've all made up," says he. "There's no difference betwuxt the two countries now, barring the accent, and I think Paddy's is the right one, after all, although it may be sometimes too loud. Yez are all brave and hearty chaps, and able to bate the world before yez, and don't yez like to see a man stand up like a man, and speak out loud when he has got anything to say," says Dan, says he, "and sure all I said," says he, "was, that we never had luck, nor grace, nor payce, nor comfort in the ould country, since Billy Pitt stole away the Union in a tin box from the Pigeon House, and I'll say so till I die," says he. "Sure locking me up won't take any shavings off my lips, nor file the rough edge off my tongue, nor stick a pin-hole in my bellows, nor take the fire out of the ould man," says he, "but I'm not there yet," says he, putting his finger to his nose, "and if I am, I must go through it," says he, "and die game to the last," says he, "for, as Homer observes most beautifully," says he,

"What though we soon must go to quod,  
Where pathriots went before,  
Yet in the cell as on the sod,  
We're Paddies evermore!"

"And if I do go," says Dan, "sure I'll be with the best of company,

and have as regular a staff of follyers as Bonnyparte had in the island of Saint Helena I ll have Father Tierney for my chaplain, and Doctor Gray for my physicianer, and my darling son, John, for my seckretary, and Ray for my purse-bearer, and Tom Steele for my hunchman, and Dick Barrett for my historian, and the Nation man for my poet, and all I ll want, then, would be a blind harper, to make me as merry as an Irish King, as great as Ollam Fodhla, or Brian Boroo ! Well, when he threw out that insinivation, d ye see, I was just at that minute on the pop of saying to him, " If an Irish piper, sir, would do as well, you wouldn't have to go far to borry him ;" but I thought of my snug warm place, and the grandher of my new sitivation, and says I to myself, " Terry O Daly, you ve as good a right to be a good boy, and take care of yourself, as Mister Shiel, or Mister Wyse of Watherford, or Mister Moore O Farrel, or any other of the Catholic gentlemen who held places under government, like yourself, and didn't come to the dinner, or, if they did, sure they howld their tongues, or hide themselves behind the curtains in the boxes So, d ye see, I kept my under-jaw close, and said nothing to nobody And now, to make a long story short, that's all I recollect of Dan's speech, for I m getting quite obtuskificated like d ye see, and my jaws are as dry as a lime-burner's galligaskins Musha, this is a fine big tumbler, Master Pat, made out of a cow's heel, or a ram's horn, maybe, but I wondher where all the licker is gone to that was in it when I began my shanaghus ?

WHISKEY-DRINKER Fill agun, tue son of Apollo, and take another Havannah, for the one you have been essaying to puff at intervals you have allowed to go out, and have relit it at least fifty times

CANTAB I am afraid, Mr O Daly, that if you give her Majesty and the royal circle the same version of O Connell's speech as you have just given to us, they will find it not exactly the same as the reports of it in the morning papers

ODALY And that's the reason I was sent to tell the truth to her Majesty and the Royal Circus, bekase, you see there's no believing the papers since the Kilrush Petty Session's man swore in open coort in Dublin, the othei day, that he gingered his reports for the Cockneys

WHISKY-DRINKER O Daly alludes to a witness examined on the late state trials

CANTAB Your own account, however, of the scene you have just witnessed, Mr O Daly is rather a spicy one

ODALY Not half so spicy as that shaver's What do you think of him telling a story once about a m in being summoned before the justices for a brayche of the payce, for damaging the eye-sight of a neighbour's bull, by flinging a fistful of snuff in his eyes to stop his bawlin and roarin', which was disturbin the neighbours And so, when the bull got the snuff in his eyes, he comminced for to sneeze, in coorse, and to roar wid the pain in his eyes, which was blinded up like a bat's, and the wather came down his nostrils in pailfuls, and he danced about, quite mad, and why wouldn't he, poor baste ! for he couldn't help it, says the Kilush man, bekase bulls don't carry pocket-handkerchiefs Who could depind upon such chaps, after that ?

CANTAB So you don't like spice ?

ODALY Troth, I don't, only a little shake-down of black-pep per on a dish of butthered turnips, or an Irish s-t phew !

CANTAB An Irish what ?

WHISKEY-DRINKER An Irish stew You must whistle it, as you do the name of your present master of Trin Col Cam Some names must be sneezed, some laughed, and some whistled

CANTAB And an Irish stew is a capital system, almost as good a thing as an Irish song Could you not favour us, Mr O Daly, with a stave, and if you feel the want of your instrument to cheer you on, your worthy foster-brother will turn round to the Broadwood to assist you

O DALY Troth, I would sir, and welcome, but, you see, I m as hoarse as Moll Rooney's pig, cheering and shouting for Dan, and more, betoken, I m to sing for the coort at the next levy, so I must be sparín' of my voice, *ma vich*, for that and my musical instrument is my stock-in thrade, d ye see There s Master Pat sings like a thrush in a bush, or a green linnet in a bunch of briars, and he ll rise the cockles of your heart with that beautiful song upon the whiskey with which he playes the ladies when he goes out into private society

WHISKEY-DRINKER Did you never hear it ?

CANTAB Not that I recollect

WHISKEY-DRINKER What, not remember Ben Morgan singing at his snug little public in Maiden Lane some years ago ?

CANTAB No, I can't say that I do, but let us have it

The Drinker turns to the piano, and having taken a racy Irish flight among the top-notes of the treble, and rolled out an equal number of responsive harmonies in the bass, after the manner—to use his own words—of a cat playing a fiddle, he thus debouched into the vocal department

### A Merry and Marvellous Ditty on the Mountain Dew

Air—*Fill the bumper full*

Whiskey—drink divine !  
Why should driv llers bore us  
With the praise of wine,  
Whilst we vi thee before us '  
Were it not a shame,  
Whilst we gaily fling thee  
To our lips of flame,  
If, we would not sing thee '

CHORUS

Whiskey—drink divine !  
Why should driv llers bore us  
With the praise of wine  
Whilst we've thee before us ?

Greek and Roman sung  
Chian and Kalernian,  
Shall no harp be strung  
To thy praise Hibernian '  
Yes, let Erin's sons,  
Generous, brave, and frisky,  
Tell the world at once  
They owe it to their whiskey '  
Whiskey—drink divine ! &c

If Anacreon, who  
Was the grapes best poet,  
Drank the Mountain Dew,  
How his verse would show it '  
As the best then known,  
He to wine was civil,  
Had he Innishowen  
He'd pitch wine to the devil '  
Whiskey—drink divine ! &c

Bright as Beauty's eye  
When no sorrow veils it,  
Sweet as Beauty's sigh  
When Young Love inhales it,  
Come thou, to my lip '  
Come, oh rich in blisses '  
Every drop I sip  
Seems a shower of kisses '  
Whiskey—drink divine ! &c

Could my feeble lays  
Half thy virtues number,  
A whole grove of bays  
Should my brows encumber

Be his name adored  
Who summ'd up thy merits  
In one little word,  
When he called thee "SPERRITS!"  
Whiskey—drink divine! &c

And when tyrant Death's  
Arrows shall transfix you,  
Let your latest breaths  
Be "Whiskey! whiskey! whiskey!!"  
key!!!"

## CHORUS

Send it gaily round  
Life would be no pleasure  
If we had not found  
This immortal treasure

Whiskey—drink divine!  
Why should driv'lers bore us  
With the praise of wine  
Whilst we've thee before us?

There's a bacchanalian lilt for you, worth ten thousand namby-pambyisms about cape wine, and luke-warm wather

CANTAB By the body of Bacchus, it is one of the best I have ever heard on the all inspiring subject Whose is it?

WHISKEY-DRINKER It was written by a very worthy and gifted friend of mine a distinguished member of the public press He would write more such songs as the one I have just sung, and by all the nine Muses, and Apollo to boot, there is great room for a good song-writer in these days of lyrical charlatanism, but that he has not time, nor, perhaps, inclination, if he had time, for the never-ending and all-wasting avocations of the daily press takes the fire out of many a poetic spirit that might otherwise have burned with a worshipped light, and taken its place among the stars

CANTAB I am one of those who think, now that literary pensions have been granted, that the reporters, at least, who have attended parliament for the great morning journals for twenty years ought to be pensioned liberally by the nation, to enable them to spend the rest of their days in ease and comfort But, with respect to the fine song which I have just heard, it is a pity it is not better known

WHISKY-DRINKER And I am determined that it shall be, and universally known too, for I have metamorphosed it into the language which once gave laws to the nations of the earth, and is still understood and cherished by every educated drinker in creation Listen, Saxon, with all your ears!

## Ad Rorem Montanum Bithyrambus

VITÆ Ros divine!  
Vinum quis laudaret  
Te præsentē—quis  
Palnam Vino daret?  
Proh pudor! immemores  
Tui, dum te libamus,  
Ore flammato tuos  
Honores non canamus?

## CHORUS

Vitr Ros divine!  
Vinum quis laudaret  
Te præsentē—quis  
Palnam vino daret?  
Veteres Falernum  
Cuiumque laudavere,  
De te nefas filios  
Hibernice silere!  
Nam fortes et protervi  
Hibernice habentur,  
Ibique hīs virtutes  
Debere confitentur  
VITÆ Ros divine! &c

Tenus Lyæi  
Cecinit honorem,  
Cecinisset dulcius  
Montanum ille Rorem!  
HORDEARIUM si  
Forte libavisset  
Ad inferos Lyæum,  
Anacreon misisset!  
VITÆ Ros divine! &c

Clarior ocello  
Veneris ridente,  
Suavior suspirio,  
Cupidine præsentē!  
Luceat beatis  
Te labris applicare,  
Imbrem et basiorum  
Guttatim delibare!  
VITÆ Ros divine! &c

Versibus pusillis  
Si satis te laudarem,  
Lauro Apollinari  
Hæc tempora celarem

Faustus ille semper  
Sit, et honoratus,  
A quo "SPIRITUS" tu  
Merito vocatus!  
VITÆ Ros divine! &c

Ordine potemus  
Festivo recumbentes,  
Cur vivere optemus  
Hoc munere egentēs?

Cum te Libitina  
Telo vulnerabit  
"Nectar! Nectar!" spiritus  
Deficiens clamabit!

## CHORUS

VITÆ Ros divine!  
Vinum quis laudaret  
Te præsente—quis  
Palmam vino daret?

Will that do, boy?

CANTAB Supremely well, brave drinker of the dew

O DALY The English of the matter is the thing for my money, as I wasn't educated for the church, and the only bit of Latin I know is "*Dominus vobiscum*," which, now that I mind me, they didn't sing after dinner this evening at the Convent Garden playhouse

WHISKY-DRINKER "Non nobis Domine" you mean, the usual chaunt after meat

O DALY Well, sure it's all the same, the one, I'm tould, means, the Lord be with yez, and the other says, "No, he won't, and where's the differ, but this will never do, I'm to be up in the morning early, to give the Prince of Wales his lesson in Irish, and after that to practice my variations on Prince Albert's march, and after that to call on the little broth-of-a-boy that you call the Irish Phygus—Mr Johnny Jones, the skulphtherer, that staking Dan's burst in Irish marble, I promised to stand for him as one of the Grecian statties, representing the man of the people as Phayton driving an Irish curicle through the air, and setting the world in a blaze

WHISKY-DRINKER Good night, my boy, and do you hear me, O Daly, have your pipes in readiness, for I mean to introduce you to some distinguished friends in these apartments some night before long

O DALY Very well, sir, I'm the boy for bewitching them. So come along, Mister Englishman, your honour, if you're for the street, and want a safe convoy.

CANTAB Indeed it's high time for all but irredeemable night-crows, and birds of ill omen, to retire to their roosts

WHISKY-DRINKER No! no!

"Fly not yet 'tis just the hour

CANTAB Say rather

"Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite capellæ"

O DALY I wish they taught me Latin instead of the pipes, and I'd be a mumber of Pailymint, but come along, su, I can match you in sweet poethry

[Going down the stairs rather irregularly, and chaunting the following strange version of "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut" in an undeniable Irish brogue—

Och! it is the moon, I sees her horns,  
That shining in the West, d'ye see  
She's goin' to bed, and it's time to go home  
To our wives, and quit the companee!]

## THE DIVAN

## "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" AT THE HAYMARKET

QUITE a new view of theatrical affairs, and an immense field for practical economy in their management has been lately opened by the production of "*The Taming of the Shrew*" at the Haymarket Theatre, the comedy being acted throughout without the aid of scenery, whilst the localities the characters are supposed to occupy indicated by the simple but ingenious process of exhibiting a scroll inscribed in fair capitals with "*A public place in Padua*," "*A chamber in Hortensio's house*," &c &c What a brilliant thought was this, fraught with a long vista of retrénclements in theatrical expenditure worthy the brain of that great human save-all, Joe Hume! Here, at one blow, by the substitution of a contrivance beautiful in its simplicity, the whole army of scene-painters, carpenters, and shifters, are ingeniously swamped.

Nor must we see in it merely the stroke of an artful economist. There is more than this, there is a knowledge of philosophic truths, and an acuteness of deduction, which in this dull age is not often met with. The pleasures of imagination are great, Rogers has sung them, all have felt them, but it was left to the logical appreciation of the Haymarket manager to see that the pleasure would be greatest of all when all was left to the imagination. We trust that this doctrine will not have been promulgated in vain, and that it will have speedy followers. Easter is at hand, with its accompanying spectacles. Let managers seize the bright idea, and, to use a nautical phrase, "let go their painters, turn off their scene-shifters to shift for themselves, and trust to the imagination of the public. They may now produce the most gorgeous spectacles, utterly regardless of the expense, which, according to the new system, will be exactly nothing. Scenic effects of the most novel and complicated character may be got up,—that is, got over,—by a simple series of scrolls, and an appeal to the public to do themselves the pleasure of exerting their imaginations vigorously. More than this, the system may embrace in its sweep even the human accessories, and render the supernumeraries superfluous, for, does the manager wish, as in the "*Beauty of Ghent*," to introduce a "*grand analogous procession*," let him write up that the same is supposed to cross the stage at some particular moment, and, with the aid of a little lively music, each spectator will be enabled to carry out his own idea of an "analogous procession to his own satisfaction, thus avoiding all disappointments as to the effect.

We are not sure, indeed, that a still further application of this most pregnant thought may not be made in the matter of costumes. The actors might appear in their own clothes, and wear labels disposed in different parts of their persons, announcing what particular kind of raiment is supposed to cover them, as, for instance, "*A slashed doublet of fine green velvet*," "*A Spanish hat, with beautiful ostrich feathers*," "*A handsome pair of scarlet hose*." This, at the same time that it effected an immense saving, would produce a very striking *coup d'œil*. In fact, there is no knowing to what extent this noble confidence in the powers of imagination may be carried. It may one day, perhaps, in

its career of retrenchments, include even the profits of managers, the imagination of the public being at last educated to so high a point that they may be able to read a play at home, and fancy themselves at the theatre. Nevertheless, to the inventor of inscriptions in the place of scenery, honour is due. We believe there is in France, or somewhere, an "Academy of Inscriptions," Mr Webster ought decidedly to be elected an honorary member thereof

## A SONG FOR THE SEASON

That season at last is beginning  
Which Thomson knew nothing  
about  
The waltzers look forward to spinning  
Young ladies to being brought out  
The *Polka* has not yet come over,  
(*Caliguaní* says naught else goes  
down,)   
Twill soon cross the rough Straits of  
Dover,  
Via Folkestone and Tonbridge, to  
town

Our fair little Queen is intending  
Along with her excellent spouse,  
On Brighton no longer depending,  
To seek the sea breezes at Cowes  
The pepper box palace unsightly  
Will then be most likely pulled down,  
And streets in its stead if built rightlv,  
Confer a new grace on the town,

The Opera advertised Zampa,  
Fornasari was law bound, and ill,  
And so the first night was a damper,  
Which left an unfortunate chill  
*Adelina's* notes fail'd to charm us,  
Until, with her Circe like wiles,  
Forth bounded Carlotta to warm us,  
And banish the gloom by her smiles

The ballet's enormously pretty  
Five *tableaux*, or acts — they're the  
same,  
Shew scenes in the *moyen age* city,  
Which Hugo has handed to fame  
And *Adelaide Frasi, la bella*  
With wonderful eyes, black as coal  
I wish an acquaintance would tell her  
To dance with a little more soul

Still she's lovely — ~~from~~ under her  
lashes  
(As Buckstone would say "Oh!"  
them eyes!)  
Did you ever? I never! — there flashes  
A brightness that language defines  
We're glad Mr Lumley has got her,  
The "omnibus" he utters to enthrall,  
But still she don't equal Carlotta,  
The loveliest — first of them all

Miss Edwards (*Signora Favanti*)  
Has made a successful *debut*,  
Though most of the real *dilettanti*  
Assert that she never can do  
She was called for, and kind friends ap-  
plauded,  
But yet we're obliged to confess  
Her powers have been over lauded,  
In spite of the whole of the press

The "Venice," of which a description  
We gave, is packed off in its stead  
They shew, in the Hall that's "Egyptian,"  
A dwarf, at a shilling a head  
We may see at the Chinese Collection  
The "Feast of the Lanterns" at  
night  
And the paradox learn, by inspection,  
That their heaviest outlay is light

And Balfe's "Marble Halls" is the song  
At every rout we've attended  
And Burford has painted Hong Kong  
And Duprez's engagement has ended  
And swarms of fresh books are just  
printed,  
Too often to lie on their shelves  
So, least such a fate should be hinted,  
We think we will finish ourselves!

## STREET PLACARDS

There is not a feature in the present physiognomy of London more remarkable than those vast surfaces of variegated type that flare and flaunt upon every wall and hording which the work of destruction or improvement places at the mercy of the bill-sticker. Nor are these

only confined to the walls they are seen parading with slow and pompous pace, through every thoroughfare, screaming, as it were, into one's eyes their startling announcements of "POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHTS!" their peremptory interrogations of "HAVE YOU SEEN any temporary marvel? or their friendly counsel "TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY"

This method of taking the attention by storm, by attacking it with tremendous broadsides from the walls, or exposing it to a volley from a small boarding party of about thirty-two, is growing to such a frightful extent, and the divers claimants to public notice appear to be endeavouring to trump each other in the dimensions of their placards, with such ferocity that for our parts we firmly believe London will one day be fairly "burked" with one of Monsieur Jullien's posters. As it is, to read an advertisement of his promenade concerts involves a little promenade in itself from one end of the bill to the other. What advantage is to be gained by the gigantic size of these bills is not apparent, unless they are meant to terrify the passenger into immediately rushing to the box-office, and purchasing a ticket. As to ourselves, they have a directly contrary effect. We believe that the worst things are always the best advertised; or, to use the old adage, that *the weakest always goes to the wall*.

Among the most striking of street-advertisements, we think is that of a cheap tailor, consisting of a curiously-constructed locomotive, round which are disposed in niches figures of gentlemen attired in fashionable garments of superfine saxony, and a little boy in a skeleton suit, standing up by the driver. At first we were struck with horror at the sight for, as they are all singularly deprived of their heads, we imagined that they were beheaded traitors, exhibited as a solemn warning, and that the driver was the public executioner. When, however, the project was explained, we admired its ingenuity. We are astonished that amongst his numerous contrivances to attract public notice, M Jullien has never adopted that which is occasionally employed by the managers of ambulating circuses, and paraded the streets in an ornamental van with a portion of his band, occasionally treating the public to a gratuitous performance, and distributing the bills of the day.

Some years ago two or three caricatures were published, exhibiting a hording covered with bills, in which the cross-readings afforded by the posters were ludicrous enough. They were ingeniously arranged, but too artificially so to be correct. The dead walls in themselves afford much better matter for consideration they are the type of the metropolis and its competitions. It has been well said, he must labour hard who would lift his head above the common herd in London. The success of one party is too generally founded on the downfall of another. The large placard attracts notice by overwhelming all the smaller ones about it, and the bills of widely-different enterprises follow the same anomalous arrangement as do the various undertakings and affairs of the great city, where life and death, pleasure and misery, affluence and starvation, walk hand-in-hand, and jostle one another upon the pavements. Walk to the city, and on your way to an excellent dinner at Markwell's, stop for an instant at the hording which now surrounds the Royal Exchange. You will see a large, "illuminated" placard, in which the names of DUPREZ, FLEURY, and ALBERT, are conspicuous, advertising the opera and ballet on the same evening, and



setting forth "the greatest attraction ever offered in one night. Immediately at the side of this is a small poster not a foot square. The ornamental portion of the theatrical bill forms a sort of border to one side of it, and it runs thus — "FOUND DROWNED, a young woman, about twenty-two years of age, near the Thames Tunnel, dressed in a black silk gown, straw-bonnet, and black jean boots. Linen marked 'F S'. Hair long, and dark-brown, and a slight scar on the forehead. The body lies, &c &c. Close to this is an advertisement of a sale of "SPRING FASHIONS" from some house in the Borough, encroaching on that of a bankrupt's stock of wine, and half covered by this last, a list of prices for interment at some suburban cemetery,—a sickening proof that there is vanity in the tomb, from the "brick grave and desk service" to the "private catacomb. Over this is the announcement of a little "child lost, on a small, ill-printed bill, and, from the address given, evidently of poor parents. At its side a scarlet placard of "MR JOHN PARRY every night at the Haymarket, with his celebrated *buffo* scenes," and adjoining it a gasping *affiche* of "DISEASED LIVES ASSURED" at one of the thousand struggling offices.

But many of these placards are as singularly apposite in their chance arrangement, as they are, in other places, antithetical. There are several small blue bills, on which a gallant soldier is galloping furiously along upon horseback, pointing with his sword to some imaginary object of glory in front of him, and underneath we are told that "Several spirited young men are wanted immediately to complete a dishing corps in one of the Honourable East India Company's regiments. At its side, the poster of a Sunday newspaper promises its fearful details of the "SLAUGHTER IN INDIA, at the sanguinary capture of Gwalior. Then, close upon a reward offered for the capture of some one concerned in a late notorious case of swindling, is the information of a "COMMUNICATION BETWEEN FOIKESTON AND BOULOGNE by steamers working each tide. The remainder of the hording is covered by bills of actors' benefits, rude woodcuts of the principal scenes in some successful drama, and particulars of forthcoming auctions, amongst which the alleged facts of "GLORIOUS SUCCESS, and "EXTENSIVE FAILURE stand side by side. All these casual arrangements are far more worthy of attention than the most ingenious cross-readings they can be twisted into.

In truth, there is good philosophy now taught at a cheap rate by the street placards of London.

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#### A THEME WITH VARIATIONS

In this age of concerts, everybody knows what a theme with variations is in music, and how, by certain ingenious devices, a tune that goes "tum-tum-tum" can be altered so as to go "tum-titi, tum-titi, tum-titi," without losing its identity. We are much surprised that this notion has been confined to music, when it might be readily employed on other subjects. A joke, for instance, may be successfully told in one party, in a manner which would be immediate death to it elsewhere. The joker, therefore, having learned his joke, (*making one is now-a-days out of the question,*) should carefully study how to deliver it, so as to accord both with his own person and with the circum-

stances under which he designs to crack it. It would be no bad exercise if any one, intending to be funny, were to write down each of his good stories, &c., and then contrive a series of variations upon them, so as to be prepared for every emergency, and always avoid the wretched fate of those persons who repeat a joke that produces no laughter. We will give an example of our meaning, taking our theme from a collection of old English jests —

### Thema

When Maister Hobson's wife had many pyes in the oven one of his servants had stole one of them out and at the taverne had merlily eaten it. When the pye was missing Maister Hobson found out the stealer thereof in this maner. He cald all his servants in friendly sort together into the hall and caused each of them to drinke to one another till they were all drunke. Being set altogetheir he said "Why set you not downe fellows?" "We be set allready," quoth they. "Ay," quoth Maister Hobson, "he that stole the pye is not set yet." "Pox that I doe," quoth he that stole it, by which means he knew what was become of the pye.

### VARIATION I—LARGO MAESTOSO

[This will do for a stout old gentleman to tell at a City dinner or in the Clapham omnibus.]

That Hobson, sir, was a most eccentric person, sir. One of his domestics, sir, had one day purloined a pie, sir, which afforded him a repast at a neighbouring public house. Hobson, sir, missed his property, and felt confident that one of his menials had possessed himself of it, but he could not identify the culprit. So he seated all of them round a table and placed ardent liquors before them. The effect of this was that all the men became intoxicated. Hobson then coming to them said "Is your entire number seated here?" They all answered "It is." "No," said Hobson, "I differ from you, your assertion is incorrect: the man who made away with the pie is not seated." "I am indeed," replied the man, who had lost his presence of mind, in consequence of indulging in the ardent spirits. Thus you see, sir, Hobson discovered the wrong doer, and, in my opinion, displayed a great deal of shrewdness, and acumen.

### VARIATION II—PRESTO CON FUOCO

[This will do for a *gent* with cigar and in a Taghioni coat, to tell to a friend similarly accounted, at the supper table of a convivial night tavern.]

I say, did you ever hear of old Hobson and the pie? Devilish rum old chap. His servant you know, prigged a pie, and he could not tell what the deuce had become of it. He guessed it was one of the lot, but couldn't twig the right one. So what does he do but he calls in the whole *posse*, and stands something, mixed, all round made pretty stiff, you know. All got lusher, of course. So says he, "Are you all seated, my rum uns?" "All, the whole bling of us," said they. "Blowed if you are," said he, "the cove that prigged the pie has cut his lucky." "Devil a bit," says the one, "here I am and no mistake!" So you see old Hobson was down upon him. Deep card, eh? Ha! ha!

### VARIATION III—ALLEGRO GRAZIOSO

[This will do for a young lady to tell after tea.]

Really one can't help smiling, when one thinks what Mr Hobson did. So absurd! His servant had stolen a pie—could you imagine it?—so dishonest! He felt that it was one of the servants that had behaved in this shocking way but which it was he could not conjecture. So like him, you know! Well, he's the oddest creature—he gave them all a quantity of spirits and water, till the men became rather—rather—tipsy. He had made them all sit down—you know his way—so he said—so ridiculous— "Are you all seated?" They told him they were, so he said, "No you are not, 'he that stole the pie is not here.'" "Yes, I am," said the dishonest one, and so he was, of course. Only think!—the idea!

N B The above is just enough to indicate our plan and principles. But, as we are convinced of the importance of carrying those principles into execution, we (the Divan) hereby undertake, that if any one shall send us a joke in writing, and also the circumstances under which he intends to utter it, (post-paid,) together with five shillings of lawful money, we will so alter and modify the aforesaid joke, as to make it completely fitted for the aforesaid circumstances. But if the joke be found utterly impracticable, then we will return one half of the five shillings, retaining the other half for the great pain and labour bestowed in considering such a pleasure.

### A SUBAQUEOUS LANCY FAIR

The anniversary of the opening of the Thames Tunnel took place on the 25th of last month, and was celebrated with due festivity, chiefly in honour of the enterprising individual, who, although he actually took the bed of the Thames away from underneath him, and succeeded only by undermining his possessions, still, as a civil engineer, is entitled to every return of politeness. Separations are usually *a mensâ et thuro*, but in this case the river was only kept from the latter, or bed, the table (that of the tides) being beyond his control, although never forgetting its obedience to the decrees of the sovereignty, as within the civic jurisdiction, by being always moon influenced. The divorce was accomplished by his own court of arches, armed with a shaft and shield alone, he vanquished.

Our own ideas of "fancy furs" had always been connected with Edgington's marquees, dahlia-shows, lady patronesses, pretty girls, and two-guinea kettle-holders: therefore, we were somewhat curious to see how such a *fete* would go off in the Tunnel, at one penny admission, and travelled thither accordingly. Upon arriving at the bottom of the staircase we found there was no occasion to bring a well-stocked purse—the possession of a shilling would enable you to make many purchases from the stalls of "fancy articles, amongst which were included cold sausages, hot coffee, and pints of porter. But, low-priced as the things were, they did not appear to sell, people went there to look at, rather than buy them, so that, if Johnson's definition of a "fair" be true, viz "a stated meeting of buyers and sellers, we presume the festival had been named from being entirely a fancy, or imaginary fair, where no traffic of any kind took place.

But the stall-keepers were evidently an enterprising people in their way. Some decked their stands with artificial flowers, and others hung out alluring placards, several of which were very diverting. Half way down the avenues was a banner, on which was inscribed, in letters visible from a distance, "*This is the stall for fun and frolic*." We quickened our step, in anticipation of great diversion, but, on approaching, found the humour consisted in a dial weighing-machine, by which a very melancholy man was keeping watch, but nobody approached, at least, whilst we were there, and there was something so very forlorn in the appearance of this would be jocularly, that it had the effect of making us laugh involuntarily, and vindicating its claims to be considered as a source of merriment. Further on there was a small printing-press, with an enticing placard, on which we read,

"You may print your own Tunnel Newspaper for one penny," but the supply was fearfully beyond the demand. Then came the "Tunnel Coffee Shop and Eating House, with Tunnel cups, saucers, and cheese-plates, and, finally, to meet the scientific taste of the age, was a stall with nothing on it but a small electro magnetic apparatus. The bill of this stand was curious in its way, and ran as follows: "Persons electrified for one penny each, *mild shocks for ladies and children, twopence*. Whilst we were looking at it a navigator loomed up towards it, and then inquired of us, "What's that, young man?" Not being proud, we replied that it was an electrical apparatus. Our friend looked seriously at the little blue and crackling spark for a few minutes, and then turning to a fellow-sailor, observed, "That's the thing as all this tunnel was made by. What his exact notion of the power was, we could not exactly make out, no more than what he took it for."

At the foot of the Rotherhithe staircase was a "show, the only one that graced the fair. It was a small tent, containing a proportionately small dwarf, so limited in its accommodations, that it reminded one of being inside a four-post bedstead with the curtains drawn. The little gentleman was about forty years old, and attired in a clerical suit of black. He gave us his biography, marched up and down the tent, as far as the space permitted, and then brought round a tin-box for voluntary contributions, the master of the show informing us that such was his perquisite and private income. There was also a snake in the same exhibition, who shined the mystic *penetrabilia* behind a scrap of chintz-curtain with the dwarf. They appeared, however, to live together on terms of excellent fellowship. And, close to this was the temporary abode of an artist, who took black profiles for sixpence each, "neatly shaded with bronze, one shilling. It was worth while going to Wapping, had it only been to have seen a policeman at this temporary temple of the arts, who was having his likeness transferred to a card as a present to the lady of his choice. She was more taken up with the portrait than ever any culprit had been by the original.

#### AN ETYMOLOGICAL FABLE

A little child had left in a doorway, over against a pump, a bright pewter spoon, with which he had stirred his pap. For a while the spoon looked with admiration on the tall and lofty pump, and stared with excessive wonder when it swayed up and down its great iron arm. But soon, when it saw what came from the mouth of this pump, it broke out into a loud fit of laughter, and then said, grinning, (as when one sceth one's own face in a spoon,)

"Marry, thou art but an empty boaster and a vain. Thou holdest up thy head as if thou shouldst say, 'Lo, I am some one,' and raisest thine arse with excessive action, as if thou wert going to utter some worthy and mighty thing. But what is it that cometh from thy mouth? Simple water, without spirit or savour. Of a truth, I think every braggadocio and swashbuckler that weareth a proud aspect should be called a pump."

"Nay, look to thyself, Goodman Spoon," replied the pump, "and see whether thou, that speaketh lightly of the wit of others, hast so subtle a wit thyself. Store of dainties is set before thee, and thou plungest to the very bottom of the store, as though thou wouldest ac-

quire great wealth, yet what hast thou to show for it? Every simple child licketh from thee all thou hast acquired with great toil and labour, and thou remainest poor, and without good or possession. Truly, I think that he that laboureth to get wealth for others, and acquirith nought for himself, ought to be termed a 'spoon.'

While they were discoursing thus disdainfully, a fine woman and a stately passed them in the highway, bearing a costly muff. Hereupon the pump and the spoon did both laugh right lustily, and the pump said,

"Look at that senseless fur, it incloseth the hands of that lovely dame, yet doth it not press them, nor take of them any heed, but loll-eth listlessly and simply, as though it were hung upon a hook."

"Thou art right, friend pump," said the spoon, "and hast for once shown a shrewd wit. I think that every dull and senseless person should be called a muff."

A little maiden, who vended savoury fruits near the pump, narrated this converse to a small youth who cleansed chimneys, he told it to one that bore meats on his shoulder, who told it to divers. And therefore is it that they who are weak and of small understanding are called "pumps," "spoons," and "muffs," unto the present day.

## GUY'S CLIFF.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Quæ ipsa sedes est amenitatis

CAMDEN

THE heart loves solitude ' with what relief  
It turns from fading joys to pensive thought,  
From the light laugh, to sympathise with grief,  
And share the sorrows of a mind o'er-sought '  
As the worn traveller seeks some friendly stream  
To quench his thirst, and cool his feverish head  
So turn we from the world's distemper'd dream  
To Nature where her sweetest gifts are spread

\* At a short distance from the Guy's Cliff Mill is Guy's Cliff, which tradition asserts to have been the final resting place of England's redoubted hero Sir Guy, from whom in consequence, it derives its name.

St Dubricius (the first Archbishop of St David's) anterior to the Saxons built an oratory here, which he dedicated to St Mary Magdalene. unto which, long after, in the Saxon days, did a devout eremite repair who, finding the natural rock so proper for his cell and the pleasant grove wherewith it is backed yielding entertainment fit for solitude seated himself here. Which advantages invited also the famous Guy (sometime Earl of Warwick) after his notable achievement, having wearied himself from the deceitful pleasures of the world, to retire hither, where receiving ghostly comfort from that eremite, he abode to his death."

The reader will find a full account of the various deeds of prowess by Sir Guy, in the pages of the antiquary Dugdale, vide History of Warwick, in which they are related with an almost child like simplicity by that worthy chronicler whom it would be sacrilegious to doubt. Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, temp Hen 6th, instituted a chantry here for two priests, 'which should sing mass daily for the good estate of him, the said earl, and his lady.'

The late owner, Bertie Greatheed, Esq, has enriched the mansion with a numerous collection of paintings, the work of his own genius, some of a high order, and all displaying the marks of a master spirit. Intense application to such pursuits brought him to death at a very early age.

Shrine of romantic beauty ' who could view  
 With changeless aspect such a glorious home,  
 Or mark thy battlements of time worn hue,  
 Without a thought of what thou wert whilom !  
 The ivy mantling o'er the stately walls,  
 From which the fretted window archly peels,  
 A host of fancies to the mind recalls,  
 And adds a charm unto their weight of years '  
 From the vast woods that once enthroned thy site,  
 Where stood the hallow'd and sequester'd fane,  
 The mitred saint hath praised the God of Life  
 And lifted up his voice in choral strain '  
 The deep-toned masses for a soul's repose,  
 By hooded monks hath swept the midnight air,  
 And the sweet vesper hymn hath softly rose  
 On the calm breeze from this abode of prayer '  
 The ghostly fathers lived their day,—then slept  
 Within the bosom of the peaceful grave ,  
 An anchorite his lonely vigils held  
 In the rude confines of a mossy cave  
 Godly his life,—Fame spoke of him as one  
 Whose austere course was mark'd by pious deed,  
 Heav'n long had cherish'd as a favour'd son,  
 For whom eternal blessings were decreed '  
 Thither the warrior came from Jordan's shore,  
 To seek wise counsel of the holy man,  
 Renouncing all for superstitious lore,  
 And penitent, to close life's narrow span  
 Wife, home, and country the recluse forgot,  
 Intent to have his past offence forgiven,  
 And all that mortified his earthly lot  
 Was sweet, because it drew him nearer heaven '  
 Pierce through the folds of time behold the sage  
 Teach his grim proselyte in yonder glade ,  
 Low bend their knees then quivering lips engage  
 In supplicating 'neath the forest shade '  
 See the stout heart of knighthood almost break  
 In vain repentance for imagined sin,  
 And mark the tears upon his sunken cheek,  
 Whose soul of fire remorse had quench'd within '  
 And now the only habitant, he stands  
 The watcher by the hermit's lowly mound,  
 Whose days were number'd, and for whom his hands  
 Had scoop'd a resting place from out the ground,  
 His own scarce better—for the day's broad light  
 Shone dim and feebly on the rocky cell,  
 Where Guy, the hero once of bow'r and fight,  
 To earth ere long breath'd forth his own farewell  
 Ages have past , the cross and the stole,  
 The prelate's state hath lost its wonted sway ,  
 Through these huge chambers now no priestly cowl  
 Is seen to glide from out some covert way  
 No holy chaunt in solemn cadence swells  
 The woods are razed that echoed back the strains ,  
 No hermits in calm seclusion dwell,  
 Though contemplation stult all powerful reigns '  
 Ye whom a love for genius doth inspire,  
 To view portray'd the gems of rare design  
 Whose hearts reflect the master's touch of fire  
 And glow with rapture at the work divine '  
 Pause for a while in yonder hall to gaze  
 On those which mark the cultivated hand  
 Of one, who in the flower of his days,  
 Self-martyr'd, perish'd in Italia's clime '







## A Legend of Revolution.

(FROM THE GERMAN, OF COURSE)

BY ALFRED BUNN

Upon my soul it 's true,  
What 'll you lay it s a he ?

*Major Longbow*

I HERE 's not a doubt  
That Byron's Lord,—*id est*, the Poet,—  
When his high genius was a little mellow, •  
Was what they call a very funny fellow, •  
At least his writings show it,  
When you precisely know what they 're about,  
For instance, he says in *Don Juan*, "Revolution  
"Alone can save the earth from hell's pollution"

But doctors differ, as we know full well,  
For some maintain,  
In precept very plain,  
That revolution 's nothing else *but* "hell" •  
We 'll put the case before you, gentle reader,  
With all the cunning of a special pleader  
In his full practice,  
Stating exactly what the fact is  
Then say if it be what in your solution,  
'Tis most advisable that we and you shun !

We will not talk of kings,  
For they are call'd Ambassadors of Gods,  
Though they are buttle things,  
Shiver'd whene'er the infuriate rabble nods  
We 'll speak of household matters,  
Of all the ties •  
Which gaunt rebellion shatters,  
Where'er her pinion flies,—  
Kindred house, home, wife, mother, daughter,  
Swept down alike in one wild scene of slaughter,  
Where blood, uninterrupted, rolls like water !  
Youth, innocence, defiled,  
The parent and the child,  
Mow'd down without respect, as if, in play,  
Death and his scythe were making holiday !

The principle of all whom an *émancipator* empowers •  
Is to make *theirs* to-day what once was *ours*,—  
To level all distinctions, to bring down  
The worth of all things, from a copper to a crown,—  
To aim at every prize, and try to win 'em,  
And as for those who hold "the stocks," to put them in 'em  
This is some part of revolution's pastime,—  
At all events it *was*, the last time  
The Mob  
Thought it divine to kill, and right to rob !

*Ergo*—if in these days the world is quiet,  
 When monarchs reign supreme,  
 And when their subjects slum,  
 If not mislaid, to be averse to riot—  
 When nature's bounties all the globe embalm,  
 Making those blush who would disturb her calm,  
 If, in this bless'd estate, 'tis "revolution  
 "Alone can save the earth from hell & pollution,"  
 We should be glad (not being too particular)  
 Just of one word, wit or amicular,  
 To tell us *WHAT* can save it  
 From those who would enslave it,  
 From scenes of murder, rapine, and of terror,  
 Such as we've here described,—perhaps in error!

Without, then, even seeking to convince,  
 Or asking you *which* doctor's right or wrong,  
 What arguments to either side belong,  
 What scenes had pass'd *before*, or happen'd *since*,  
 We'll lead you into one which, you will see,  
 If it occur'd, took place in '93,  
 When *France* play'd tricks which other states thought scurv'y,  
 And tried to turn their kingdoms topsy-turvy,  
 And when Party display'd, what she's certain to do  
 "The madness of many for the gain of a few

The spot was one, the *PLACE DE GRAVE*\* they call,  
 And justly so, for 'tis the tomb of *Gaul*,—  
 And thereupon, as being quite select  
 A scaffold stood erect,  
 And, rising high in air, the rack  
 ("The guillotine  
 We mean)

Was, like the boards which bore it, clothed with black,  
 Soaked through with stains  
 Of human gore,—for, strange to say,  
 E'en in that awful day,  
 When those condemned to death *we* hung in chains,  
*France* hung her palaces of death in cloth, to prove  
 How much in all things *England* she's above  
 And if we thrash her every time we fight her,  
 In matters, of *gout*, or *blood*, she's much politer

'Twas a fearful sight of which we speak,  
 Not a star shone out upon heaven's cheek,  
 They were ill, the weather wise say, in doubt  
 Whether on earth if they ventured to stare  
 At the sanguined rivers billowing there,  
 The spray of the waves would not put them light out!

The city was hushed, and its places of death  
 Were, like a volcano out of breath,  
 •Reposing from action, in order to borrow  
 A little more force for the fun of the morrow!  
 The wine, which had streamed as freely and red  
 As though it were gore, had now muddled each head,  
 A calm is profound  
 Permeated around,  
 As if, though hotter its vengeance might wax,  
 There was not another wretch left for the axe!

\* Quere, *Girève*?—Printer's Devil

The drowsy guard  
 Were snoring hard,  
 The herdsman slept,  
 And if the grief of some one awake,  
 That terrible silence seemed to break,  
 It came from a broken heart, that wept  
 In desperate agony  
 Over those who were dead, or about to die !

On the night in question a German youth  
 Who lived on hypothesis rather than truth,  
 And who also lived in a street hard by,  
 And slept on a bed where 'twas hard to lie,  
 In a chamber (but that we shall tell you about  
 When we have resolved other matters of doubt,)   
 Who had visited Paris, to study the arts  
 But when quite "at home," why, he dwelt on the ~~Paris~~,  
 A pleasant abode, both extensive and airy,  
 Inhabited if not by Christians or Jews  
 By plenty of others, from devil to fury,  
 And possessing, in very fine weather, fine views !  
 There he one or two lakes for the web-footed elf,  
 There are plenty of trees, and a capital glen  
 For the funous Demon's banded men  
 Where the traveller is advised to take care of himself  
 If he's put it to hish,  
 There are plenty heron, and even GROUSE cannot match em,  
 If one could but invent any process to catch 'em,  
 And, better than all  
 That choice wind they call  
 Theameleon's dish

Well,—wandering home on this murky night  
 With thoughts so full of "the metaphysick,"  
 'Twas enough to give all the city the phthisick,  
 The mournful tone  
 Of a voice unknown  
 On his sensitive hearing chanced to alight,  
 Was it the wind  
 That sought in some hollow a shelter to find ?  
 Or was it a moan  
 From a re-opened grave of the spirit there  
 Wanting to take a little fresh air ?  
 — The devil a bit !  
 Twould the fancy strike  
 Of a sober person, as much more like  
 The groan of one fallen down in a fit  
 He hurried as fast as he could to the spot,  
 (The identical scene  
 Of the guillotine,)  
 And all preternatural matters forgot,  
 But the ground was so clammy, not having yet sipped  
 The moisture thereon that he nearly tripped  
 — 'Tis an odd sensation  
 In any—no matter whether the nation,  
 When thinking you're slipping about in mud,  
 To find it's a fellow creature's blood !!!  
 But this is an episode slightly comparative,  
 Which must not impede the course of our narrative —  
 At the foot of the fatal stairs which conducted  
 To yonder Engine,

By ingenuity so well constructed,  
 That, without any twinging,  
 Writhing, or gasps, or kicks,  
 Which vulgar hanging inflicts,  
 It can slice off your head,  
 Before you've any idea you're dead—  
 We say—on those stairs, by a dash of the moon,  
 Which had been fast asleep,  
 Or been playing bo-peep  
 I hrough in ebon cloud, hung up for a curtain  
 Our German youth felt pretty certain  
 A figure reclined, just got out of a swoon  
 He was perfectly right, and how high you may rate your  
 Ideas of science, yet one touch of nature  
 Will settle all questions regarding humanity,  
 Much sooner than doctrines that verge on insanity  
 Flesh and blood's the criterion,  
 And always has been, since the days of *Hyperion*!

I was a female form, and never had eye  
 Been permitted to gaze on such symmetry  
 On her ashen cheek  
 One livid streak  
 Of animation seem'd to stray,  
 And her hair was black  
 As the raven's back,  
 Strew'd o'er it in careless play,  
 Her bosom was white, and of course as pure,  
 As the snow on the mountains of *Ukasure*  
 Was painfully heaving  
 As if some grieving  
 Had robb'd that breast  
 Of its hallow'd rest  
 She was robed in velvet of jet, to betoken  
 The heart within it was utterly broken,—  
 And those exquisite arms,  
 Where nature had almost exhausted her charms,  
 Rich bracelets of gold presumed to deck,  
 And a *bandeau* of diamonds encircled her neck—  
 In short, she was beautiful,—and as he gazed  
 The student felt something much more than amazed,  
 And it would not a conjuror puzzle to tell  
 He was both beside *her*, and himself as well!

Is there ought I can do?" he frantic cried,  
 As the sister of sorrow despairingly sigh'd  
 "Is there any relief  
 To that cancer grief,  
 Consuming a thing so fair  
 Which an anxious heart  
 May dare to impute?  
 In short, if I'm not breaking  
 The rules of society,  
 Of decorum, or piety—  
 Or suspending attention,  
 Or a liberty taking,  
 May I ask what a lady of your condition  
 Can at such an hour be doing there?"

"I mourn for the dead,  
 She replied, in a voice whose tones seem'd to enter  
 His panting heart, and stick fast in its centre—

" In the ruthless fry  
 Of the bygone day,  
 On the spot where now ye stand,  
 By murder's purple hand,  
 My brother lost his head '  
 There is not a tie, how little the worth,  
 Which binds me now to this guilty earth,—  
 I have not a home, nor a friend  
 A sheltering hand to extend—  
 A fond one I left for this scene of strife  
 In the hope to save that brother's life —  
 And I ask but a boon you will not deny —  
 —To remain where I am, and here to die ! "

The student had no such idea, and so  
 He turn'd a deaf ear to this tale of woe  
 ' Not a friend, nor a home '—though you *hate* to t your brother,  
 I'll be to you one, and will find you the other  
 Leave this terrible place,  
 Envelop that form and face  
 In this cloak —In fact, o'er his fine  
 A sudden odd sort of tenderness came  
 The sight and scene like were dreary,  
 The lady was sad, and exceedingly weary  
 And probably peckish, and so he resolved  
 The duty to fill which upon him devolved  
 He raised her up, and by her side,  
 In a tone between pity and selfishness, cried,  
 " There are reasons you don't now see  
 For intrusting yourself to me  
 I've a room, and a trifle I think, to let  
 And a fire I'll make for those delicate feet,  
 And, should such inducements as these plead in vain,  
 There's one that will not—IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN ! "

" Have you sister, or mother '  
 The victim exclaim'd  
 " Neither one nor the other,  
 To own I'm ashamed ! "

She rose up with dignity, look'd him quite through,  
 To see if by chance any future she knew—  
 With the pride of her sex,  
 Quite enough to perplex  
 All logicians on earth, when the heart's in a tick  
 She then ventured to ask  
 " Do you think, *entre nous*, it would *really* be prudent  
 For me to go home with a young German student ? "

With a fancy highly wrought,  
 He spun'd it the very thought  
 ' Madam ! I hope *you* do not suspect  
 That honour on which I'm don't due to reflect —  
 Von Wumbuggem's name  
 That is well known to fame,  
 And, though people may bully it,  
 I would not sully it '  
 My apartments are snug, notwithstanding they're small,  
 But that's not consider'd a drawback at all,  
 Sufficiently warm for those who're rheumatic,  
 And for those who are not,  
 It's a fine open spot,  
 And classical too, for they're up in an attic !

Then, if on a delicate point I might verge,  
 'There's a lady to wait on you, call'd the *concierge*,  
 Mine '*ancien*,'—(from which appellation, 'twould seem  
 She belong'd to the days of the *ancien regime*)—  
 "Well, I'll show you the door, and, that there may be no sin  
 with it,  
 I'll give you the key, too, to lock yourself in with it!"

There was really some reason  
 Her feelings to seize on,  
 In all that he said,  
 It was plain, and well-bred—  
 'Twas then 'tis fit we should state  
 It was getting quite late,  
 And bear also in view  
 She was nearly wet through—  
 So you can't be surprised she accepted the offer  
 The student *Henri* was so kind as to proffer!  
 They reach'd his home, and, though long the walk,  
 He beguiled the time with such charming talk,  
 That, though she well knew  
 He ought on the instant to bid her adieu,  
 She said, while this cup in his hand he twirl'd,  
 She would not be left there alone for the world!

If he jump'd before by starts and fits,  
 He now very neatly jump'd out of his wits!  
 On that very "spare" bed, as her frame reposed,  
 And he lid on the eye underneath hid closed,  
 He heard an intermittent sighing,  
 Then again so calmly she dosed,  
 He really thought she was dying,  
 And if she were so, he couldn't outlive it  
 Then, his attention completely to rivet  
 The *bandeau* of diamonds continually glitter'd—  
 —Then she gnash'd her teeth, and apparently titter'd!

In deep distraction at last he sank,  
 And, seeing the rich things she wore,  
 Though he had not much doubt before  
 He concluded she must be a lady of rank,  
 For this *bandeau* for ever arrested his eyes,  
 Its brilliants apper'd of such very large size!

'Twas getting new dawn,  
 As he knew by the cock  
 That infallible "herald of morn,"  
 When, his feelings to shock  
 She was seiz'd with a spasm,  
 And ask'd him to get her a cataplasm!  
 Though up five paces,  
 In a twinkling he sprang down stairs,  
 He knock'd up the *concierge*,  
 And, on her attention the matter to urge,  
 He gave her a good d—,  
 And her door a good slam,  
 Then seeking a doctor, in great alarm,  
 He newly knock'd down a brace of *gens d'armes*  
 "*Sacre nom de Dieu! qu'est ce que c'est que ça?*"  
 Said one, and the other exclaim'd, "*Ha! ha!*"

He utter'd a most inarticulate phrase,  
Which kept these good people in greater amaze  
"A lady is dying—I don't know her name—  
Run to *numéro trois*, there, and then *au cinquième*—  
While I run for a doctor,"—and he took to his heels  
With the speed of the *Birmingham* railway wheels,  
While the men, as it was not a very great distance,  
Were soon on the spot to offer assistance

The HERR was not very long away,  
But whether he managed to fly,  
To get back in the wink of an eye,  
The legend does not exactly say,  
But certes it is, he buist into the room  
Precisely in time to hear his doom!

She who had bound his soul  
In feeling's fond control,—  
She who'd no stain upon her,  
Although she *had* done him the honour  
To come to his house,—she, his heart's pride,  
(For he'd sat up all night by her side,)  
She, who was all mystery,  
For he didn't know her history,—  
She—had been seized with hysterics and cramps and rived  
In a manner, 'twas clear her life couldn't be saved—  
She gasp'd, drew her lip in, as though she would suck it,  
And kick'd, till at last she kick'd—the bucket!  
Thus, though they had scampered fast,  
I re they came she had breathed her last

'I were vain HUMBURGHEIM'S grief to paint,—  
Suffice it to say he was ready to faint  
He quickly recover'd, and flew to the bed,  
And then begun swearing she couldn't be dead  
"Not dead!" said the man-it-arms,—and it seem'd  
An incredulous smile on his visage beam'd,  
He open'd his hand, put his thumb to his nose,  
(A sign of cognition which all the world knows,)  
"MEIN HERR, other people this stuff you may cram on,  
But really with us you're 'coming the gammon'  
Not dead!" and he gave his fellow a nudge,  
Who acted at once both as jury and judge,

"Why, my comrade and I  
Were standing by,  
Only yester noon, and chanced to have seen  
Her head taken off by the guillotine!"

He reel'd—then his arms he began to extend,  
His eye had a demon's glare,  
And his head's each particular hair  
Like the curly tuf of a pig, 'stood on end—  
"Guillotined!" he yell'd, "why, some hours ago  
She was pacing this chamber to and fro—  
She'd been walking the streets—that very chair sat in—  
And, before she retired, we'd an half hour's chit-chatting  
Abuse as you please my rhapsodic narration  
But I never yet heard of such mystification"  
[He forgot that KING CHARLES, though the notion some scoff,  
Both walk'd,  
And talk'd,  
Half an hour AFTER his head was cut off!!!]

The reader perchance will believe, '   
 Or can readily conceive,   
 While change upon change thus continued to pass,   
 The tragedy promised to turn out a farce !

The "*gens-d'arme*" gave a significant leer   
 At MEIN HERR—and his comrade standing near,   
 Then he gave a shrug, and a moment after   
 He burst out into a fit of laughter   
 "If you won't believe *me* or rely upon *my* sight,   
 You cannot object to believe your *own* eyesight,"   
 He went up to the couch, and with instant grasp   
 He seized the *bandeau* and its diamond clasp,   
 Ripp'd it off her neck with malicious frown   
 And surely enough HER HEAD ROLL'D DOWN !!!

(The bed-curtains here of themselves withdrew,   
 And a fleshless figure appear'd in view,   
 The Cap of Liberty cover'd his head,   
 And, with bony finger fixed on the dead,   
 The legend affirms, he was heard to say,   
 "Death and the Devil will have their own way,")

It were not a difficult thing to describe   
 The wink of the *gens d'arme*'s eye, and his gibe,   
 The student's horror, his vacant stare,   
 And an evident doubt of all passing there—   
 The trunkless head, that had roll'd on the ground   
 And the *bandeau* which circled it tightly round—   
 The old *concubine*, who had dropp'd on her knees,—   
 And the worthy old *medium* diddled of fees,—   
 But, treating all that is a child does its coral,   
 We had better at once go direct to the MORAL !

Its purpose is twofold, as a legend should be,   
 And as to a tale, when our legend has told hers,   
 You will fully agree   
 It behoves us to see   
 That we have got the head, and it's first on our shoulders !

To a person of sense this first point is clear,   
 And the next just as plain to the world will appear,   
 That when body and head cease to hold all communion,   
 It is what may be called—A REVEAL OF THE UNION !



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## P R O S P E C T U S.

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It is now nearly fourteen years since the first edition of this important work was completed in eight volumes quarto, since then it has passed through two editions, each in fourteen volumes octavo, and lastly, through a fourth edition, stereotyped, in thirteen volumes foolscap octavo, which appeared, between 1837 and 1839, in occasional volumes. This last edition, from the extensive revision bestowed upon it by the learned author, may be considered, in great measure, as a new work, and is therefore deserving of particular notice.

The advantages which this edition possesses over its predecessors being not so distinctly set forth in the Preface as they merit, it may be as well here briefly to advert to them.

The disturbed reign of John has met with peculiar attention from the reverend author. His alterations in the coinage, his intemperate quarrels with the clergy, which laid the nation under the Papal ban, those feuds with his barons which eventually produced the great charter of British liberty, the details of his private life,—have all been carefully re-examined and cautiously sifted.

The period embracing the reigns of Edward I and Henry II has, in like manner, derived all the benefit which the numerous documents brought to

light since the history was first written, confer upon that portion of the past, and among those questions and points most affected by this accession of evidence may be noticed the controverted independence of Scotland, and succession to its throne, under Edward, his exactions from the people, and the defence of their liberties and rights by the resistance made to these exactions by the clergy, his wars with Scotland, the rebellion of his barons, the history of his Parliaments and taxation, Lancaster's invasion of England under Richard II, the deposition and death of that monarch, the romance of the *pseudo-Richard*, the wars of the fourth Henry with Owen Glendower, those of his successor in France, crowned by the field of Agincourt, the settlement of the government on the sixth Henry's coming to the throne, Cardinal Beaufort and his policy,—these, more or less, may be said to present features of attention especially important

Over the succeeding reigns, until that of Henry VIII, the same fresh intelligence has radiated. The murder of Henry VI, of Lord Hastings, and of the Pontefract prisoners under Edward V, the individuality of Dame Eleanor Boteler, the innocence or guilt of Richard III, in respect to his nephews, and the imposture of Perkin Warbeck,—are examined and discussed with a minuteness and freedom which awaken the most lively interest

In the reign of Henry VIII the reader will discover much that is new respecting the king's con-

nection with Anne Boleyn, his two divorces, his religious dogmatism, and his last testament. He will be equally gratified with the constant recurrence of new and interesting matter in the history of the three next sovereigns. He will find that the account of the massacre of St Bartholomew, which occasioned the controversy between Dr Lingard and Mr Allen, his Edinburgh Reviewer,—a controversy which attracted great attention at the time, and terminated in the complete vindication of the author,—is further elucidated and substantiated. In fact, the reigns of Henry VIII, his son Edward, and his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth,—those prominent impersonations of two great antagonistic principles,—may, with all truth, be said to be entirely re-written, and so, to a certain extent, is that of Charles I. And, to sum up these remarks, it is sufficient to state that the additional matter dispersed over this edition fully equals in extent that of another volume.

To the impartial inquirer into historic truth, the History of England by Dr Lingard is indeed invaluable. Surveying it over the seventeen centuries which it embraces, it is surprising to remark the few objections which have been raised against it, and the manner in which these cavils have been answered and set at rest. Even its antagonists have been compelled to admit its freedom from any undue bias, and it may fairly be questioned whether any one, in any period, ever has thrown, or will throw,

a better or brighter light on the annals of England, than Dr Lingard has done up to the period when his labours conclude

The previous editions have now become scarce, and, from their size and price, are in some measure placed beyond the reach of the majority of the reading public, of late so numerically extended

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the house of Austria, betrayed a secret leaning to the cause of Spain, through the hope of obtaining the palatinate for his nephew\* In these instances he opposed the general policy of Richelieu in another he offered him a personal offence, by opening in his dominions an honourable asylum to Mary of Medicis, the queen mother, once the cardinal's patroness, but of late years his most dangerous enemy† On these accounts Richelieu instructed the French ambassador to open a clandestine intercourse with the insurgents, despatched Chambers, his almoner, and a Scotsman, to inquire into the origin and progress of the troubles in Scotland, procured the release of 6000 stand of arms, which had been bought for the covenanters and seized by the states of Holland, and ordered the French ambassador in London to pay one hundred thousand crowns to general Leslie, who was appointed commander-in chief‡ But the last transaction was kept a profound secret from all but the leaders Had it been known to the ministers, their bigotry would have pronounced it a sacrilegious violation of their covenant with the Al-

\* As Charles could not foresee the issue of the contest he negotiated with each in favour of his nephew Richelieu would promise nothing, unless the English king should openly join in the war who refused to break with Spain but would allow an auxiliary force of 6000 men to be raised in England and the co-operation of an English fleet At length he was drawn much further but the cardinal contrived to spin out the negotiation for three years till the troubles in Scotland relieved him from all apprehension on the part of Charles See the Sydney Papers ii 374-669 It served admirably the cardinal's purpose of procrastination that the earl of Leicester the ambassador was forbidden to meet the cardinal in person that the latter might not claim the precedence Ibid 384 388

† Ibid 517-21 569 573

‡ Dalrymple ii 47 Nouvelles Lettres d'Estrades i 8 Temple ii 545 Some hints of this intrigue had been received by government in July (Sydney Papers 562) It was discovered by Hamilton in March of the next year (Conn to Berberini 18 Mar N S) - The following letter from Richelieu to d'Estrades proves his resentment against both the king and queen - Je profiterai de l'avis que vous me donnez pour l'écouter et j'en ai partur l'abbé Charleux mon aumônier qui est Ecossais de nation pour aller à Edinbourg à tendre les deux personnes que vous me nommez, pour leur quelque négociation avec elles L'année ne se passera pas que le roi et la reine d'Angleterre ne se repentent d'avoir refusé les offres que vous leur avez faites de la part du roi Of the Scottish agents he says, Vous avez rendu un grand service au roi d'avoir decouvert ces deux hommes Assurez les de mon affection et de ma protection Buel, 2 Décembre 1637 Lettres d'Estrades, L 10

unfortunate nobleman, cannot be doubted. Of this he was sensible himself to this he was urged by the representations of the queen. But how or where was Charles, in his present condition, to discover the means of shielding Strafford from the vengeance of his enemies? The presence of the Scottish army forbade any military movement, and the necessity of providing for its subsistence ensured the permanence of the parliament: the recent prosecutions had silenced the friends of the crown in both houses, and the king's indigence had compelled him to pawn his jewels to obtain provisions for his table. In these circumstances Charles pursued that line of conduct which is always pursued by men of irresolute habits: he waited to avail himself of the first favourable accident which the course of events might offer and in the mean while amused himself with different attempts to procure assistance from foreign powers. 1 He saw that it was time to abandon the design which he had cherished of marrying his son Charles to an infant, and his daughter Mary to the infant of Spain. Two protestant suitors for the hand of Mary were now before him, his nephew the prince palatine, and William the son of Frederic. The palatine was the favourite with the popular leaders. Charles preferred the Dutch prince on account of the influence of his father with the States, and of the promises which he made of attachment and assistance. A royal message announced the intended marriage to parliament, and the espousals followed in the beginning of May, but the princess (she was only in her tenth year) was permitted to remain in England till she should have completed her twelfth. 2 and Frederic immediately proved his gratitude and sincerity, by the transmission to the king of a sum of money amounting to several thousand pounds.\*

2 Henrietta had persuaded herself that by personal application she might work on the feelings of her brother, the king of France, and taking advantage of a slight

\* Rosetti to Barberini 17 Maggio N S

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REVENUES, & CLERICAL & MONASTIC  
INSTITUTIONS

BY JOHN LINGARD, D D

IN TWO VOLUMES OCTAVO

N B —This is not a reprint of the two volumes by the same author, published under the title of "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church" above thirty years ago for, though the substance of those volumes is incorporated in the present, yet so much additional matter on several interesting subjects has been introduced, that this may be justly considered a new work

C POLMAN, 61, NEW BOND STREET

may be  
i doubt









